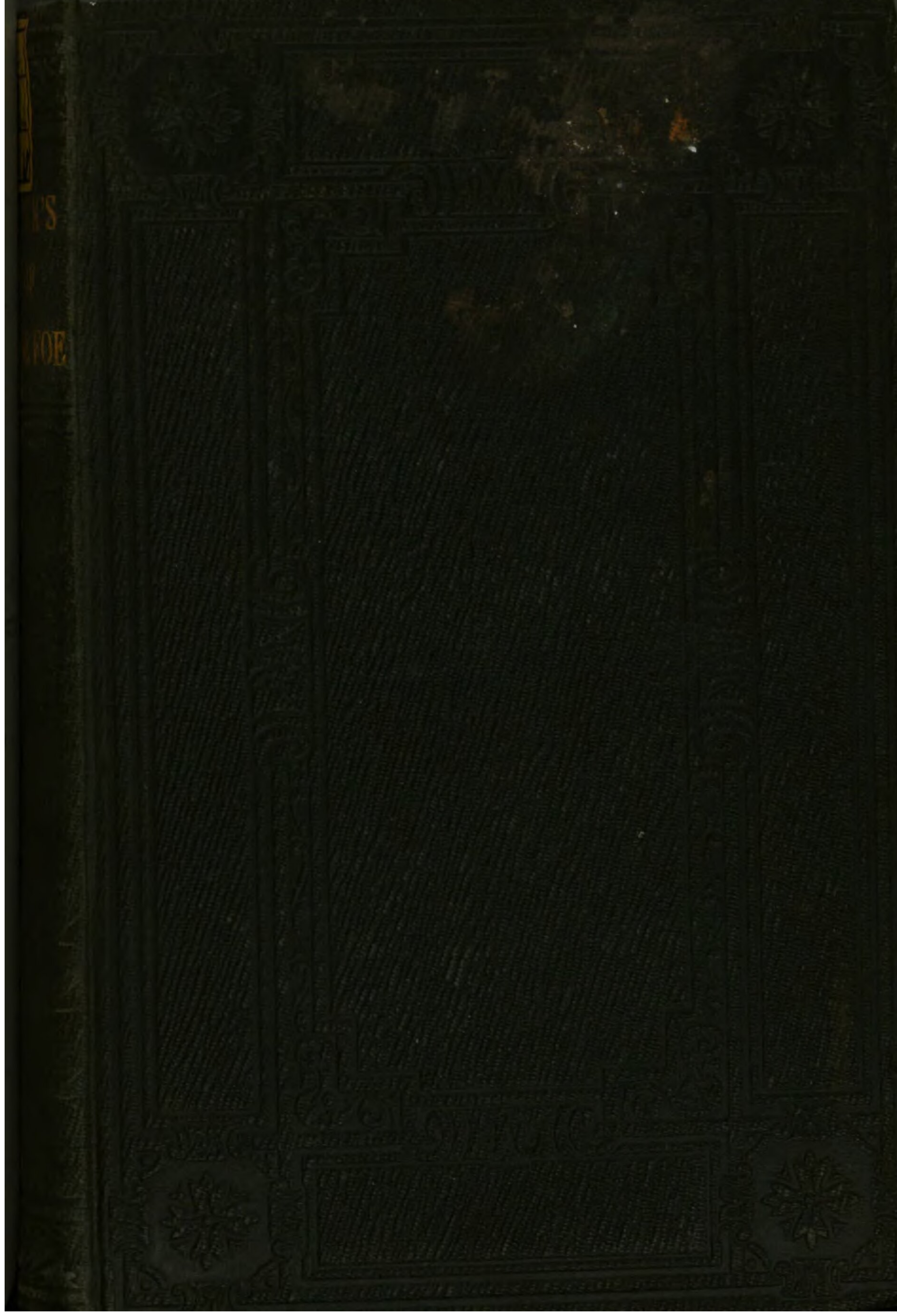




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LIFE AND TIMES

OF

DANIEL DE FOE.

THE AND TIMES

DANIEL DE FOE



I. Taverner. Pinx.

M. V. Gucht. Sculp.



Daniel De Foe
Author of the Trueborn Englishman

W. J. Alats sc.

THE
L I F E A N D T I M E S
OF
DANIEL DE FOE:

WITH
REMARKS DIGRESSIVE AND DISCURSIVE.

BY
WILLIAM CHADWICK.

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THE PREFACE.

A PREFACE to a book is, singularly enough, always written after the completion of the book ; and ought in fairness to be placed at the end, rather than before the commencement.

This is not the age for Prefaces, but yet I may be pardoned for transgressing the rule of the times, if I only keep within the limits of moderation. What do I gather from all my DE-FOE reading but the force of that passage in scripture, "*Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.*" Old James Foe, butcher, of Cripplegate St. Giles, cast his bread upon the water when he educated his son Daniel at the Stoke Newington Academy for—for what? Daniel was a hosier, merchant, pantile maker, statesman, poet, philosopher, free-trader, novelist—in short, everything, from the desolate island of Juan Fernandez to a felon's cell in Newgate. Daniel lived neglected and died in gaol—he died in 1731 ; and yet left that which is not exhausted in 1859—his opinions recorded during a long, turbulent, and industrious life. The Dissenter still educates at his academy—he *throws the bread upon the waters*; and only let the fostering

sunshine of persecution impart its fertilizing influences upon the deposited grain ; and both crowned heads and saddled backs shall see the results at the appointed time of harvest, by the drudge of the office, the warehouse, or the shop being stamped into the writer or the patriot. The pillory and the gaol shut up the hosier's shop, and gave us *Robinson Crusoe*. Yes ! the grinder's wheel was stopped in Bedford streets and lanes ; and years of imprisonment in the borough gaol gave us the *Pilgrim's Progress* instead. Blindness, neglect, and persecution, gave us the *Paradise Lost*. A twelve years' imprisonment in the Tower gave Sir Walter Raleigh leisure to write a *History of the World* ; and imprisonment, pillory, and ears-shearing, set Prynne to write as many volumes as would fill an ordinary cart. Yes, and I verily believe that a good ducking in the Thames or Serpentine would force John Bright, the patriot of Rochdale, upon my Reform Bill, in the place of his own.

WILLIAM CHADWICK.

ARKSEY, NEAR DONCASTER,

March 18, 1859.

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THE
LIFE OF DANIEL DE FOE.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN an inexperienced and untried writer presumes to take up pen on a subject so various and so complex as that involved in one of the most stirring lives of the most stirring characters of the most stirring times of English history, he may well crave time for investigating the charge of presumption which might fairly be brought against him for attempting such a task. How, it may be asked, came you to presume to write a Life of DANIEL DE FOE? How, indeed! I ask that question to myself—How? Well, in September, 1856, my late worthy and lamented friend John Collinson and myself took one of our many excursions into the romantic district of Yorkshire known as Craven; and arriving at Skipton in the evening, repaired to the Devonshire Hotel, had tea, and then sat down in the common room, where a gentleman of business related, for two hours together, how once, near Leicester, Splasher ran away with him in a gig. Being fairly run down with the tongue, evidently under less control than the horse, I left the company to visit an adjoining shop for the sale of old pictures, books, china, and the thousand *et ceteras* which are in request with the English collector. I found a lot of old trash, the sweepings of the shelves and floor of the library of the last of the Vavasours of Weston Underwood, in Wharfedale. I selected one work, of three volumes,

in 12mo, a book of travels through England, by some party unknown. This work I read, and was struck with the ready talent of the writer, as well as his unscrupulousness; for he appeared never at a loss in completing his task—his book. I read with admiration at the power of pen displayed in it, till admiration at pen ripened into wonder at other powers. I read till I came to page 102: “This town” (Doncaster), Mr. Camden says, “was burnt entirely to the ground, *anno* 759,” and was hardly recovered in his time. “But,” adds this mysterious author, “it now looks more decayed by time than accident, and the houses, which seem ready to fall, might rise again to more advantage after another conflagration.” The brief sentence just quoted, stimulated to inquiry as to the author—his pursuits, his character, his life, his times, his death; and soon placed me in possession of seventy or more works written by the same ready pen; this was followed by deeper investigation into the erratic waywardness of this ingenious writer, and led me to take up pen myself, in order, if possible, to throw some additional ray of light on the character of one of Britain’s greatest of geniuses—DANIEL DE FOE, the writer of *Robinson Crusoe*, and (may I add also?) of the *Complete Tradesman*—a work which I consider second to none in the English language, and the work which formed the groundwork of the character of the great Benjamin Franklin, for that work is Franklin all over. Such is my apology for writing; such is my Preface.¹

The hero of these pages, DANIEL FOE, or DE FOE, as he chose to call himself when arrived at manhood, under the impression that a DE, somehow or other, legitimately belonged to the Foes, or, as I would read the word, Vaux of the Vauxes or Fauxes of Northamptonshire, where his grandfather lived in comfortable circumstances

¹ Since investigating and writing the life of Daniel De Foe, the supposed author of the above tour, I am led to believe that the work is not his, for he died in 1731, and there are facts and adventures narrated as having been seen and encountered in 1732, one year after De Foe was buried in Bunhill Fields Cemetery. What must I say to this?—that it does not come up to Mrs. Veal, who died at Dover on Friday, and went to have an hour’s chat with her old friend Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, on Saturday, the day following.

as a yeoman, at Elton, or Eltington, in the north-west corner of that county.

It is a singular coincidence with Foe and De Foe, that Devereux and Vaux or Faux are thoroughly Northamptonshire names of the highest antiquity, and also of the highest respectability; and if Foe were right in the supposition that a De once constituted a part of his family name, we have no alternative but to fall back upon Devereux, without we suppose that the simple Foe was a Flemish or Dutch or French Protestant importation, along with the straw-plat of Dunstable, or the bobbin-lace of Northampton or Bedford. Foe not being satisfactory, as not complete, according to the old custom or usage, in spelling the family name, the De must be added; so we have De Foe, a very humble imitation, no doubt, of the old Northamptonshire stock, Devereux. Well, then, James Foe, a butcher in Cripplegate St. Giles, came from Elton, or Eltington, where his father lived, and was, according to the investigation and discovery of George Chalmers, Esq., Daniel Foe, of that place, yeoman; and this James had a son Daniel, who chose to add a *De* to his name, and thus became Daniel De Foe; and this individual is to form the subject of our writing.¹

Daniel Foe, or De Foe as he called himself, was born in London, in the year 1661, and, being the son of dissenting parents, his name does not appear on the register of his father's parish; for their minister, Dr. Annesley, had been rector of St. Giles's till ejected by Charles II., as one of the thousands ejected and persecuted even unto death in that thoughtless reign; after which he preached in a conventicle or meeting-house in Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, to numbers of his former parishioners; among the rest was the sturdy, independent, self-relying family—the Foes. Dr.

¹ With respect to De Foe's Northamptonshire origin, I am induced to believe, after various inquiries at Elton, Elkington, Etton, Welton, and their neighbourhoods, for Foes, Voets, or De Voets, or De Foes, or any name from which Foe could be expected to be derived, that James Foe, butcher, of Cripplegate St. Giles, London, never had a Northamptonshire origin, but that his ancestor probably came, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, from the Spanish Netherlands, as a persecuted Protestant refugee, and that Daniel De Foe was of the genus and species of the London water-cress criers of our day.

Annesley was much beloved by his flock, and by young Foe amongst the rest, for he wrote an elegy on him :—

'Twas spoke from heaven, the best of men must die ;

No patent's sealed for immortality :

Not God's own favourites can shun the stroke ;

Even God himself can not the law revoke ;

He can't, unless he should at once repeal

The eternal laws of Nature ; change his will ;

Declare his works imperfect, life restore

To all that's dead, and be a God no more.

The world, whose nature is to fade and die,

Must *change*, and take up immortality ;

And time, which to eternity rolls on,

Must change, and be eternity begun.

All things must ever live, or man must die ;

The law's supreme, and Nature must obey.

How vain, then, and *impertinent* is grief,

Which nor to dead nor living gives relief !

Sighs for departed friends are senseless things,

Which them no help, nor us no comfort brings.

Tears on the graves, where breathless bodies lie,

Our ignorance or atheism imply ;

Ashes and sackcloth, cries and renting clothes,

Of folly more than our affection shows ;

For grief is nothing, properly, but rage,

And God himself's the object we engage.

Of the boyhood of De Foe nothing is known, except that at the early age of fourteen he was placed in an academy at Newington Green, under the direction of the Rev. Charles Morton, an indefatigable instructor and profound scholar—as all the Mortons were likely to be, either as persecuting Catholics at Bawtry and Scrooby, where they rooted out the Pilgrim Fathers from the conventicle at Scrooby Inn, or educating Daniel De Foe, the father of John Wesley, Timothy Cruso (probably a schoolfellow of the writer of Selkirk's history), Hannot of Yarmouth, Nathaniel Taylor, Mr. Owen, and others, including Kitt Battersby, young Jenkins,

Hewling, and other Western martyrs, with Lawrence of Nantwich, who was with Mr. Morton until the time when, in the year 1685, he was driven by persecution from Newington Green, and obliged to seek shelter and safety in the wilds of America, where he became vice-president of Harvard College, New England. What De Foe learnt at Mr. Morton's is not known; but, as he was fellow-student with some of the first men of the day, it is only fair to suppose that he went through a rigid course of mental discipline, at a time when Oliver Heywood, of North-Owram, used to preach sermons of five hours' duration, and once extended even to six hours, when a discovery was made that his watch had not been wound up, which threw the preacher out one hour. As to how many languages De Foe was master of, nothing is known; for his boasting of his knowledge of this or that was only produced by the insulting taunts of Tutchin, Dunton, Oldmixon, Lesley, L'Estrange, and others, the hired tools of arbitrary power, and the slang writers of his day, who charged him with ignorance because he kept a *hosier's shop*. This imputation of *hosier* was the banter of the whole herd of hack scribes, the paid rabble of the pen, upon this man for years. Ignorant as he was, he was more than a match for the whole ignominious crew of these hired scribes, as many of his works, such as the *Complete Tradesman*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Jure Divino*, the *Tempest*, and the *Plague*, with others, fully testify. De Foe had a singular mixture of wit, respectability, and even personal vanity, on the one hand, and high, fixed, courageous moral principle, on the other; and I could fancy that the father brought the wit and vanity along with the name, while the heavy principles of rigid virtue came by the mother, some fixed bright star of Dr. Annesley's conventicled members. De Foe's mother's name is never mentioned; so that we know not who she was; but—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Many of De Foe's biographers relate a variety of anecdotes connected with his early life, which I am obliged to omit for want of

evidence of their truth; those writers might have evidence, and on that evidence they may write, but for want of that evidence I can not write:—I regret this, but so it is. I know I shall write only a dull book, but so it must be—so let it be; a dull book for want of materials, yes! dull enough, for I will not write what is false. Now, we have a character of a servant, written by James Foe, the father of Daniel, when a very old man, living in lodgings in Broad Street, at the Bell, in 1705. This character appears to be written for a purpose, and bears in it all the precision of the style of the son, Daniel De Foe, whom I believe to have been the dictator or prompter of this certificate of good conduct. There was a brawl or contention at Pinners' Hall Meeting-house, on the conduct of the minister, and old James Foe had to write a testimonial as to the character of a young woman who had lived with him sixteen years before, and left with a good character, to Mr. Cave, the minister. This production I believe to be the work of Daniel the son, and not of James the father, which it professes to be.

Old James Foe ended his days in lodgings, and died without a will, and probably in needy circumstances; and this certificate of good conduct of a servant, who had left his service sixteen years before with a character, is all that is recorded of him. Perhaps the records of Dr. Annesley's Chapel might throw some light on the subject of the marriage of James Foe, and bring to light the name of the woman who was the mother of Daniel. I have the impression that this woman, who has never been named by any of Daniel De Foe's biographers, was a truly great woman, pious, and of rigidly firm decision of character on all questions worthy of calling forth an opinion.

Daniel De Foe having been born in 1661, and having gone to Mr. Morton's academy at fourteen years of age, or in 1675, where he remained for five years, or until 1680, he left that academy in that year at the age of nineteen.

The first effort made by De Foe as an author, was on the Turkish war, on which he took the ground of argument very opposite to the popular feeling of the time, when all cried out for a British alliance with the revolted Hungarians, supported by the Turks, against the

ruling power in Hungary, the Emperor of Austria; while De Foe stood alone against that view of the question, and took nearly the same line of argument on the Turkish alliance of that time with Britain, that Mr. Cobden has taken at a later period on another Turkish war with a British alliance. De Foe maintained that any kind of Christianity, however corrupt, in Austria or Hungary, was to be preferred to Mahomedanism in any shape; and that a support of the Turk against the Christian, was the support of the worse against the better.

The next effort of his pen in the same year, 1682, was a pamphlet in answer to Roger L'Estrange's *Guide to the Inferior Clergy*, entitled "*Speculum Crape-gownorum; or, a Looking-Glass for the Young Academicks, new Foyl'd: with Reflections on some of the late high-flown Sermons. To which is added, An Essay towards a Sermon of the Newest Fashion. By a Guide to the Inferior Clergy. Ridentem discere verum, Quis vetat?* London: Printed for E. Rydal, 1682." This work was taken from Dr. John Eachard's *Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion enquired into*. I have not a copy of De Foe's book, for it is one of the scarcest of his pamphlets. It is not, therefore, in my power to make extracts from De Foe, and I may be pardoned if I use Eachard instead. The work is valuable and worth quoting; and therefore I will make the best use of my judgment in choosing extracts, though I shall not pretend to make any alterations such as De Foe made, almost to the ruin of the Norwich crape trade; for his coupling crape gowns and clerical inferiority, at once discarded for ever the universal use of crape for waistcoats, cassocks, gowns, &c., among the inferior clergy of the Church of England; and this he did by writing a burlesque on honest Dr. Eachard's valuable work of advice to the clergy of the English Church.

It should be stated, that after the year 1662, when the Act of Uniformity passed, and the Dissenters became as respectable as numerous, the high-flyers of the Church of England increased in force and in the venom of their malignity against them; and the profligate press of a debased and bribed talent of a sold people, sold

to France to all intents and purposes, by a degraded sovereign (Charles II.) poured out all its phials of wrath and unscrupulous malignity upon the heads of the only sound part of the population, the Dissenting priesthood, who refused compliance with the religious injunctions of the Act of Uniformity of 1662. Amongst this herd of violent unscrupulous malignity stood first, as a public writer in the pay of the priesthood, Roger L'Estrange, a man who, according to Bishop Burnet, was the chief manager of all those angry writings, which he published every week under the title of the *Observer* (a kind of newspaper of one or more sheets), written against the Dissenters, and published about the year 1681. He was a writer paid by the court and clergy, and drew considerable sums for the services he rendered to the party. His vile productions raised a violent ferment amongst the clergy, who, with great heat and indiscretion vented their rage, both in the pulpits and common conversation, but most particularly at the elections of members of Parliament, against the Dissenters: a course of procedure which drew much hatred and censure upon them. L'Estrange was very unscrupulous as a writer, but yet curious in searching after novelties in ages past. In him I find the religious sect of the "*Smectymnuans*, a sort of *cattel* whose task it was to pray and preach royalty and kingly government out of repute, to make room for their goodly *Directory*, since the whole tribe of *Adonirams* are cut off and extinct." And it was in answer to this L'Estrange that De Foe wrote his work, to show to all the world that the Dissenters did not alone possess all the preaching absurdities of the kingdom, nor yet all the ignorance; for the practice of sending lads from Northern schools to Cambridge, by the carrier with his packhorses, was a great evil in the university education in the reign of Charles II. Poor youths were sent as sizars without any previous calculation as to college expenses, long vacations, and all the *et ceteras* entailed upon a youth destined for a clergyman of the Church of England. Dr. Eachard, who had been master of Katharine Hall and vice-chancellor of the university, complains of this want of forethought as to money matters, and also of want of knowledge in the youths themselves, who had frequently to be sent back by the first carrier

seated on the *pack* as returned goods for the North. Dr. Eachard's work is very severe, but yet the high-flyers, by their malignity in writing on the Dissenters, had themselves to thank for its severity.

"I cannot foresee any other remedy," he says, "but that most of those university youngsters must fall to the parish, and become a town charge, until they be of spiritual age. For philosophy is a very idle thing when one is cold; and a small system of *divinity* (though it be Wollebius himself) is not sufficient when one is hungry. What, then, shall we do with them, and where shall we dispose of them, until they come to an holy ripeness? May we venture them into the desk to read service? That cannot be, because not capable; besides, the tempting pulpit usually stands too near. Or, shall we trust them in some good gentlemen's houses, there to perform holy things? With all my heart; so that they may not be called down from their studies to say grace to every health; that they may have a little better wages than the *cook* or *butler*; as also that there be a *groom* in the house, besides the chaplain (for sometimes, to the ten pounds a year, they crowd the looking after a couple of geldings); and that he may not be sent from table picking his teeth, and sighing with his hat under his arm, whilst the *knight* and *my lady* eat up the tarts and chickens. It may be also convenient if he were suffered to speak now and then in the parlour, besides at grace and prayer-time; and that my cousin *Abigail* and he sit not too near one another at meals, nor be presented together to the little vicarage. All this, Sir, must be thought of; for in good earnest, a person at all thoughtful of himself and conscience, had much better choose to live with nothing but beans and pease-pottage (so that he may have the command of his thoughts and time), than to have his second and third courses, and to obey the unreasonable humours of some families.

"He, therefore, that foresees that he is not likely to have the advantage of a continued education, had much better commit himself to an approved of *cobler* or *tinker*, wherein he may be duly respected according to his office and condition of life, than to be only a disesteemed *pettifogger* or *emperick* in divinity." Speaking

of language, the Doctor adds, "We know, the language that the very learned part of this nation must trust to live by, unless it be to make a bond or prescribe a purge (which possibly may not oblige or work so well in any other language as Latin), is the English.

"As for *divinity*, in this place I shall say no more, but that those usually that have been rope-dancers in the schools, oft-times prove *jack-puddings* in the pulpit.

"The world is now, especially in discourse, for one language ; and he that has somewhat in his mind of Greek or Latin, is requested nowadays to be civil, and translate it into English for the benefit of the company. And he that has made it his whole business to accomplish himself for the applause of a company of boys, school-masters, and the easiest of country divines, and has been shouldered out of the *Cockpit* for his wit, when he comes into the world is the most likely person to be kicked out of company for his pedantry, and overweening opinion of himself.

"Amongst the first things that seem to be useless may be reckoned the high tossing and swaggering preaching, either mounting eloquent, or profoundly learned. For there be a sort of divines who, if they do but happen of an unlucky hard word all the week, they think themselves not careful of their flock if they lay it not up till *Sunday*, and bestow it amongst them in their next preachment. Or if they light upon some difficult and obscure notion, which their curiosity inclines them to be better acquainted with, how useless soever, nothing so frequent as for them, for a month or two months together, to tear and tumble this doctrine ; and the poor people once a week shall come to gaze upon them by the hour, until they preach themselves, as they think, into a right understanding.

"If the minister's words be such as the constable uses, his matter plain and practical to such as come to the common market, he may pass possibly for an honest well-meaning man, but by no means for any scholar ; whereas, if he springs forth now and then in high raptures towards the uppermost heavens, dashing here and there an all-confounding word ; if he soars aloft in unintelligible

huffs, preaches points deep and mystical, and delivers them as dark and phantastical: this is the way, say they, of being accounted a most able and learned instructor.

“This learned way of talking, though for the most part it is done merely out of ostentation, yet sometimes (which makes not the case much better) it is done in compliment and civility to the all-wise patron, or all-understanding *justice of the peace* in the parish; who, by the common farmers of the town, must be thought to understand the most intricate notions, and the most difficult languages.

“I certainly know several of that disposition, who, if they chance to have a man of any learning or understanding, more than the rest in the parish, preach wholly at him, and level most of their discourse at his supposed capacity, and the rest of the good people shall have only a handsome gaze or view of the parson. As if plain words, useful and intelligible instructions, were not as good for an esquire, or one that is in commission from the king, as for him that holds the plough or mends hedges.

“To omit future reward—was it not always esteemed of old, that correcting evil practices, reducing people who lived amiss, was much better than making a high rant about a shuttlecock, and talking *tara-tantaro* about a feather?

“Metaphors, though very apt and allowable, are intelligible but to some sorts of men, of this or that kind of life, of this or that profession. For example, perhaps one gentleman’s metaphorical knack of preaching comes of the sea, and then we shall hear of nothing but *starboard* and *larboard*, of *stems*, *sterns*, and *fore-castles*, and such-like salt-water language: so that one had need take a voyage to Smyrna or Aleppo, and very warily attend to all the sailor’s terms, before I shall in the least understand my teacher. Now, although such a sermon may possibly do some good in a coast town, yet upward into the country, in an inland parish, it will do no more than Syriack or Arabick. Another he falls a fighting with his text, and makes a pitched battle of it, dividing it into the *right wing* and *left wing*, then he *rears* it, *flanks* it, *intrenches* it, *storms* it; then he musters all again, to see what word

was lost or lamed in the skirmish; and so, falling on again with fresh valour, he fights backward and forward, charges through and through, routs, kills, takes, and then, gentlemen—as *you were*, or, as the modern serjeant would say, ‘When I say, *as you were*, be you as you was.’

“Now, to such of his parish as have been in the late wars, this is not very formidable; for they do but suppose themselves at Marston Moor, Naseby, and Edgehill; and they are not much scared at his doctrine. But as for others, who have not had such fighting opportunities, it is very lamentable to consider how shivering they sit without understanding, till the battle is over.

“As some are very high and learned in their attempts, so others there be who are of somewhat too mean and dirty imaginations. Such was he who goes by the name of *Parson Slip-stocking*: who, preaching about the grace and assistance of God, and that of ourselves we are able to do nothing, advised his beloved to take him in this plain similitude:—*A father calls his child to him, saying, Child, pull off this stocking. The child, mightily joyful, that it should pull off father’s stocking, takes hold of the stocking, and tugs, and pulls, and sweats, but to no purpose; for stocking stirs not, for it is but a child that pulls. Then the father bids the child to rest a little, and try again; so then the child sets on again, tugs again, and pulls again, and sweats again, but no stocking comes; for child is but a child still. Then, at last, the father, taking pity upon his child, puts his hand behind, and slips down the stocking, and off comes the stocking. Then how does the child rejoice! for child hath pulled off father’s stocking. Alas, poor child! it was not child’s strength, it was not child’s sweating, that got off the stocking; but it was the father’s hand behind that slipped down the stocking. Even so——*

“Not much unlike to this was he, that, preaching about the sacrament and faith, makes Christ a *shopkeeper*, telling you, that *Christ is a treasury of all wares and commodities*. And therefore, opening his wide throat, cries aloud, *Good people, what do you lack? What do you buy? Will you buy my balm of Gilead, any eye-salve, any myrrh, aloes, or cassia? Shall I fit you with a robe*

of righteousness, or with a white garment? See here! what is it you want? Here's a very choice armory: shall I show you an helmet of salvation; a shield, or a breastplate of faith? Or will you please to walk in, and see some precious stones?—a jasper, a saphyre, or a chalcedonit? Speak! What will you buy?

“Now, for my part, I must needs say, and I much fancy I speak the mind of thousands, that it had been much better for such an impudent and ridiculous bawler as this to have been condemned to have cried oysters or brooms, than to discredit after this unsanctified rate, his profession and our religion.

“One gets to his text thus:—*As Solomon went up six steps to come to the great throne of ivory, so must I ascend six degrees to come to the high top meaning of my text.* Another, thus:—*As Deborah arose and went along with Barak to Kedesh; so if you will go along with him, and call in at the third verse of this chapter, he will shew you the meaning of his text.*

“Another, he fancies his text to be extraordinarily like an *orchard of pomgranates*; or like *St. Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom*; or like *the dove that Noah sent out of the ark*. I believe there are above forty places of scripture that have been like *Rachel and Leah*; and there is one in *Genesis*, as I well remember, that is like *a pair of compasses stradling*; and, if I be not much mistaken, there is one somewhere else, that is like *a man going—to Jericho*.

“Now, Sir, having thus made the way to the text as smooth and plain as anything, with a *preface*, perhaps, from *Adam*—though his business lie at the other end of the Bible,—in the next place, he comes to divide the text,

Hic labor, hoc opus.

Per varios casus, pe tot discrimina rerum.

Silvestrem tenui——

Now, off comes the gloves; and, the hands being well chafed, he shrinks up his shoulders, and stretches forth himself as if he were going to cleave a bullock's head, or rive the body of an oak. But we must observe, that there is a great difference of texts. For all texts come not asunder alike; for sometimes the words naturally

fall asunder; sometimes they *drop asunder*; sometimes they *melt*; sometimes they *untwist*; and there be some words so willing to be parted, that they *divide themselves*, to the great ease and rejoicing of the minister. But, if they will not easily come in pieces, then he falls to hacking and hewing, as if he would make all fly into shivers. The truth of it is, I have known, now and then, some knotty texts, that have been divided seven or eight times over, before they could make them *split* handsomely, according to their mind. But the luckiest that I have met withal, both for wit and keeping the letter, is upon those words of St. Matthew xii. 43, 44, 45:—*When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and finding none*. Then he saith:—*I will return, &c.* In which words all these strange things were found out. First there was a *captain* and a *castle*. Do you see, *Sir*—the same letter? Then there was an *ingress* and *egress*; and a *regress* or *re-ingress*. Then there was *unroosting* and *unresting*. Then there was *number* and *name*; *manner* and *measure*; *trouble* and *trial*; *resolution* and *revolution*; *assaults* and *assassinations*; *voidness* and *vacuity*. This was done at the same time, by the same man. But to confess the truth of it, 'twas a good long text, and so he had great advantage.

“But, for a short text, that certainly was the greatest *break* that ever was, which was occasioned from those words of St. Luke xxiii. 28:—*Weep not for me, weep for yourselves*; or, as some read it, *but weep for yourselves*. It is a plain case, *Sir*, here are but eight words; and the business was so cunningly ordered, that there sprung out eight parts. *Here are*, says the Doctor, *eight words and eight parts*:—1. *Weep not*; 2. *But weep*; 3. *Weep not, but weep*; 4. *Weep for me*; 5. *For yourselves*; 6. *For me, for yourselves*; 7. *Weep not for me*; 8. *But weep for yourselves*. That is to say—*North, north by east; north-north-east; north-east by north; north-east, north-east by east; east, north-east; east by north; east*.— Now, it seems not very easy to determine which has obliged the world—he that found out the *compass*, or he that divided the forementioned text. I suppose the cracks will go generally upon the Doctor's side, by reason what he did was done by

undoubted art, and absolute industry; but as for the other, the common report is, that it was found out by mere foolish fortune. Well, let it go how it will, questionless they will be both famous in their way, and honourably mentioned to posterity.

“Neither ought he to be altogether slighted who, taking that of Gen. xlviii. 2, for his text, viz.—*And one told Jacob, and said, Behold, thy son Joseph cometh unto thee*, presently perceived, and made it out to the people, that *his text was a spiritual dial*. For, says he, *here be in my text twelve words which do plainly represent the twelve hours*. Twelve words:—*And one told Jacob, and said, Behold, thy son Joseph cometh unto thee*. For it is not said, Behold Jacob or behold Joseph; but it is, and one told Jacob, and said, Behold, thy son Joseph cometh unto thee. That is to say, behold *And*, behold *one*, behold *told*, behold *Jacob*, again behold and, behold *said* (and also) behold *Behold*, &c., which is the reason that the word behold is placed in the middle of the other twelve words, indifferently pointing to each word.

“Now, as it needs must be one of the clock before it can be two or three, so I shall handle the word *And*, the first word in the text, before I meddle with the following. *And one told Jacob*. This word *And* is but a particle, and a small one; but small things are not to be despised. St. Matt. xviii. 10:—Take heed that you despise not one of these little ones. For this *And* is as the tacks and loops amongst the curtains of the tabernacle. The tacks put into the loops did couple the curtains of the tent, and sew the tent together. So this particle *And* being put into the loops of the words immediately before the text, does couple the text to the foregoing verse, and sews them close together.

“Another takes that of Isa. xli. 14, 15:—*Fear not, thou worm Jacob, &c., thou shalt thresh the mountains*. Whence he observes that the worm *Jacob* was a threshing worm.

“Now, Sir, if you be for a very short and witty discovery, let it be upon that of St. Matt. vi. 27:—*Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit more unto his stature?* The discovery is this:—That whilst the disciples were taking thought for a cubit, Christ takes them down a cubit lower. Notable, also, are two discoveries

made upon St. Matt. viii. 1 :—*When he came down from the mountain, great multitudes followed him.* 1. *That Christ went down as well as went up when he came down from the mountain;* 2. *That the multitude did not go hail fellow met with him, nor before him: for great multitudes followed him.* But I shall end all with that very politick one that he makes upon St. Matt. xii. 47 :—*Then one said unto him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee. But he answered and said, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? I discover now,* says he, *that Jesus is upon business.* Lastly, suppose that you were not fully satisfied that *pluralities* were lawful or convenient, may I be so bold, Sir, I pray—what text would you choose to preach upon against *non-residents*? Certainly, nothing ever was better picked than that of St. Matt. i. 2 :—*Abraham begat Isaac.* A clear place against *non-residents*. For had *Abraham* not resided, but discontinued from *Sarah* his wife, he could never have begot *Isaac*.”

Dr. Eachard goes so far as to state that the above style of preaching was common among the inferior clergy of the Church of England in the reign of Charles II., and he declares that a great scholar of our nation has affirmed—“*That such preaching as is usual, is a hindrance of salvation, rather than the means to it.* And what he intends by *usual*, I shall not here go about to explain.”

There can be no doubt but the common indiscriminate practice of giving titles for orders was a very great evil of the time, and allowed the entrance into the church of a class of men “totally unfit in mind, and not ever likely to be worth two groats in body.” This was a crying evil of the day, and Dr. Eachard faithfully deals with it as such. He seriously laments it, as we shall presently see.

“Where the *ministry* is pinched, as to the tolerable conveniences of this life, the chief of his care and time must be spent, not in an impertinent considering what texts of scripture will be most useful for his parish, what instructions most seasonable, and what authors best to be consulted; but the chief of his thoughts, and his main business, must be to study how to live that week? Where he shall have bread for his family? Whose sow has lately

pigged? Whence will come the next rejoicing goose, or the next cheerful basket of apples? How far to *Lammass* or *Offerings*? When shall we have another christening and cakes, and who is likely to marry or die? These are very seasonable considerations, and worthy of a man's thoughts. For a family can't be maintained by texts and contexts; and the child that lies crying in the cradle will not be satisfied without a little milk, and perhaps sugar, though there be a small *German system* in the house.

“But suppose he does get into a little hole over the oven, with a lock to it, call'd his *study*, towards the latter end of the week—you must know, Sir, there are very few texts of scripture that can be divided, at soonest, before Friday night; and some there be that will never be divided but upon Sunday morning, and that not very early, but either a little before they go, or in going to church;—I say, suppose the gentleman gets thus into his study: one may very near guess what is his first thought when he comes there, viz., that the last kilderkin of drink is near departed; and that he has but one poor single groat in the house, and there's judgment and execution ready to come out against it for milk and eggs. Now, Sir, can any man think that one thus racked and tortured can be seriously intent half an hour to contrive any thing that might be of real advantage to his people? Besides, perhaps that week he has met with some dismal crossings and undoing misfortunes. There was a scurvy-conditioned mole that broke into his pasture and ploughed up the best part of his glebe; and a little after that came a couple of spiteful, ill-favoured cows, and trampled down the little remaining grass; another day, having but four chickens, sweep comes the kite, and carries away the fattest and hopefulest of all the brood. Then, after all this, came the jackdaws and starlings (idle birds that they are!), and they scattered and carried away from his thin-thatched house, forty or fifty of the best straws; and to make him completely unhappy, after all these afflictions, another day that he had a pair of breeches on, coming over a perverse stile, he suffered very much in carelessly lifting over his leg. Now, what parish can be so inconsiderate and unreasonable, as to look for any thing from one whose fancy is thus checked, and whose under-

standing is thus ruffled and disordered. They may as soon expect comfort and consolation from him that lies racked with the gout and stone, as from a *divine* thus broken and shattered in his fortunes.

“ But we’ll grant that he meets not with any of these such frightful disasters, but that he goes into his study with a mind as calm as the evening. For all that, upon *Sunday* we must be content even with what God shall please to send us. For, as for *books*, he is (for want of money) so moderately furnished, that, except it be a small Geneva Bible, so small, as it will not be desired to lie open of itself, together with a certain Concordance thereunto belonging; as also a book for all kinds of Latin sentences, called *Polyanthea*, with some Exposition upon the *Catechism* (a portion of which is to be got by heart, and to be put off for his own), and perhaps Mr. Caryl upon Pineda, Mr. Dod upon the Commandments, and Mr. Clark’s *Lives of Famous Men*, both in church and state, such as Mr. Carter, of Norwich, that uses to eat such abundance of pudding; besides, I say, these, there is scarce any thing to be found but a budget of old stitched sermons, hung up behind the door, with a few broken girths, two or three yards of whipcord, and perhaps a saw and a hammer, to prevent dilapidations. Now, what may not a *divine* do, though but of ordinary parts and unhappy education, with such learned helps and assistances as these? No vice surely durst stand before him, and heresie affront him.

“ But cannot a clergyman chuse rather to lie upon feathers than an hurdle, but he must be idle, soft, and effeminate? May he not desire wholesome food and fresh drink, unless he be a cheat, a hypocrite, and an impostor? and must he needs be void of grace, though he has a shilling in his purse after the rates be crossed? and full of pride and vanity, though his house stands not upon crutches, and though his chimney is to be seen a foot above the thatch? Oh, how prettily and temperately may half a score children be maintained with almost twenty pounds *per annum*! What a handsome shift a poor, ingenious, and frugal *divine* will make, to take it by turns, and wear a cassock one year, and a pair of breeches another? What a becoming thing is it for him that serves at the altar to fill

the dungcart in dry weather, and to heat the oven and pull hemp in wet? And what a pleasant sight is it to see the man of God fetching up his single melancholy cow, from a small bit of land that is scarce to be found without a guide? or to be seated upon a soft and well-grinded pouch of meal? or to be planted upon a pannier, with a pair of geese or turkeys bobbing out their heads from under his canonical coat, as you cannot but remember the man, Sir, that was thus accomplished? or to find him raving about the yards, or keeping his chamber close, because the duck lately miscarried of an egg, or that the never-failing hen has unhappily forsaken her wonted nest?

“That constitution of our church was a most prudent design, that says, that all who are ordained shall be ordained to somewhat; not ordained at random to preach in general to the whole world, as they travel up and down the road, but to this or that particular parish. And no question the reason was to prevent spiritual peddling and gadding up and down the country with a bag of trifling and insignificant sermons, inquiring who will buy any doctrine? so that no more might be received into holy orders than the church had provided for. But so very little is this regarded, that if a young *divinity intender* has but got a sermon of his own or of his father's, although he knows not where to get a meal's meat, or one penny of money by his preaching, yet he gets a qualification from some beneficed man or other, who perhaps is no more able to keep a curate than I am to keep ten footboys, and so he is made a preacher; and upon this account I have known an ordinary divine, whose living would but just keep himself and his family from melancholy and despair, shroud under his protection as many *curates* as the best nobleman in the land has *chaplains*.

“Now, many such as these go into orders against the sky falls, foreseeing no more likelihood of any preferment coming to them than you or I do of being secretaries of state. Now, so often as any such as these, for want of maintenance, are put to any unworthy and disgraceful shifts, this reflects disparagement upon all that order of holy men.

“I am almost confident, that since the Reformation nothing has

more hindred people from a just estimation of a Form of Prayer and our holy Liturgy, than employing a company of boys or old illiterate mumblers to read the service. And I do verily believe, that at this very day, especially in *cities* and *corporations* (which make up the third part of our nation), there is nothing that does more keep back some dissatisfied people from church till service be over, than that it is read by some ten or twelve pound man, with whose parts and education they are so well acquainted, as to have reason to know, that he has but just skill enough to read the lessons with twice conning over. And though the office of the reader be only to read word for word, and neither to invent and expound, yet people love he should be a person of such worth and knowledge as it may be supposed he understands what he reads. And although for some it were too burthensome a task to read the service twice a day, and preach as often, yet certainly it were much better if the people had but one sermon in a fortnight or month, so the service was performed by a knowing and valuable person, than to run an unlearned rout of contemptible people into holy orders, on purpose only to say the prayers of the church, who perhaps shall understand very little more than a hollow pipe made of tin or wainscot.

“The next thing that does much heighten the misery of our church as to the poverty of it, is the gentry’s designing not only the weak, the lame, and usually the most ill-favoured of their children, for the office of the ministry, but also such as they intend to settle nothing upon for their subsistence; leaving them wholly to the bare hopes of church preferment. For, as they think, let the thing look how it will, it is good enough for the church; and that if it had but limbs enough to climb the pulpit, and eyes enough to find the day of the month, it will serve well enough to preach and read service. So, likewise, they think they have obliged the clergy very much, if they please to bestow two or three years’ education upon a younger son at the *university*, and then commend him to the grace of God and the favour of the church, without one penny of money, or inch of land. You must not think that he will spoil his eldest son’s estate, or hazard the lessening the credit of the

family, to do that which may tend any way to the reputation and honour of the clergy. And thus it comes to pass that you may commonly ride ten miles, and scarce meet with a *divine* that is worth above two spoons and a pepper-box besides his living and spiritual preferments. For, as for the land, that goes sweeping away with the eldest son, for the immortality of the family; and as for the money, that is usually employed for to bind out and set up other children.

“So that if it be enquired by any one, how comes it to pass that we have so many in holy orders that understand so little, and that are able to do so little service in the church?—if we would answer plainly and truly, we may say, because they are good for nothing else. For shall we think that any man that is not cursed to uselessness, poverty, and misery, will be content with twenty or thirty pounds a year? For, though in the bulk it looks at first like a bountiful estate, yet, if we think of it a little better, we shall find that an ordinary *bricklayer* or *carpenter*, that earns constantly but his two shillings a day, has clearly a better revenue, and has certainly the command of more money.”

The work from which these extracts are made was written anonymously, and with much secrecy; and the author had allotted to him as many professions and employments as there are companies in the city of London, and as the Grand Seignior had his titles of honour; to say nothing of “rogue, raskal, dog, and thief (which may be taken by way of endearment, as well as out of prejudice or offence); malicious rogue, ill-natured raskal, lazy dog, and spiteful thief.” Setting aside all these, they travelled him quite through the map; for he was “barbarian, Indian, Turk, and Jew; and, besides all this, business went on at home all the while; for there he was rebel, traytor, Scot, Sadducee, and Socinian.” This I take from the preface of the second part, in answer to Sir Roger L'Estrange, the hired writer and, perhaps, slang actor of that day. No doubt but Sir Roger would dine with great people on this event, and perhaps receive his instructions over turtle and venison, and be instructed in the path of malice and untruth, how he was to make his attack, and how he paid for making it. The bar!—was he at the bar?—only at

the bar, and then! why, Jeffreys earned the bread of iniquity, and eat it; and on the flight from Rochester of his lord and master, James, he was found by accident, and arrested by a London street mob, dressed as a tramp sailor! He was committed to Newgate, or the Tower, by the Lord Mayor of London, where he ended his career in ten days or a fortnight by drinking brandy. Lord Chancellor Jeffreys was a slang actor, brought upon the stage by royalty to stifle truth. But suppose the stiff-necked advocate of the sacred exclusiveness of six-headed aristocracy could not very well see, elevated to the judicial bench, as the slanderous judge, his venison-chewing, soup-drinking companion—what then? Historiographer royal, with a something promised from some other purse than his own?—will that do?—or poet-laureate on the first vacancy, with a pension fully written and acknowledged; and no trick at stealing a march upon a confiding public, by a secret-service payment for work done? Well! pay or no pay, write, slander, cut down truth; and, if nothing better can be found, perhaps my Lord Hesitation of Scrupulous Manor may find a stool and desk at the Admiralty, with £100 *per annum*; and, if that can't be done, there is the situation of *Hal* at Windsor Castle, where the young scions of royalty may be shown how truth and justice may be slandered down by *dishonesty*.

So much for hired writers and slang actors: they do their work, and receive their reward. Roger L'Estrange, the great hired scribe of the High-Church party of James II.'s reign, was caught, in the times of the Civil War, at Lynne, in Norfolk, acting as a spy of the Cavaliers, for which he was tried, and sentenced to be hanged in Smithfield by the neck till he should be dead. He was not hanged, but kept a prisoner in Newgate for several years, where he learnt the manners and language of a jail, as appears so plentifully in his *Observers*, Rye-House plot, and other destable libels against the Protestant religion and liberty; which Newgate finish, or rubbing-up in education, made him so great an ornament to the cause he espoused—that of the Cavaliers, or High-flyers of the Church of England.

In the year 1678, this same man was licensed by the Govern-

ment of Charles II. to break open houses and closets, on suspicion only of any good liberty-in-religion-advocating pamphlets—in short, any pamphlets advocating the rights of the vitality of Protestantism.

This convicted spy, condemned to be hanged, the well-paid tool of the High-Church party—a party, according to Bishop Burnet, whose *stupidity* and *ignorance* as pulpiteers could only be equalled by their malice and rage—was the execrable corrupter of his times. It was, indeed, through the penny papers, published by this miscreant, that the clergy of his party, with the vilest part of the people, were corrupted; and the corruption from this man's pen gave to his party the name of *Tories*, a name given to the *wildest* of the *wild Irish*.

The hireling L'Estrange had many opponents in pamphlet-writing, among whom stood the patriot M.P. for Hull, who, when he wrote on behalf of liberty, had to turn printer too; for such was the tyranny of the times—such was arbitrary power in high places, that writers, printers, and publishers, on the side of the country, were put down and silenced by imprisonments; at least one, *Francis Smith*, was thrown into Newgate; while L'Estrange was suffered to insult the religious and wise part of the nation, to vilify the Reformation and the free constitution of *England*, not only with impunity, but with reward; though there was really no more wit than truth in his writing. He was a sort of Gathercole in his day, having the same class of readers, and the same class of support. As for wit, Andrew Marvel was far his superior, though he had not had the benefit of his Newgate training. De Foe was his master as a writer, and so was Dr. John Eachard, the author of the book so freely quoted above, which L'Estrange answered in a book condemned to the cheesemonger's weighed paper, whither my copy is traced by a note on the back.

Oldmixon, in his *History of England*, writing on the supposed murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, says of Roger L'Estrange, who ridiculed the idea of that murder and the Popish Plot too, "I will take the liberty with L'Estrange which his character justifies. There's no decency toward a *villain* that had a hundred times

deserved the gallows, which he was condemned to thirty years before." The Lord L——, in the House of Peers, gives a lively picture of this scribbler, who, without the least knowledge of its strength, purity, and elegance of style, was cried up, at our two famous universities, as a master of the *English* tongue. He published a heap of libels and lampoons to rail away the Popish Plot and Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's murder, in language which would be a *shame* to our markets; and his lordship takes this notice of him:—

"I would not have so much as a Popish man or Popish woman to remain here; not so much as a Popish dog or a Popish bitch, nor so much as a Popish cat that should pur or mew about the King. We are in a labyrinth of evils, and must carefully endeavour to get out of them; and the greatest dangers of all amongst us, are concerning Protestants, who, notwithstanding the many evidences of the plot, have been industrious to revile the King's witnesses; and such an one is Roger L'Estrange, who now disappears, being one of the greatest villains upon earth—a rogue beyond my skill to delineate, who has been the bugbear of the Protestant religion, and traduced the King and the King's evidences by his notorious scribbling writings, and has endeavoured, as much as in him lay, to eclipse the glory of the English nation. He is a dangerous rank Papist, proved by good and substantial evidence; for which, since he has walked under another disguise, he deserves of all men to be hanged, and I believe I shall live to see that be his fate. He has scandalized several of the nobility, and detracted from the rights of his Majesty's great council the Parliament. He is now fled from justice, by which he confesses the charge against him, and that shews him to be guilty." This wretched felon was made a justice of the peace to prosecute Protestant dissenters with his power as well as with his pen. He was afterwards dubbed one of King James's House of Commons, whom Echard *the historian* so highly honours for their great fortunes and virtues. From his invectives does that historian take his ribaldry against the discovery of the *Popish Plot*, as will be observed in the sequel.

Of Roger L'Estrange, who was knighted by Charles II. for

his eminent services as a slanderous writer and a propper-up of fraud against truth, I shall say no more; indeed I should not have dwelt upon his merits so long, had I not been desirous to show what championship High-Church presumption, ignorance, poverty, and dishonesty, had to boast of. Sir Roger L'Estrange, Knt., was the champion of that party.

From Roger L'Estrange, and his vulgar and dishonest advocacy, let us turn to De Foe, the object of this book. He now appears embarked in trade, and located in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, in 1685, at which occupation he continued till 1695, a period of ten years. We have seen that he was born in 1661, and that at fourteen years of age he went to Mr. Morton's academy, and remained there five years, which brings us to 1680, when he disappears from the stage for five years. There are thus five years of his life lost to the public, in which nothing is known of him, except that he wrote his *Speculum Crape-gownorum* in 1682. What are we to make of this, but that he, the son of James Foe, butcher, was placed apprentice for five years with some hosier? perhaps called *Norton*, for he had a son Norton, afterwards a prose writer, and a dull one; the said Norton Foe not possessing any of the quickness of his father as an English writer.

The Monmouth invasion took place in the year 1685, the year De Foe commenced business; therefore we cannot suppose that his absence had anything to do with that, if we are to suppose, along with others, his biographers, that he really was there as a fighter.

It is very evident that Dr. Eachard was a writer with whom Daniel De Foe was very intimate; for the above work abounds with that style of wit which became, very early in life, his model as a writer. His first work, *Speculum Crape-gownorum*, was, no doubt, borrowed from Dr. Eachard's work altogether. This was in 1682; but in 1704, or twelve years later, De Foe wrote his *Consolidator, or Journey to the Moon*; and this work also was borrowed from Dr. Eachard's work above quoted. Dr. Eachard was, in my opinion, godfather to Daniel De Foe as a writer, as Daniel De Foe was godfather to Benjamin Franklin, Richardson, and others;

even Swift, as we have stated, borrowing his idea of *Gulliver's Travels* from his *Consolidator*.

Charles II. dying on February 6th, 1685, in the fifty-fourth year of his age and the twenty-fifth of his reign, his brother, James II., ascended the throne, to the great dismay of all thinking people, and to the joy of another class, who poured in the most fulsome addresses, offering to the new sovereign life and fortune; and the drum-ecclesiastic was sounded in his praise, because the church was to be supported or protected; for these two words, in 1685, were nearly synonymous, inasmuch as supported meant protected against something—Dissent.

James's arbitrary proceedings were so distasteful to the nation, that they gave confidence to James Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II., and induced him to land at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, in the summer of 1685, with eighty persons (chiefly soldiers of fortune and poor Scotch noblemen), for the invasion of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Duke of Monmouth was a Protestant, and a jolly, good-humoured fellow, who made himself as acceptable to the thoughtless class of the community as possible, by attending hunting meetings and horse-matches; and by these arts of seeking applause, brought thousands of the people together at those gatherings to see him. This man De Foe was very partial to, and he supported his claims to the crown, believing in all truth that Charles II. was really married to Lucy Walters, his mother. De Foe had seen him—a tall, heavy, yet handsome man—ride for a plate at Aylesbury races; he frequently rode his own horse at these meetings, and sometimes won the race. This pandering to vulgar popularity at coursing, hunting, or racing matches, was encouraged by the Earl of Shaftesbury, his friend and supporter; and this injudicious support was the real cause of the misfortunes which befel this noble and talented statesman. Lord Shaftesbury possessed an ambition which, pushed forward to premature action, ended in disaster: he was an unstable, clever man, and a dangerous adviser. This ill-counselled invasion, supported neither by national sympathy, organization, arms, men, nor money, totally and at once failed, as

it must of necessity fail : the poor duke was taken prisoner, and carried to London, and beheaded upon Tower Hill, on July 15th, 1685. It is not necessary to dwell upon this rash adventure ; but when De Foe affirms that he was there as a fighter, what must I say ?

De Foe wrote *Speculum Crape-gownorum* three years before this rebellion ; and he must have been thoroughly known to the government of James II., and watched and marked out for destruction. De Foe was not there, though he says he was ; but poor Tutchin, his political contemporary and fellow-labourer, was there, and was taken prisoner, and tried by Judge Jeffreys, at Dorchester ; and Jeffreys told him the time when he went to Holland, with whom he lodged when there, the manner of his coming to this country, and the fictitious name he went by at the time, as well as his connection with certain gentlemen in Hampshire, who raised some men at Lymington for the Duke of Monmouth.

Poor Tutchin's sentence, *for changing his name*, was, "that he should remain in prison during the space of seven years ; that once every year he should be whipped through all the market towns in Dorsetshire ; that he should pay a fine of one hundred marks to the King, and find security for his good behaviour during life."

When this sentence was pronounced in court, the ladies, of whom there were a great number present, all burst out a crying ; but Jeffreys, turning towards them, said, "Ladies, if you did but know what a villain this is as well as I do, you would say this sentence is not half bad enough for him." The clerk of the arraigns also stood up in court, and said, "My lord, there are a great many market towns in this county ; the sentence reaches to a whipping about once a fortnight, and he's a very young man." "Aye," says Jeffreys, "he's a young man, but he's an old rogue ; and all the interest in England shan't reverse the sentence I have passed upon him."

"But certainly no devil incarnate could rage, nor no Billingsgate woman could scold, worse than this judge did at this young gentleman whilst he was at the bar ; he called him a thousand rogues and villains, told him that he was a rebel from Adam, that never

any of his family had the least loyalty ; and, said he, I understand you are a wit and poet ; pray, Sir, let you and I cap verses. Mr. Tutchin smiled in his face and told him, he knew upon what ground he stood, and when he was overmatched." Tutchin refused to ask pardon of his inhuman judge, but addressed his Majesty as follows :—

"TO THE KING'S MAJESTY.

"The humble Petition of John Tutchin, of Lymington, in the county of Southampton, gentleman, now a prisoner in the County Gaol of Dorset,

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioner now lies in this prison under sentence of the Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, to remain in the said prison during the space of seven years ; that once every year he shall be whipped through all the market towns in Dorsetshire ; that he shall pay a fine of one hundred marks to the King, and find security for his good behaviour during life.

"That this sentence was passed upon your petitioner under pretence of his having changed his name ; and no matter of treason or rebellion being proved upon him.

"That your petitioner has always demeaned himself according to his duty required by law, and that he is ready to venture his life in defence of a lawful King, that shall govern according to law, in preservation of the liberties of Englishmen.

"That he humbly conceives the sentence passed upon him by the said Jeffreys is worse than death ; and, therefore,

"Humbly prays your Majesty will be mercifully pleased to grant him the favour of being hanged with those of his fellow-prisoners that are condemned to die ; and 'till then your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

"JOHN TUTCHIN."

On this man, so circumstanced, the mean tool of Robert Harley, Alexander Pope, could write,

And Tutchin, flagrant from the scourge, below.

Here we have two men alike in their political views, principles,

and callings, as public writers; for both were champions of civil and religious liberty in the worst of times, and as champions they stood alone, or nearly so: the one named John Tutchin, of the *Observer*; the other, Daniel De Foe, of the *Review*, and of every thing, from peace, free trade, union with Scotland, and the rights of conscience, down to magic and flights to the moon, almanac-making, &c. These two, ranged on the same side, against all the powers of earth, as writers, never could agree. Tutchin was quarrelsome and imperious, and always charging De Foe with being illiterate, and keeper of a hosier's shop; to which De Foe would reply, that he would translate four languages with him or Tom Brown for twenty pounds. Perhaps De Foe might trench on John's especial ground, when he used to boast that he had been concerned in the Monmouth invasion: a pretension which John Tutchin might fairly call in question, for that was his especial field of honour. De Foe had no right to be robbing Tutchin of his laurels, for he had ground enough and to spare, if he had not been eaten up with vanity and ambition. Had he not been in Newgate twelve months, and had he not stood in the pillory at the Royal Exchange, and in Cheapside, and at Temple Bar; had he not been advertised in the *London Gazette* by the Secretary of State, and fifty pounds offered for his apprehension, and his person described in that *Hue and Cry*; and, as for his writings too, had he not had four of his productions at least burnt in Palace Yard, by the hands of the common hangman, by an express vote of the House of Commons? What could the man want more?—why trench on John Tutchin? But Tutchin had been tried for high treason. Well: but if he had—was not De Foe confined in Newgate for several months, in 1713, on a charge of high treason, and was he not set at liberty, without trial, by Queen Anne and her confidential friend and minister, Robert Harley; and was not the warrant for his release signed by the Secretary of State *Bolingbroke*? They could not hang the man for doing their work: De Foe had been writing *What if the Queen should die?* at the instigation of some one, and he was not to be hanged for it. When De Foe claimed the privilege of boasting that he had been concerned in the Monmouth invasion, he

ought to have reflected that he wrote *Speculum Crape-gownorum*, one of the most offensive pamphlets to the highflyers of the Church of England that ever was written, only two years before this invasion. There is no doubt but Daniel De Foe would be known well to all the tools, police, or spies of James II., and his whereabouts would be strictly inquired after, during all the murdering by law of the eight hundred prisoners in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, by Judge Jeffreys. De Foe was a great admirer of the Duke of Monmouth, and no doubt but he would both write and talk in his favour in all companies. De Foe was no keeper at home; for he was a wit, and the life of all companies. It is highly probable that this Monmouth plot was, like a great many other plots, Roman Catholic or Presbyterian, got up by the King or his friends, during his unbounded popularity in the nation, to free himself at once from his most dangerous because *Protestant* rival; and with him some hundreds of individuals who would be his greatest tormentors when he set fairly to work to re-establish the Roman Catholic religion within these realms, by the forms of law—acts of Parliament.

In the reign of James II., or in that of his brother, when he acted plot-master for that brother, many, very many innocent persons were murdered by law, either to gain a point in kingcraft, or to revenge the death of their father, Charles I. These two reigns forcibly remind us of the tremendous ground-swell which we always find to exist at sea for many hours after a storm.

The storm of the execution of Charles I. produced a political ground-swell in the British dominions, which did not subside till the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, a period of sixty years; during which, one king had to run away, and two sovereigns were brought to an untimely grave by the contentions of parties in the state, and the flagrant want of principle of their ministers and the national delegates assembled in the House of Commons.

Poor James II. appeared to have received certain high notions of the kingcraft-science of his grandfather, James I.; and he was always attempting to display this science in carrying on the affairs of his government. No monarch in Great Britain ever had the same opportunities freely given to him—nay, thrown after him, and even

upon him—by his people; and yet he did not know how to use those advantages when made ready to his hands. Two millions a year were given to him by his Parliament for carrying out his government requirements; and the first step he took was to raise twenty thousand men on Hounslow Heath as a private army, which he took immediate steps to officer with Irish Papists, to the superseding of Protestant English officers; and the British regiments of the line were tampered with in every way, by the introduction of wild Irish Papists into the ranks, and also into the commissions. The church was handled in the same point-blank, peremptory way. His sense of kingcraft, his poor old grandfather's legacy, was his ruin. He ran his head against every interest, right, privilege, or prejudice in his dominions; and he did this at once, to make up for lost time, for he was getting old, and life is short. It was his design to make all his subjects Roman Catholics, and vassals of France; and he intended to assist the French King to overturn the Protestant liberties of Europe, beginning with Holland. At the very time of the Revolution, 1688, steps were being taken by James and Louis XIV. for the carrying out this measure, which was to be consummated by the old project of Richelieu and Mazarine, of uprooting all the Protestantism of Europe, and erecting in its place the dearly cherished project of the universal monarchy of France. This was the grand secret of the success of the glorious revolution of 1688 in England. William was forced upon his adventure by Holland, Sweden, Austria, and even the very Pope himself, who might appear to sacrifice the spiritual interests of his sovereignty for the sake of the temporalities of his Italian kingdom, threatened to be swallowed up by the all-grasping kingly gripe of the ambitious French monarch. The fourteen thousand Dutch soldiers, taken from the garrisons in Holland for William's security in England, were made up by a like force being lent to Holland by Sweden, for the security of Holland in the mean time. This shows the movement to have been European, and not personal on the part of the Prince of Orange.

It should be stated, that Lord Danby, afterwards Duke of Leeds, was a main instrument in bringing about the glorious Revolution of

1688, by turning match-maker between the Prince of Orange, the King's nephew, and Mary, James's daughter, the young lady being only fifteen years of age; and he managed affairs so adroitly, that the King was forced into the measure by his necessities and dependence on his Parliament. James, the father of the young lady, was *commanded* by his brother to submit to the match; and when all was ready, the plot exploded, and the King had an intimation of two hours only, before the event was completed; and poor James, the Duke of York and father of the bride, had only *sixty minutes* allowed him to give his consent, and reconcile himself to the loss of his daughter. Lord Danby! immortal honours rest upon that hallowed name. The Duke of Leeds, as the representative of his great ancestor, must receive his reward—national respect and national gratitude to the name. This grand master-plot of a great statesman, saved this kingdom, perhaps, from unheard-of troubles, and even from loss of nationality. It was a grand move in state policy, made in favour of the Protestantism of Europe, against the pretensions of the French monarchy, in its aspirations after universal dominion.

“The French King well knew the blow he had sustained, and betrayed his resentment to Mountague, the English ambassador, when he said of the Duke of York, that *he had given his daughter to the greatest enemy he had in the world*. Upon the ambassador's return, the Lord Danby asked him how the King of France received the news; he answered, *As he would have done the loss of an army*; and spoke very hardly of the duke for not acquainting him with it. Lord Danby answered, *He wronged him; for he did not know of it an hour before it was published, and the King himself not above two hours*. This was a master-piece in the earl, who, since he was Duke of Leeds, has declared in print, that he will not suffer that part of his service to be buried in oblivion—a part that would never be forgiven by the duke and the Romish party.” All this I take *verbatim* from Mr. Lawrence Echard, the historian of the day, archdeacon of Stowe, and chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury: a staid respectable authority, living and publishing at the time. Mind—not *John Eachard*, De Foe's pattern-card for wit and smart writing, even on things sacred. The two, *John* and *Law-*

rence, were not related, for their names were spelt differently, for one was *Eachard*, and the other *Echard*. It is well to notice this difference, for these two men have frequently been confounded as the same individual, though two individuals could not be more dissimilar: the one eminent, no doubt, in his time, as a divine and a wit; and the other equally illustrious, in his way, as a historian.

On this same authority, that of Lawrence Echard, it may be stated, that on the 9th of September, 1688, the French Minister, D'Avaux, presented a memorial to the States General to the effect:—"That his master understood that their design was against *England*; and in that case he signified to them, that the ties of *friendship* and ALLIANCE between him and the King of Great Britain would oblige him not only to assist, but also to look upon the first act of hostility against him to be a manifest rupture of the peace, and a breach with the crown." The answer returned to England, on an address from that crown, was, "That they armed in imitation of his Britannick Majesty; and that they were long since convinced of the ALLIANCE into which he had entered with France, and which had been owned to them by the Count d'Avaux." There must have been an alliance between France and England when the French monarch offered to send over to England 40,000 French troops to James' assistance; an offer which the Earl of Sunderland, the English Prime Minister, dared not accept.

This offer being rejected, the French King offered to march these same troops into Holland, in order to prevent the Prince of Orange's descent upon England, which offer was rejected also. James knew well, that 14,000 Dutch Protestants, under the command of his son-in-law the Prince of Orange, would be more safe guests in his Protestant dominions than 40,000 Papists under the King of France.

All this time poor James was not inactive in fitting out his fleet, and giving out commissions for the augmenting his army, his chief reliance being on *Lord Tyrconnel*, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to whom he sent positive and immediate orders for whole regiments of Irish Papists—a class of troops on whom he chiefly relied—to be sent to England with the least possible delay; the men who shortly

afterwards, in Berkshire and Oxfordshire, when they were disbanded without payment of arrears of wages, threatened to put everything to fire and sword, and attained, through their great zeal for the Roman Catholic faith, and threatenings to all Protestants, the long-remembered appellation of James's *Apostolical Dragoons*. On the 23rd of September the English ambassador at the Hague received direct information, officially from that court, as to the designs of the Prince of Orange, which he at once communicated to his master in England, with the intelligence also that several English lords and gentlemen had already crossed the sea, and lay privately in Holland, ready to accompany the Prince to England; these were Sidney, brother to the Earl of Leicester; Sir Rt. Peyton, Sir Rowland Gwyn, Dr. Burnet, and others; Dr. Burnet being chaplain to the Prince of Orange, friend, companion, and minister, and perhaps the chief concoctor of the whole scheme. Besides the above constant guests at the Hague, there were friends, visitors, and correspondents in England, and amongst these the Earl of Shrewsbury, Admiral Herbert, Mr. Herbert his cousin, Mr. Russell, Lord Mordaunt, and the Earl of Wiltshire; and the Earl of Danby, the first man in the good work, "a man of a vast reach, and born for great attempts, who had a great share in this, as he had in the marriage of the Princess of Orange;" next William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire; the Earl of Dorset, the Lord Lovelace, Lord Delamere, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Halifax, and his son Lord Eland; the Marquis of Winchester; the Lord Pawlett, his son; the Lord Willoughby, son to the Earl of Lindsey; Mr. Lister, Mr. Hampden, Mr. Powle, &c., with several eminent citizens of London. Besides the above, there were many others, wishing well to the cause, and prepared to act when it might be done with safety: a numerous party this last, no doubt, for it is pleasant to be fighting on the winning side!

Poor James, frightened out of his wits, sent for the bishops—the very men he had committed to the Tower, and begged their assistance; he restored the charter to the city of London, and removed the Anabaptist lord mayor, to make room for some one more acceptable to the civil authorities of the metropolis; he also proclaimed a general pardon to all criminals, excepting Sir Robert Peyton, Sir

Rowland Gwyn; Dr. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and now chaplain at the Hague to the Prince of Orange; Major Wildman, Samuel Johnson, and others, twelve altogether, but of less note.

Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, who in some measure owed his preferment to the gaining of the charter of London, was now forced to carry it back to the place from whence it was taken. The Bishop of Winchester, visitor of Magdalen College in Oxford, was ordered to settle that society according to rule and statute. A proclamation was issued for restoring corporations to their ancient charters, liberties, rights, and franchises. *Popish* lord lieutenants, justices of the peace, mayors, recorders, and other magistrates, were displaced, and *Protestants* put in their rooms; so that, in the space of about twelve days, that formidable fabric was, in effect or in a great measure, demolished, which the *Romish* cabal had been four years erecting. But still James never heard any favourable news but he stopped his measures of redress of grievances for the time, and made no further advances in the promised work of restoration till some unfortunate intelligence of the advance of the Prince of Orange, or fresh arrivals of nobility to his camp, when James returned again to his work of restitution. Lord Danby, at York, was alone a tower of strength; for this man, during the time that the Prince of Orange remained at or about Exeter, ten days or more after his landing at Torbay,¹ and the King was uncertain what steps to take for meeting the Prince in the field, had the good fortune to intercept a letter at York, informing James, at Salisbury, that Lord Danby was raising friends at York for the Prince of Orange, and that he had now got 4000

¹ The inhabitants of the clothing districts of the west of England have long been noted for their zealous, independent Protestant Dissenting principles; which fact probably induced the Protestant Duke of Monmouth to land there, and also, three years afterwards, the Prince of Orange. This district swarmed with Protestant adherents, who would have gladly turned out in a body on the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay, had not the lively recollection of the monster Judge Jeffreys, and his hangings and floggings, paralyzed all decisive action for a time; but after the subsidence of the first panic, the Prince of Orange might have collected a small army in this district, to force his way to the metropolis, had he required one: so thoroughly were the whole population devoted to his cause—the independency of the freeholder, the protection of the laws, and the vitality of Protestantism.

adherents. This letter was read by Lord Danby to his council of war, and then was transmitted by post to James, after another "0" had been added to the figures. This happy thought had a direful effect in the council of James, producing such serious depression as completely to paralyze his warlike preparations, and cause him to pause, and think of returning to London and giving up all in despair. Probably this letter was the cause of no action taking place between the two armies, and of the final triumphant advance of the Prince of Orange to Reading, there to look after Lord Feversham's disbanded Apostolical Irish Dragoons, who had been set at liberty to plunder and burn as they liked, to the number of 4000, and to raise contributions upon the inhabitants of Uxbridge and the neighbouring towns, villages, and hamlets. These men, wild and drunk, rode from town to town threatening to burn down every house, and cut the throats of the "bloody Protestants." The counties of Buckingham, Oxford, and Berks, were in the greatest state of consternation; and the terrors of the "*Irish night*" (a night long remembered in those several counties as a solemn threatening era in history, worthy of being handed down to their children's children) were wafted to London, Nottingham, York, Derby, and other centres of organized disaffection. London and Westminster were in the greatest state of alarm; and all the City trainbands were called out and kept under arms all night, to wait the flood-tide of Irish insubordination, raging mad for arrears of pay, food, &c., with nothing but a prospect of being cut up as marauders by William's troops, pushing forward by forced marches to London, to save all there from fire and plunder.

It was in this state of excitement that Daniel De Foe rode to Reading, to see as well as hear; for it was reported in London that Reading and the neighbouring towns and villages had been totally destroyed by James's *Apostolics*, disbanded and thrown destitute upon the inhabitants. Here De Foe waited the arrival of the Prince of Orange, with whose troops he fell in, as a volunteer, and as such marched on London.

The Duke of Norfolk was at Lynne, in Norfolk, acting in his capacity as Earl Marshal of England, embodying the county militia;

receiving addresses from the mayor and corporation on behalf of "the laws, liberties, and Protestant religion." After a public meeting in the town on or about the 7th of December, 1688, the Duke of Norfolk and his retinue dined with the mayor, with great acclamations, the militia being ordered out; and "our tradesmen, seamen, and *mobile*, have this morning generally put orange ribbons on their hats, echoing huzzas to the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Norfolk. All are in a hot ferment: God send us a good issue of it."

This move of decisive action on the part of the Earl Marshal of England gave the impulse to the county of Norfolk, which at once declared for the Protestant religion and the Prince of Orange.

On the 21st of November the Earl of Devonshire took up his quarters at Derby, and issued his county address to the mayor, lamenting the sad state of things "by so many invasions, made of late years, on our *religion* and *laws*," suggesting the calling a free Parliament immediately for the settling of all grievances, with a declaration to the effect that the signers of this document "will, to our utmost, defend the *Protestant religion*, the *laws* of the *kingdom*, and the *rights* and *liberties* of the *subject*." Two days after there was a general rendezvous at Nottingham, consisting of a great number of the nobility and gentry, who subscribed a remarkable *declaration*, "in which they hoped that none would be bugbeared with the opprobrious terms of *rebels*, by which the court would fright them to become perfect slaves to their tyrannical usurpations. They owned it *rebellion* to resist a king who governed by *law*; but to resist a *tyrant*, who made his will his law, was nothing but a *necessary defence*."

It was to this man, William Cavendish, at Nottingham, that the Princess Anne of Denmark repaired in the night of the 25th of November, which the King only heard of on the following day, when he entered his palace in tears, exclaiming, "God help me! my own children have forsaken me!"

The sudden disappearance of the Princess Anne caused the utmost consternation in London, the populace taking up the cry that the Papists had murdered her or confined her to a prison; and the guards joined in the excitement, and were ready to take vengeance

for the outrage. Luckily, at this moment of terror, a letter from the Princess to the Queen was produced, showing that she was safe and alive, and had fled to Nottingham, to place herself under the protection of William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire—a man who was left about the throne, for this same woman's protection, by William III. until the year 1710, when he was deprived of all his employments at court, along with his party, to make room for Harley, St. John, Charles Leslie (the writer of the *Rehearsal* until 1709), Dean Swift, Matthew Prior, Mrs. Masham, Mrs. Manley, Dr. Oldsworth, and other High-Church *conspirators*, who took possession, and held possession too, of this weak woman, as Queen Anne, for about four years, when they heart-broke her with their intrigues and contentions, all honest men having been driven away from the presence of her Majesty four years before her untimely decease. How true is it, that fool ground in a mill will come out ground-fool! How could this woman ever forget the position in which she was placed on the night of the 25th of November, 1688, when she fled to Nottingham, under the protection of Compton, Bishop of London, and he disguised in his old military accoutrements, which he had worn when in the army—a profession which he ought never to have left?

This soldier-bishop did more, by his preaching and adulatory doctrines, to bring the King into his present deserted position, than any other man in the kingdom.

Of this champion of the church militant De Foe thus writes, when alluding to this Nottingham march:—

Treason and Loyalty go hand in hand,
Till on the dangerous precipice they stand;
Embroid'd with laws, and injur'd nation's arms,
Guilt breaks the circles, and dissolves the charms:
 The wretch that fawns with hypocritick breath,
*Deserts him*¹ in the agonies of death;

¹ When King James was taken at Sheerness, in the county of Kent, and fell into the hands of the rabble of Feversham, whether there was real danger of his person or not, is not material, but the King apprehending it, his Majesty applied himself to a clergyman who was there, in words to this effect: "Sir,—'Tis men of your cloth who have reduced me to this condition; I desire you will use your endeavours to still and

What verse *the blackn'd party* can expose,
 Art sinks, as the *infernal mischief* grows;
 No words the *horrid principle* can tell,
 'Tis born of crime, and *laid too deep for hell*.
 Since, then, we never can the cheat explain,
 Let's quit the fact, and *dwell upon the men*.
 Compton, with ecclesiastick dignity,
 Supports the regal power, and gives the lie ¹
 To all the usurpations of the church,
 Leaves Becket, Laud, and Sibthorp in the lurch;
 The high canonick grandeur he pulls down,
 And sets the mitre *underneath the throne*;
 Owns the supremacy of kingly right,
 And makes the *crozier* to the *crown* submit;
 Believes the *jus divinum*, freely swears
 His passive homage to the unknown heirs;
 Lays all his senses in a misty sleep,
 And took those oaths *he knew* he could not keep; ²
 And as with hair-brain'd loyalty he swore,
 H' had scrupl'd none *had there been forty more*.

Had he been faithful to his sovereign lord,
 And fought him with the *weapons of the word*;
 Had he *with honest duty* first appeal'd,
 And all his sense of liberty reveal'd,
 'T had been *less crime his sovereign* to instruct
 Than first deceive the prince *he would reject*;

quiet the people, and disperse them, that I may be freed from this tumult." The gentleman's answer was cold and insignificant, and going down to the people, he returned no more to the King; and several of the gentry thereabout, and clergy, who had formerly preached and talked of this mad doctrine before, never offered the King their assistance in that distress, which, as a man, whether a prince or no prince, any man would have done; which, therefore, to me renders them suspected in the integrity of their design, when they pretended to an absolute submission, viz., that they meant only that they expected it from their neighbours, whom they designed to oppress under the protection of this notion, but resolved never to practise the least part of it themselves, if ever it should look towards them.

¹ He gave the lie, by his practice, to all those former priests that had raised the power of ecclesiastic authority, for he absolutely submitted it all to the regal dignity and divine right of the Prince.

² They that took this absolute oath knew, when they took it, they were not able to keep what they swore, if they were put to the extremity; and so it afterwards appeared.

In 's future conduct, we should all confess,
 H' had shown the statesman more, the villain less;
 Rebellion would have had *some fair pretence*;
 He might have reconcil'd it *to his sense*.
 Some juster reasons then he might have shown
 To put the *mitre* off, the *helmet* on;
 Law, right, and justice, would in league appear
 To make the *man of God* a man of war.
 But he¹ that had his *blinder duty* swore,
 And dipp'd his hands in arbitrary power;
 That *leagu'd with hell* his country to betray,
 And *pull the church down first* the shortest way,
 What right had he to liberty and law,
 Whom neither *this could drive* nor that *could draw*?
 The passive priest with sword and pistol rides,
 And for the church's safety now provides;
 Obedience *buckles down* to Preservation,
 And quits Allegiance to secure the nation;
Forgets his random oaths, consults his sense,
 And *clouds his perjury* with Providence.

On the receipt of the "O" letter of the Earl of Danby at Salisbury, his Majesty became panic-struck, bled freely from the nose, and was completely overpowered in mind and body, which gave time for the wavering in his camp to consider of the best means of escaping from their forlorn and perilous condition. Most of them at once went over to the Prince of Orange at Exeter, while poor James, the *dry martyr* of Daniel De Foe—the priestly sacrifice to sycophancy and want of principle—poor fellow! deceived, misled, betrayed, and neglected—returned to London as he could, leaving Lord Tyrconnel's Apostolical Dragoons, wild Irish Papists, at Reading, in Berkshire, under the command of the Earl of Feversham, as some imaginary barrier between himself and his victorious son-in-law, now at Salisbury, in the adjoining county of Wilts, and working his way

¹ Had not the person whom this character belongs to supported the doctrine of absolute obedience to the crown, his after conduct had been less liable to censure; for, though without question he was in the right of it at last, yet by his own professed doctrine, which he taught and encouraged in all people, it was downright perjury and rebellion in him, whatever it would have been in another.

by secure, yet rapid, strides towards the metropolis. In this dilemma, poor deserted James wrote from Whitehall, December 10th, 1688, a letter to the Earl of Feversham, to the effect that, as he had no confidence in his army, he had come to the resolution to leave the kingdom, "to endeavour to secure himself the best he could." On the receipt of this letter, the Earl of Feversham disbanded all his Irish troops, and left them at free quarters on the inhabitants of Reading, Henley, and the neighbouring towns, villages, and hamlets, to the dismay of the inhabitants, who fled in all directions, many going to London with the news that Reading was burnt down, with Uxbridge, Maidenhead, Henley, &c.

The Prince hearing from the Earl of Feversham the state of the King's army, disbanded by royal authority, and also from the flying inhabitants of at least four counties, of the firing of towns and villages, and the marching on London by this disbanded *apostolical* rabble of a soldiery without commander, officers, or pay, at once issued the following proclamation from Henley-on-Tames, the 13th of December, 1688 :—

"BY THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.—DECLARATION.

"Whereas we are informed, That divers regiments, troops, and companies, have been encouraged to disperse themselves in an unusual and unwarrantable manner, whereby the public peace is very much disturbed, we have thought fit hereby to require all colonels and commanders-in-chief of such regiments, troops, and companies, by beat of drum or otherwise, to call together the several officers and soldiers belonging to their respective regiments, troops, and companies, in such places as they shall find most convenient for their rendezvous, and there to keep them in good order and discipline; and we do likewise direct and require all such officers and soldiers forthwith to repair to such place as shall be appointed for that purpose by the respective colonels or commanders-in-chief, whereof speedy notice is to be given unto us, for our further orders.

"Given at our court at Henley, the thirteenth day of December, 1688.

"W. H. PRINCE OF ORANGE."

During all these doubts and difficulties, in this ever-to-be-remembered month of December, 1688, the Earl of Tyrconnel threatened great opposition in Ireland, by setting the Papist population upon the Protestant; and in his measures he was heartily supported by Sir William Temple, the patron of Swift and Stella, if not the father of both, as has been seriously believed and affirmed by parties worthy of attention as authorities. The Earl of Clarendon too, who had gone over to the Prince under the expectation of succeeding the Earl of Tyrconnel in the government of Ireland, became one of the Prince's most bitter opponents, through mere mortification at being disappointed in his ambitious designs. The English army, too, became so jealous of the Dutch troops, that disasters threatened on every hand, in England as well as Ireland, so that the Prince knew not whom to trust or what to do. He dared not trust the English army, and he could not spare his Dutch troops from London on any demand whatever; so Ireland was left for a considerable time in a most doubtful and affrighted position, the Protestant population coming over to England in large numbers for security. But, of all parties in this time of change, the clergy, who had preached passive obedience and *jure-divino* principles to such a point that they scarcely knew where to put themselves, were subjected to the greatest amount of contempt; for they had sworn allegiance to one king on the *jure-divino* principle, and now they were prepared to swear allegiance to another on the *de-facto* principle, and one of these opposed to the other; they had sworn to serve both, but their real intention was to serve only one, and that *James*, the man whom they had decoyed into a snare, and then sacrificed. "The prevarication of too many (clergy) in so sacred a matter contributed not a little to forward the growing atheism of the present age. The truth was, the greatest part of the clergy had entangled themselves so far with those strange conceits of the divine right of monarchy, and the unlawfulness of resistance in any case, and they so engaged themselves, by asserting these things so often and so publicly, that they did not know how to disengage themselves in honour or conscience." So writes Bishop Burnet, in his *History of his Own Times*: the man who, beyond all other men, influenced the success of the glorious revolution of 1688

by his example, judgment, and labour in the good cause, and yet was refused ordination to the bishopric of Salisbury by Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, when his sovereign had appointed him to the office; and so the Bishop of Salisbury was ordained by commission.

The declaration of rights was made by his Highness the Prince of Orange to the people of England on his landing at Torbay in November, 1688, on which compact, offered to the people by the Prince (which “affirms, that the religion of the people shall be maintained, and that effectual care shall be taken that the inhabitants shall neither be deprived of their religion nor of their civil rights, which is so much the more necessary, because the greatness and security both of kings, royal families, and of all such as are in authority, as well as the happiness of their subjects and people, depend in a most especial manner upon the exact observation and maintenance of these their laws, liberties, and customs”), the great mass of the dissenting population of England made common cause against King James, with the clergy and members of the Church of England, for the support of the Prince of Orange. Now, in the face of this declaration of rights, and the support offered by the dissenting population of England for the deposing, by the power of Dutch troops, the representative of *hereditary right* in England, because that representative, King James II., had ruled by his arbitrary will, to the contravention of laws made by the delegated freeholders of England in Parliament assembled, the Queen Anne, the successor of the Prince of Orange, who owed her right to the throne of these realms through the compact made at this revolution of 1688 between Prince and people, continued nevertheless to reign as Queen of England in direct opposition to the spirit of this national compact, solemnly entered into between Prince and people at that time. The vitality of Protestantism is the foundation of the constitution established in 1688 by Prince and people; and any act of the court tampering with that vitality, is a direct infringement on the spirit of that compact, and as such is a violation of the spirit of the British constitution, as by agreement settled.

May I ask what is the Privy Council scheme of education of our

time? What is its object? Is it to check the vitality of Protestantism? or is it to strengthen and extend that vitality? Has it an object: is there any statecraft or state policy lurking below or behind it? Is it a second Church-of-England establishment, created out of the taxes, in order to strengthen the patronage of the executive power, according to its imaginary requirements, from the healthy growth of Protestant dissentism? Is the growth of Protestant dissent the grand moving principle of reaction of a Privy Council check? I believe the Privy Council scheme of education to be fraudulent in its object. I believe that scheme to be the old plot or conspiracy of Louis XIV. and Cardinal Mazarin, his minister, revived. I believe that education scheme to be a fraudulent pretence—a binding, curbing, impeding of the vitality of Protestantism;—and if I be right in this supposition, I am right also in my declaration, that the Privy Council scheme of education is an infringement of that compact made at the revolution of 1688 between William Prince of Orange and the Protestant population of England—a compact by which her present Majesty Queen Victoria holds her right to the throne of these realms. I am right or I am wrong in my declaration, that the Privy Council scheme of education is a curbing of the vitality of Protestantism, and as such is UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

Irrespective of the compact entered into between Prince and people at the glorious revolution of 1688 for the support of the Protestant religion, the true interest of the sovereigns of Great Britain can be none other but the cherishing of the vitality of Protestantism within these realms. This is the real strength of the British sovereigns; on this they must depend on the day of continental aggression. The *vitality of Protestantism* is the responding fortification to Cherbourg; this is our fortifications at Portsmouth; this is our stronghold—this is our breastwork, behind which the Protestantism of Holland, Denmark, and Germany, with Switzerland, must take their shelter, and abide the threatened attack. Great Britain must place itself at the head of the Protestantism of Europe; there it has been placed, and there it must abide; but it never can abide there, if the Executive Government is to be allowed to tamper with

the civil and religious liberties of Great Britain, under the pretence of *educating the people*.

What right has the Church-of-England sect to take money from the national exchequer to educate all sects in Church-of-England principles, for the sake of increasing the patronage and influence of the crown? This is a question which the freeholders of Great Britain would do well to ask themselves. Is the patronage of the crown so deficient in strength that a second Church of England has to be created from the public taxation of the country, in order to give the ministry of the day an additional power, by the distribution of patronage foisted upon the people, under the pretence of education? What a serious mistake for a king to allow a priesthood to crawl along stealthily till the question may fairly be asked, Who owns the throne? Who is king? Church or king—which has it? Which stands first? Is not one first—one church establishment sufficient encumbrance for the patience, the endurance of royalty to be clogged with, without adding a second clog—one which may be as a rope around the neck of encumbered or fettered royalty in some dire, sad hour of difficulty; and when that second clog of a church is unconstitutional and dangerous to the free action of the vitality of Protestantism, professed to be enjoyed unfettered and unencumbered by the independent freeholders of this nation?

Could it be possible to draw an extreme case, to show how this machinery might act in some untoward hour of executive embarrassment?

Suppose this education scheme should crawl along till it had completed its spider-like web or network of patronage, and should stealthily obtain the power of standing as regulator between the throne and the Church of England—sometimes acting with one, sometimes with the other, and sometimes with both, but always against the vitality of the Protestantism of the freeholders of this nation—where is royalty then, subjected to two masters instead of one? The Church of England, in all conscience, is strong enough in its lord bishops, its pluralities, its patronages, and its combinations of working powers for good or evil, without adding a second power, which may at any time be added to the first, so as to weigh

down the honest independency of action in royalty. The education scheme may be made one of the most powerful engines for the propagation of priestly arbitrary principles that this kingdom ever knew. The Church of England ruined James II., which should be a warning to all future sovereigns never to allow ruin to proceed from such a cause again; and the safest way is to break up at once any scheme, *whatever called*, which may be screwed up to subserve the arbitrary power of the Church of England, enslave the throne, or uproot all civil as well as religious liberty within these realms. The Privy Council education scheme is as unconstitutional as it is dangerous to religious and civil liberty.

Poor James!—actually flattered out of his throne, to make room for a stranger! What a warning to kings this should be—and to people too!—for this flattery, if pushed forward by all the slow progression of the tortoise, might end in utter ruin to both king and people. The priest flatters—for what? For power; power second, if not sufficiently strong to obtain *power first*; or, as Locke says, “that prince and priest may, like Castor and Pollux, be worshipped together as divine in the same temple by us poor lay subjects; and that sense and reason, law, properties, rights, and liberties, shall be understood as the oracles of those deities shall interpret or give signification to them, and never be made use of in the world to oppose the absolute and free will of either of them.”

De Foe, in his *Review*, vol. vii. p. 304, states, that “It was for many years together, and I am witness to it, that the pulpit sounded nothing but the duty of absolute submission, obedience without reserve, subjection to princes as God’s vicegerents, accountable to none, to be withstood in nothing, and by no person. I have heard it publicly preached that if the King commanded my head, and sent his messengers to fetch it, I was bound to submit, and stand still while it was cut off. I forbear to repeat the foolish extravagances that these things ran up to. There are too many books still extant of the same kind. Let any man but read a few of L’Estrange’s *Observators*, *Toleration Discussed*, Thompson’s *Rule of Allegiance*, the *History of Divine Right*, and many other volumes of that age, and particularly the addresses of the corporations, &c., in those days called

loyal, and he shall find the absurdest and the most ridiculous notions that ever Protestant nation was wheedled into. And what was the effect of this? The cheat was fatal two ways. Had those that preached it been sincere—had they been the fools they made the King believe they would be—we had all been undone, our liberties had been sacrificed, our laws made to truckle to the will of the most arbitrary tyrant, and our parliaments made tools to the pleasure of the Prince, like the Protestants of France; for the elections, by the new modelling the corporations, were all coming into his own hand. These were the steps one side drove at, but the mistake lay another way: the thing was a cheat, and the King fell into the snare. He thought he had brought them to his beck, and the first touch he gave them of the practice, they flew in his face, called in foreign help, took arms against God's vicegerent, unsware all their allegiance to him, and drove him out of the kingdom. This they now handsomely expressed by *vigorous* and *successful withstanding* arbitrary power; and the words are copious indeed in their meaning—fully expressive of all that happened between the landing of the Prince of Orange and the Revolution."

The High-Church party always considered Charles I. to be a martyr, and what De Foe allowed and termed a *wet martyr*; James being a martyr too, and for distinction's sake termed a *dry martyr*. Henrietta, the Queen of the first, might be the principal cause of the one *martyrdom*, while the unprincipled conduct of the clergy of the Church of England was certainly the cause of the other.

After a good deal of squaring of consciences to make different sorts of oaths fit, such as *de-facto* allegiance oaths, and *jure-divino* allegiance oaths, the poor mortified clergy set themselves to consider what should square with their interests in the monopoly of all the good things of this life, to the exclusion of this or that brother, who thought this or that on certain tenets of doctrine or discipline. So the old feeling of persecution of Dissenters revived in all its vigour; and although the *Bill of Rights*, founded upon the Prince of Orange's Declaration of Rights, afforded all the principles of freedom of action in religious matters, yet the spirit of religious equality was absent from the breasts of the clergy of the

Established Church. The vitality of Protestantism—the great bulwark of national England—was absent; there was still left the spirit of persecution in the breasts of the clergy.

The *Bill of Rights* passed in the first session of William and Mary, 1689, and is the Magna Charta of our religious equalities. De Foe, speaking of this measure in his *Review* (vol. ii. 147), says, “The Declaration of Rights of the people of England has stabbed all sorts of civil tyranny to the heart; and the English monarchy, under the present just and legal administration, is perfectly purged and abstracted from all that ever the Dissenters complained of. I know but one thing left that we have to ask of the government—the abolition of tests, sacraments, and religious obligations at our admission to trusts in the government.”

The *Bill of Rights* is the grand charter by which the sovereigns of this country should take their rule; and stir up and keep alive through the length and breadth of this empire, for the sake of the national safety; vigorously to be kept in working health by the vitality of Protestantism—a vitality which can alone be supported by the strict observance of a principle of religious equality.

Any infringement of the rights of equality in Protestantism is a weakening of the resisting force; to be applied, if necessary, against the inroads of the arbitrary powers of continental Europe. There are pluralities in our church—this is a robbing of the parish for the sake of the parson—where is the Bill of Rights? Away with this! for it is a great source of weakness in the vitality of Protestantism.

After the heterogeneous mass of opposing interests, those of the real patriots on the one hand, and the affrighted *vested interests* on the other, things began to fall into their old channel; and so, on the 29th of October, 1689, their Majesties accepted an invitation given by the citizens of London at the Guildhall, when Sir Thomas Pilkington, a great champion for the people's rights and liberties, was knighted. On this occasion great efforts were made by certain well-wishers to their Majesties to give every support to the demonstration; a guard of honour was formed for the occasion, which was placed under the command of the Earl of Peterborough, and was especially a royal body-guard of honour to their Majesties' persons, and was composed,

for the most part, of Protestant dissenters, they being, in heart and soul, the honest supporters and abettors of the glorious Revolution of 1688.

Amongst these mounted champions of revolution, and not far from the King's person, was espied by the keen-eyed Oldmixon, *Foe*, the hosier of Freeman's Court, Cornhill. Oldmixon, looking for a flaw in this new development of regal power and pomp, could not allow the procession to wend its slow length along the crowded streets, but he must spy out the weakest point, and proclaim it to the world in his next weekly paper, the *Observer*, and show by his detracting pen the low company royalty had been seen allied with, when proceeding to these civic metropolitan festivities.

It may safely be declared that there was not one man in the whole British empire more enthusiastically devoted to the letter and the spirit of the glorious Revolution of 1688 than Daniel De Foe; for during the whole process of this political birth he was as one demented with joy and expectation: he supported the movement by his pen and by his person; he was a constant attendant upon the House of Commons on all important discussions, and, as opportunity offered, poured out, as few but himself could pour out, monthly, weekly, or daily, if required, the fundamental principles of the British constitution, and demonstrated the hollowness of preaching a doctrine of adulation and obsequiousness, the doctrine of passive obedience to all kings—a doctrine based upon self, for the supplying the growing wants and desires of pride. Self and pride lay at the bottom of all the *jure-divino* doctrines preached to confiding mortals from the church pulpits at this time; for the *jure-divino* text was only applicable to prosperous times, or so long as we and ours stood all well with royalty.

De Foe at this time again and again pointed out that the Church of England was passive obedient altogether, only so long as James the Second did not attempt to interfere with its revenues; but when the pluralities and endowments were threatened by a royal interference, passive-obedience principles and devotion to the house of Stuart were wafted into nothingness at once—they ceased to exist; and the result was, that the rotten, unprincipled clerical support was thrown into the scale of the glorious-revolution advocacy for the

time, but only for the time, for the support was rotten in principle: it was only a support founded upon panic and disappointment. But such as it was, it was temporarily at William's service, and he availed himself of it; and thus the adulatory supporters of the base house of Stuart became the main instruments in the hands of William Prince of Orange for getting rid of James II., the corrupt tool and pensioner of Louis XIV. of France, and his minister, Cardinal Mazarin.

Poor James II.! his father married a fool, and, as poor Ebenezer Elliott would say, "all t' childer braided after t' mother." The French-Italian connection, Henrietta, the daughter of Henry IV. of France, was a serious misfortune to the house of Stuart—a match which imported into the royal family of Britain the most tyrannical, profligate blood of the worst family of Italy, the Medici of Florence, making James II., Charles II., and the Duchess of Orleans, great-grandchildren of Catherine de Medici of Florence, and afterwards of France—the worst woman that this world ever knew since the times of the Roman emperors; for there were few empresses of Rome equal to Catherine de Medici of Paris, both for murder and lust.

Although the Henrietta importation was disastrous to the Stuarts, I have the impression that another match made by the Stuarts previous to the time of Henrietta, had much to do with the self-will, instability, rashness, want of caution, and courage without prudence, of this family. This is my impression, taken from the picture gallery at Hampton Court, and taken from there only. I allude to Ann of Denmark, the wife of James I., and mother of Charles I.

It would be rather a curious and interesting study in the picture galleries of Italy, Denmark, and France to trace the origin of the external forms of body of Charles I., Charles II., and James II. Perhaps Denmark and Florence might divide the honours between them. I believe Italy would claim the second Charles and the second James, as her own, without any disputing. On James I.'s prospect of forming respectable matches for his children, he must show himself worthy of the connection; for to the Roman Catholic Spain he must sacrifice the whole power of principle and thought, lay and clerical, in the Church of England, by ordering a foolish, silly

book, regulating games on the village green after morning service at church on Sunday. This was done, as one of James's clerical apologists has declared, to bring young folks together at ale-drinkings and dancings, for the encouragement of matrimony, and the increase of population, as though our northern climate required a fillip to bring young folks forward, and give them confidence to face the labyrinth of matrimony.

From a very early period the games and pastimes of the people have been a subject of regulation for kings and parliaments, mostly with the view of restraining or checking those which were useless, and forwarding such athletic exercises as might be useful qualifications for the arts and endurances of war; but James I. stands alone as the King of England who encouraged the sports of the people in order to debase them; and he did this to please the Roman Catholic power of Spain, when Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, was in England proposing the second daughter of the King of Spain as a match for his son Charles, afterwards Charles I. What a contrast here with his predecessor, Elizabeth, who harboured 50,000 Flemish and Dutch Protestants, and protected them in London against the tyranny of a Roman Catholic oppressor—*Spain!* How short-sighted James the First must have been, to raise within his dominions that power of organized dissent in religious matters which afterwards went far to sever the head from the body of his son Charles on the scaffold at Whitehall! What a sacrifice to make!—what a paying for the whistle!—a kingdom severed to its centre for a match with a second daughter of the persecuting King of Spain! James was a weak man, who could ride after a stag or a fox, and drink ale; he was a slobbering, coarse man, but no king.

As though the Stuarts could derive nothing from disaster, Charles the First reprinted this same book for the regulating Sunday games; and this he did as a sop to the Roman Catholic power of France, about eighteen months before Henrietta landed in England as her future Queen. Why! this is Italy all over; for Catherine could not leave Florence for France without taking along with her an Italian marriage settlement, providing for the persecution of Protestants in France.

In order to look a little into the regulation of the games and sports of the people, to show the spirit of previous legislation, and compare it with that of the Stuarts, I will give an extract or two on the subject from a sporting work of considerable antiquity.

In the ninth year of Edward III., A.D. 1386, royal proclamation (the act of Parliament for such matters in that day) was made, commanding the exercise of archery and artillery, and prohibiting the exercise of casting stones, bars, hand and foot balls, cock-fighting, *et alios varios ludos*. This proclamation was renewed in the nineteenth year of the same reign, but without effect, till divers of these games were prohibited, under penalties, by act of Parliament of 12th Richard II. and 11th Henry IV., and in the twelfth year of Edward IV., and again in the thirty-ninth year of Henry VIII.

In the third year of Edward IV. foreign cards were prohibited to be imported, for the benefit of the poor card-makers of England, for divers poor families were maintained by it; and therefore it was resolved, in the said case of monopolies, that the Queen may not suppress the making of cards within the realm, no more than making of dice, bowls, balls, hawks-hoods, bells, dog-couples, or other-like, which are works of labour and industry, though they serve for pleasure, recreation, or pastime, and cannot be suppressed but by Parliament.

It would appear that the Queen, though an Englishwoman, was prohibiting the manufacture of the above articles in England, in order that she might profit by the monopoly of the importations which she enjoyed from the King, her husband, as royal allowance or pinmoney.

"I consider," adds the author above quoted, "King James I. was not well advised, A.D. 1618 (the very time when Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, was in England proposing the second daughter of the King of Spain as a match for his son Charles), when he declared to his subjects, these recreations undermentioned to be lawful, viz., dancing of men and women, archery, leaping, vaulting, May-games, Whitsun-ales, morris-dancing, setting up may-poles, and other sports therewith used; and commanded that no such honest mirth or recreation should be forbidden to his subjects upon

Sunday or holyday after divine service ended, which was confirmed by King Charles I., A.D. 1633, allowing further, the feasts of dedications of churches, commonly called wakes, and all manly exercises, to be there used with all freedom. But, *tempora mutantur*," adds our author, "our gracious Queen (Anne, 1711), and our reverend bishops, will not patronize any such custom or allowance. And that the ignorant people were misled, and thought such pastimes innocent sort of mirth, appears by this story of a Welsh parson. John (a poor boy) was bred at school, and, being a plodding lad at his books, used to assist some gentlemen's sons that went to the same school. Afterwards John took a trip to the university, and got a degree and orders. He, in process of time, upon some occasion, comes for London in a tattered gown. One day a gentleman that had gone to school with him meets him, and knew him. 'Jack,' saith the gentleman, 'I am glad to see thee; how do'st do?' 'I thank you, noble squire,' replied Jack. The gentleman invited him to the tavern, and after some discourse of their school, and former conversation, the gentleman asked him where he lived. Jack answered, 'In Wales.' The gentleman asked him if he were married. The parson replied he was, and that he had a wife and seven children. Then the gentleman inquired of the value of his benefice. The parson answered it was worth £9 *per annum*. 'Pugh!' quoth the gentleman, 'how canst thou maintain thy wife and children with that?' 'Oh! sir,' quoth Jack, shrugging his shoulders, 'we live by the churchyard; my wife sells ale, and I keep a bear, and after evening service (my parishioners being so kind as to bring their dogs to church) I bring out the bear, and bate him; and for about two hours we are all heave and shove, staff and tail, 'till we are all very hot and thirsty, and then we step into our Joan, and drink stoutly of her nut-brown ale; and I protest, squire,' saith he, 'we make a very pretty business of it.'"

Such would be the state of things in England at the time when James I. contemplated a Spanish match for his son; and such would be the state of England when Charles, that son, contemplated a French-Italian match for himself. The whole foreign-connection influence went to desecrate the Christian sabbath, debase the people,

and corrupt the clergy, and all for the riding rough-shod by royalty over a servile, debased people, thoughtless and drunken, carrying the colours of arbitrary power. The whole Sunday-debasing influence was a political trap of royalty to ensnare the people; the people too saw this, and refused the bait; the project generally was unpopular, except with the extreme lower flat of civilization, the dregs of the populace.

The above may be considered to be rather a lengthy digression, but the reading sport-books by royal authority in the parish church in the Sunday morning's service will require a little margin for a digression; for the whole subject, or nearly so, will have its origin in that book-reading order. Dissent took its position rank and file, in regimental or brigade order, on that day. That day organized the dissenters of England; that organization, increasing in its course, cut off the head of one king, and sent another, a penniless vagabond and wanderer, to St. Germain's, there to live a life of exile—a receiver of the bread of charity from the hard hand of Louis XIV. of France. Yes! and his grandson, Charles Stuart, of the memorable year of '45, had a price fixed for the deliverance of his head—the head of a traitor upon a charger—by the British Government, carried on, not by a Stuart—no! but by the Elector of Hanover. The poor fallen Stuarts were advertised and hunted down as traitors in their own kingdom of Scotland, through the folly of James I., their ancestor. The traitor that he was! he tried to betray England and Protestantism to Spain, and he lost his kingdom to his posterity by the attempt.

This house of Stuart spent tens of thousands of pounds sterling, and murdered thousands too—I think 8000—in gaol or otherwise, in one single reign, that of James II.: they sowed the wind; and Pym, Oliver Cromwell, Sydney, Prynne, Hampden, and others, by scores, with William III. of glorious memory, spent their millions and tens of millions of pounds sterling, with hundreds of thousands of precious human lives, to counteract the evils inflicted by this unprincipled race of kings, the house of Stuart; and only half the work has been accomplished, even up to this day. My digression on this accursed race is voluminous; but I make no

apology, but leave my subject and its requirements to make apologies as we go along.¹

It is stated in a vindication of Lord Shaftesbury—who was tried, as all the leading men of the reign of Charles II. were tried, for some plot or other, real or pretended, Roman Catholic or Presbyterian—as the oppressor Charles or his brother James had the power of pulling the strings—Lord Shaftesbury's real offence being the uncompromising open opposition he gave in his place in Parliament to the succession to the throne of these realms by James Duke of York. He was tried A.D. 1681, and acquitted, to the great joy of the nation, who testified their feelings in court by cheers and acclamations, and by bonfires at night through the country; the witnesses for the crown, on their way to the court at Westminster, having to be guarded through the city by the sheriffs with a strong guard to the limit of the jurisdiction of the city of London, Temple Bar. It is stated in this vindication what was the class of witnesses produced by the crown on these sham Roman-Catholic-plot trials; for most of the plots were shams trumped up by the royal brothers and their abettors, the sycophants and prostitutes of the court.

“They had such a medley of evidence as is almost comical to consider: there were the *Macks* and the *Mounsieurs*, the midwife and the priest, the skip-kennel and the Newgate birds, the justice and the bog-trotter, the countess and the kitchen wench. No discourse was heard among them but captains' places, deaneries, rewards, gratuities, preferments, and as much money as you will. They were advanced from bonny-clabber to claret and frontiniack; from turnips and oat-cakes to oysters and pheasants; from brogues and *bandle* (a cow-band) to velvet and cloth of silver. They discoursed

¹ Examples of the way in which the Stuarts exercised arbitrary power are but too abundant; but the following may be quoted:—“At this time (1635, or thereabout), Sir Edward Coke, Sir Thomas Wentworth, and Sir Robert Philips, were pricked to be high sheriffs for Buckingham, York, and Somersetshire, to incapacitate them to be members of this Commons' House; whereunto the Bishop (Williams, late Lord Keeper and Bishop of Lincoln, and made Archbishop of York by poor infatuated Charles I., when up to the chin in national and personal difficulties—his own bringing on) alluded when he was told that he should be restrained from the House of Peers, ‘What!’ said he, ‘am I made high sheriff of Huntingdonshire?’”

of his Majesty as if they had been of his council, and of his ministers as if they had been their confederates." In this vindication there is a sentiment of Lord Shaftesbury on Popery, the mainspring of all these plots, which is worthy of being handed down to the latest posterity. "That Popery and slavery, like two sisters, go hand in hand; sometimes the one goes first, sometimes the other, in at doors, but the other is always following close at hand.

"In England *Popery was to have brought in slavery*; in Scotland *slavery went before, and Popery was to follow.*"

To show how heartily De Foe entered into the movement of the Revolution, and his admiration of William III., the hero of it, it may be stated, that he annually kept or commemorated the 4th of November, in token of our deliverance, as a day of thanksgiving, for it was the day of the landing of William III.—"a day," says he, "famous on various accounts, and every one of them dear to Britons who love their country, value the Protestant interest, or have an aversion to tyranny and oppression. On this day William the Third was born; on this day he married the daughter of England; and on this day he rescued the nation from a bondage worse than that of Egypt—a bondage of soul as well as bodily servitude—a slavery to the ambition and raging lust of a generation set on fire by pride, avarice, cruelty, and blood."

Bravo! De Foe! Never had Britain a subject more devoted, more loyal, and more religiously thankful for the glorious revolution of 1688 than thou. It was a movement after thine own heart, Daniel!

CHAPTER II.

WE have said "Poor James," in having to run for his life and desert the throne of his fathers; but may we not say, with equal propriety and feeling, "Poor William," who married the daughter, and was thus dragged into the inheritance. Which was most to be pitied is a question for speculation; but certainly William came in for a hard stone seat, a *Scotch throne*, and a crown of thorns; his whole reign was a scene of annoyance, perplexity, and disappointment, which he was made to feel in a thousand forms every year of his life; for William was no sooner seated upon the throne than the old Whig and Tory jealousies at once broke out to disturb his peace, and all parties appeared to act as though William had been supported in a church-in-danger panic; but now, when time had been given for cool reflection, all, both Whig and Tory, regretted what they had done, and heartily wished their old King back again, for he was a "true-born Englishman." The Whigs acted with the greatest jealousy towards their new sovereign, and thus forced William into the arms of the Tories, who held out hopes that they would accomplish everything; but they were powerless, for they had a Tory House of Commons, devoted to the late King, and they would advance no money, even for the most necessary demands of the government. The Tories, devoted to their James II., repealed the Septennial Act of Charles II. in the Commons; and they did this to annoy William, which forced him to dissolve the Parliament. The Whigs annoying the Tories, and the Tories embarrassing the Whigs, and both loving the Pretender, forced William to pass through his troublesome reign as he could; he borrowed money, to be paid out of the estate some time or other; he borrowed thirteen millions, and left it as a legacy; and with it he also left the legacy of *borrowing*, which was the secret of the funding system and of our national

debt. Whigs and Tories contending for place and power, forced William on the system, and thanks to them for it. In derision I say it, thanks to them for it! There was not a single aspirant for preferment under his government who, when he met with disappointment, did not return to the support of the abdicated James, and give as a reason that he was a "true-born Englishman." Poor William's Dutch origin was thrown in his face by every disappointed expectant of place or office. His Parliament thwarted and annoyed him in every way; and really, if he had been a vagrant bastard instead of a legitimate-born man and son-in-law of a King of England, they could not have treated him with more jealousy or suspicion. They behaved scurvily to him, after his noble risks and behaviour to them. These men had acted as sycophants to James, and they acted as bullies to William; they were like slaves set free—insolent in their possession of freedom, as all slaves are and will be. Who ever knew a crawling lick-the-dust sycophant that was not a bully when in power? I never did. I have always observed through my life, that these two characters are only halves of one whole, for they both rest together invariably in one breast.

Low writers were employed to write doggerel verses or ballads on foreigners, Dutchmen, &c., with the view of annoying royalty. Insulted to the last degree by the Commons, in being forced to disband his army to that insignificant standard as to render the King contemptible in the eyes of the powers of Europe, so thoroughly disgusted was William with the ruling powers of this kingdom, that he heartily wished himself back again in Holland, and clear from all the troubles and perplexities of governing so ungrateful a people. At this juncture, to answer the scurrilous attacks upon William's Dutch Presbyterian origin, and, if possible, to check the national ingratitude, so constantly expressed in the national cant of "He was a true-born Englishman," De Foe was induced to write his poem with this title, to show what was a true-born Englishman; and the work was very successful. I will give a few extracts, for the sentiments are true to the letter, how little soever they may be flattering to the ideas of our national vanity for distinctness or antiquity of breed as Englishmen. He observes, in his Preface:—

“When I see the town full of lampoons and invectives against Dutchmen, only because they are foreigners, and the King reproached and insulted by insolent pedants and ballad-making poets, for employing foreigners, and for being a foreigner himself, I confess myself moved by it to remind our nation of their own original, thereby to let them see what a banter is put upon ourselves in it; since, speaking of Englishmen *ab origine*, we are really all foreigners ourselves.”

“As for answers, banterers, true English Billingsgate, I expect them till nobody will buy, and then the shop will be shut. Had I wrote it for the gain of the press, I should have been concerned at its being printed again and again by PIRATES, as they call them, and PARAGRAPHMEN: but if they do justice, and print it true, according to the copy, they are welcome to sell it for a penny, if they please: the pence, indeed, is the end of their works.”

Again: “Possibly somebody may take me for a Dutchman, in which they are mistaken; but I am one that would be glad to see Englishmen behave themselves better to strangers and to governours also, that one might not be reproached in foreign countries for belonging to a nation that wants manners.”

“As to vices, who can dispute our INTemperance, while an honest drunken fellow is a character in a man’s praise? All our reformatiōns are banterers, and will be so, till our magistrates and gentry reform themselves by way of example.”

From the Introduction:—

Speak, Satire, for there’s none can tell like thee,
Whether ’tis folly, pride, or knavery,
That makes this discontented land appear
Less happy now in times of peace than war;
Why civil feuds disturb the nation more
Than all our bloody wars have done before.

Fools out of favour grudge at knaves in place,
And men are always honest in disgrace:
The court preferments make men knaves in course,
But they which would be in them would be worse.

'Tis not at foreigners that we repine,
 Would foreigners their perquisites resign;
 The grand contention's plainly to be seen,
 To get some men put out, and some put in.
 For this our senators make long harangues,
 And florid members whet their polish'd tongues.
Statesmen are always sick of one disease,
And a good pension gives them present ease;
 That's a specific makes them all content
 With any king and any government.

Whet thy just anger at the nation's pride,
 And with keen phrase repel the vicious tide.
 To Englishmen their own beginnings show,
And ask them why they slight their neighbours so.
 Go back to elder times and ages past,
 And nations into long oblivion cast;
 To old Britannia's youthful days retire,
 And there for true-born Englishmen enquire.
 Britannia freely will disown the name,
 And hardly knows herself from whence they came;
 Wonders that they of all men should pretend
 To birth and blood, and for a name contend.
 Go back to causes where our follies dwell,
 And fetch the dark original from hell:
 Speak, Satire, for there's none like thee can tell.

The Romans first with Julius Cæsar came,
 Including all the nations of that name,
 Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards; and by computation,
 Auxiliaries, or slaves of ev'ry nation;
 With Hengist, Saxons; Danes with Sueno came,
 In search of plunder, not in search of fame;
 Scots, Picts, and Irish from the Hibernian shore;
 And conqu'ring William brought the Normans o'er.
 All these their barb'rous offspring left behind,
 The dregs of armies, they of all mankind;

Blended with Britons who before were here,
Of whom the Welsh ha' blest the character.
From this amphibious, ill-born mob began
That vain, ill-natur'd thing, an Englishman.

These are the heroes who despise the Dutch,
And rail at new-come foreigners so much,
Forgetting that themselves are all derived
From the most scoundrel race that ever lived :
A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
Who ransacked kingdoms and dispeopled towns ;
The Pict and painted Briton, treacherous Scot,
By hunger, theft, and rapine, hither brought ;
Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
Whose red-hair'd offspring ev'rywhere remains ;
Who, join'd with Norman-French, compound the breed
From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed ;
Dutch, Walloons, Flemmings, Irishmen, and Scots.
Vaudois and Valtolins, and Hugonots,
In good Queen Bess's charitable reign,
Supplied us with three hundred thousand men.
Religion—God, we thank thee—sent them hither,
Priests, Protestants, and Devil, all together ;
Of all professions, and of every trade,
All that were persecuted or afraid ;
Whether for debt or other crimes they fled,
David at Hackelah was still their head.
The offspring of this miscellaneous crowd
Had not their new plantations long enjoy'd,
But they grew Englishmen, and rais'd their votes
At foreign shoals of interloping Scots.
The royal branch¹ from Pictland did succeed
With troops of Scots and scabs from North-by-Tweed ;
The seven first years of his pacific reign
Made him and half his nation Englishmen.
Scots from the northern frozen banks of Tay,
With packs and plods, came *whigging* all away,

¹ James I.

Thick as the locusts which in Egypt swarm'd,
 With pride and hungry hopes completely arm'd;
 With native truth, diseases, and no money,
 Plunder'd our Canaan of the milk and honey.
 Here they grew quickly lords and gentlemen,
 And all their race are true-born Englishmen.

In English ale their dear enjoyment lies,
 For which they 'll starve themselves and families.
 An Englishman will fairly drink as much
 As will maintain two families of Dutch;
 Subjecting all their labour to their pots,
The greatest artists are the greatest sots.
 The country poor do by example live;
 The gentry lead them, and the clergy drive.
 What may we not from such examples hope?
The landlord is their god, the priest their pope.
 A drunken clergy and a swearing bench
 Has giv'n the Reformation such a drench,
 As wise men think there is some cause to doubt,
Will purge good manners and religion out.

These few extracts from the work afford a fair sample of the *True-born Englishman*—a work which must have been highly grateful to the insulted King, who was run down and attacked by every puppy of a ballad-writer or ballad-singer as the adventurer Dutchman; but after De Foe's work appeared the words "true-born Englishman" were never heard of again, either in prose or poetry. Whether William ever rewarded De Foe, especially for this performance, is not known, but I believe he did; and, moreover, cultivated his acquaintance so as to receive him frequently, when De Foe was projecting something new for William's benefit, such as urging on the union with Scotland; suggesting the raising of taxes so as to press little upon the perceptions of the people; the making peace with France, and carrying out a system of free trade with that country: for Daniel Foe of 1689 was, as far as his knowledge would carry him, as much a free-trader as ever Richard Cobden or John Bright or George Wilson has been at a later period. De Foe's grand project

with William was stopping the Spanish-plate fleet, with all its bullion on board, in the West Indian seas, on its way home; and, besides this, manning the navy so as not to outrage British liberty; and victualling the navy, too; these were all favourite projects with him, and frequently brought him to personal interviews with his sovereign, and with the Queen too, who once showed him her new flower-garden, with its improvements and alterations, at Kensington. De Foe often saw William in private, and always spoke of him as the best of friends, the best of masters, and the most patriotic of kings.

From a *Satire against Hypocrites*, published in 1689 anonymously, against some congregation of Protestant dissenters—perhaps Dr. Burgess—in which one “Daniel” appears to be the principal object of attack, if not the only one, it would appear that this “Daniel,” whom I readily accept as our hero, was in trouble and confinement in Newgate. I will give one or two specimens to show the animus of the author, and the importance of this “Daniel” in the opinion of this scurrilous libeller—perhaps L’Estrange, Ned Ward, or Tom Browne, afterwards Dr. Browne¹ —

“Beloved, I shall here crave leave to speak
A word,” he cries, and winks unto the weak.
“The words are these: *Make haste, and do not tarry,*
But unto Babylon thy dinner carry;
There doth young Daniel want in the den,
Thrown among lions by hard-hearted men.
Here, my beloved;” and then he reaches down
His hand, as if he’d catch the clerk by th’ crown.
Not to explain this precious text amiss,
Daniel’s the subject, hunger th’ object is.

¹ Whether the Daniel alluded to means Daniel Burgess or Daniel De Foe, is not quite clear; for both were persecuted by the same writers and for the same reason, and both were in trouble in money matters at one time or other during their lives. A specimen of the political writers in verse may not be unacceptable, for we shall have prose enough before we have done with our subject. Butler, with his *Hudibras*, was the great pattern in this line, which we might emphatically call “light reading,” and Ned Ward perhaps was the champion pen in the style; while in prose, where coarse asseveration was more in request than delicacy of feeling or truth, Oldmixon would decidedly carry off the palm of victory against all competitors. As a liar in prose, Oldmixon was unrivalled.

Again :—

Where the black dog of Newgate you have seen,
 Hair'd like the Turk, with eyes like Antichrist,
 He doth and hath the brethren long entic't;
 Claws like a Star-Chamber bishop, black as hell,
 And doubtless he was one of those that fell.
 Judism, I say, is uglier than this cur,
 Though there were nothing could be uglier.
Thrown among lions by hard-hearted men,
 Here *Daniel* is the church, the *world*'s the den.
 By lions are meant monarchs, kings of nations,
 Those worse than heathenish abominations.

I am not aware that any of Daniel De Foe's biographers place him in Newgate in confinement at so early a period as 1689, the year after the landing of William III. of glorious memory; but certain it is that some "Daniel" connected with a religious community, sect, or congregation, was in Newgate at that time for some offence, most likely political. It is admitted by De Foe's biographers that at this time he was quiet in the political strife; if this be so, the probability is that the verses above were written upon him, and not on Dr. Daniel Burgess. It is certain, also, that he was absent on his Spanish trade and Portuguese adventures, which do not speak much for the home trade formerly carried on at Freeman's Court, Cornhill, the hosiery concern. I fear the closing the hosiery business put Daniel, the body-guardsmen, into confinement—a fact known, perhaps, to Ned Ward or others of that class at the time; and, moreover, it might be in this time of retirement when he repaired to Bristol, and resided there some months, and soon attracted the notice of the quiet citizens by appearing only on Sundays, and then dressed, after the fashion of the times, as a gentleman, with fine flowing wig, lace ruffles, and a sword. This Sunday exhibition obtained for him the appellation of "the Sunday gentleman." If he had appeared on an ordinary week-day, he probably would have been arrested; but the law allowed him the liberty of his sabbath, and freedom from arrest on that sacred day. If this Bristol story be true, it shows the man of genius, who must maintain

the appearance of the gentleman under any or every circumstance, however painful. I once heard of a successful man of this class, who always worked upon the principle of humouring the world by truckling to its foibles, and placed great value upon a good exterior; his motto was, "Appearances must be kept up, for to be poor and *seem* poor was the devil all over." This man was a great man in his way, and was the father of a son still greater, though in another sphere.

De Foe, along with other honest traders, suffered greatly from the tricks of fraudulent creditors, which tricks he assiduously exposed, occasionally at this time, but at a future period, 1704, from week to week and from month to month, in his *Review*, and also in his *Essay on Projects*. His reiterated warnings and attacks upon the system had the desired effect at last, and induced Parliament to redress the nuisance, by "An Act for the more effectual Relief of Creditors in cases of Excesses, and for preventing Abuses in Prisons and pretended Privileged Places," which act scoured out the Mint and the Whitefriars—places notorious as sanctuaries for all the broken, desperate characters of the metropolis. This act passed in the eighth and ninth of William III. Thanks to Daniel De Foe for this amendment of the laws of bankruptcy; for it was principally his doing, by his writings on the subject.

About this period he was sent for, without any application on his part, when seventy miles from London, to be accountant to the commissioners of the glass duty, in which service he continued till the termination of their commission. The appointment was made in 1695, probably through the intervention of his friend Dalby Thomas, afterwards Sir Dalby Thomas, one of the commissioners; and it ceased, as just stated, upon the suppression of the tax by act of Parliament, August 1, 1699.

On the suppression of the glass duty in 1699, or a little afterwards, De Foe became secretary to a tileyard concern—a pantile business, at Tilbury, in Essex; and this office he filled for several years. His political detractors used to compare his potworks at Tilbury to the potworks in Egypt; but said that Daniel was not so much deficient in straw as wages. The Dutch were his competitors, and they beat

him out of the market ; for his pantiles were not liked by the public. The whole concern was a failure, and poor De Foe lost £3000 by the breaking up of the concern. The Dutch had supplied the London market for generations, and knew the pattern, for there is such a thing as a pattern in pantiles. The Dutch could stiffen or weaken their clay at pleasure, by the introduction of sand or marl ; but De Foe's company would probably take the Thames silt at Tilbury, and look to nothing but saving coals in the burning, by mixing the clay with coal-ashes or small cinders, which would make the tiles very porous, and so not fitted for turning the wet. I have been a tile-maker myself, and about as successful as De Foe, but the Dutch did not ruin my trade. I have surrounding my tilery ten thousand acres of rich land, wanting draining, and I sell in one year as many tiles as will drain seventy or eighty acres. I make three hundred thousand draining tiles, and I may be three years in selling them. I have been in trade fifteen years, and I have made one return ; and what is it ?—A fixed impression that Parliament should appoint a commission for inquiring into the state of landed property in England.

The present laws affecting landed property in England are as great a nuisance to the British public, as the placing a couple or more of barges in the middle of Regent Street, London, would be to the carriages and pedestrians using that street. There is a locking-up of the resources of the powers of the soil in England by bankrupt pride.

As this period was, beyond all others, a “projecting age,” De Foe, to encourage the mania, I suppose, wrote an essay on the subject, to which he must have devoted considerable time and pains ; for his several divisions of the subject are gone into with great minuteness of calculations, and his work was dedicated to Dalby Thomas, Esq., his former patron in the Glass-duty Office—a man who deserves to be known ; for he alone had the courage and manliness to patronize our hero publicly, and give him an office under government. The History of Projects, with the Tower of Babel and Noah's Ark for examples, takes the first place or opening chapter. Projectors follow next, of whom De Foe says :—“A mere projector, then, is a contemptible thing, driven by his own desperate fortune to such a strait that he

must be delivered by a miracle, or starve; and when he has beaten his brains for some such miracle in vain, he finds no remedy but to paint up some bubble or other, as players make puppets talk big, to show like a strange thing, and then cry it up for a new invention, gets a patent for it, divides it into shares, and they must be sold; ways and means are not wanting to swell the new whim to a vast magnitude; thousands and hundreds of thousands are the least of his discourse, and sometimes millions; till the ambition of some honest coxcomb is wheedled to part with his money for it; and then—

Nascitur ridiculus mus—

the adventurer is left to carry on the project, and the projector laughs at him.” Joint-stock banks, on a grand national scale, come next; then, highways repairing, widening, &c., on a scale for magnitude equal to the banks, follows; then assurance companies; and next friendly societies, or sick clubs. A society or insurance club for seamen; and then one for widows, each widow to receive £500 on burying her husband; but discretion was to be observed in admitting the members; for a young girl of nineteen marrying an old man of seventy, would not do for their club; this is a funeral club on a large scale. A pension office comes next; this is a sick club again on a larger scale, almost equal in its ramifications to the bank or turnpike-road scheme. Then succeed betting-offices, not so much on horse-racing as the gains or losses in the continental wars or sieges; the sum of £200,000 having been staked on the siege of Limerick. These siege bets formed a grand feature, as a new business, in the Royal Exchange. Next follows an asylum for fools; and after this a charity lottery, to be set up by the authority of the Lord Mayor of London and Court of Aldermen, for the support of the poor. Then bankrupts come, as De Foe says, “This chapter has come right, to stand next to that of fools; for, besides the common acceptation of late, which makes every unfortunate man a fool, I think no man so much a fool as a bankrupt.” A court of inquiries comes next, which appears to be a kind of Insolvent Debtors’ Court. Then we have academies, showing their want by the ordinary discourse of gentry of the day, with specimens of

ordinary conversation, embellished with ordinary swearing. A royal academy for military exercises follows next, on a large scale; then follows an academy for women. And, as this is one of the most important questions that either De Foe or any other writer could go into, we will give full space for all his ideas on the subject. I will, as far as space allows, give his own words:—

“I have often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilized and a Christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to our women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence, while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves. One would wonder indeed how it should happen that women are conversible at all, since they are only beholden to natural parts for all their knowledge. Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew, or make baubles; they are taught to read indeed, and perhaps to write their names, or so, and that is the height of a woman’s education; and I would but ask those who slight the sex for their understanding, what is a man (a gentleman I mean) good for, that is taught no more?

“I need not give instances or examine the character of a gentleman with a good estate, of a good family, and with tolerable parts, and examine what figure he makes for want of education.

“The soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond, and must be polished, or the lustre of it will never appear; and ’tis manifest that, as the rational soul distinguishes us from brutes, so education carries on the distinction, and makes some less brutish than others. This is too evident to need any demonstration. But why, then, should women be denied the benefit of instruction? If knowledge and understanding had been useless additions to the sex, God Almighty would never have given them capacities; for he made nothing needless. Besides, I would ask any such, what they can see in ignorance that they should think it a necessary ornament to a woman? Or how much worse is a wise woman than a fool? Or what has the woman done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Does she plague us with her pride and impertinence? Why did we not let her learn, that she might have had more wit? Shall we

upbraid women with folly, when 'tis only the error of this inhuman custom that hindered them being made wiser?

“The capacities of women are supposed to be greater, and their senses quicker, than those of the men; and what they might have been capable of being bred to, is plain from some instances of female wit, which this age is not without; which upbraids us with injustice, and looks as if we denied women the advantage of education for fear they should vie with the men in their improvements. To remove this objection, and that women might have at least a needful opportunity of education in all sorts of useful learning, I propose the draught of an academy for that purpose.

“I know 'tis dangerous to make public appearances of the sex: they are not either to be confined or exposed; the first will disagree with their inclinations, and the last with their reputations, and therefore it is somewhat difficult; and I doubt a method proposed by an ingenious lady, in a little book called *Advice to the Ladies*, would be found impracticable; for, saving my respect to the sex, the levity, which perhaps is a little peculiar to them, at least in their youth, will not bear constraint; and I am satisfied nothing but the height of bigotry can keep up a nunnery. Women are extravagantly desirous of going to heaven, and will punish their pretty bodies to get thither; but nothing else will do it, and even in that case sometimes it falls out that Nature will prevail.

“When I talk, therefore, of an academy for women, I mean both the model, the teaching, and the government, different from what is proposed by that ingenious lady, for whose proposal I have a very great esteem, and also a great opinion of her wit; different, too, from all sorts of religious confinement, and, above all, from vows of celibacy.

“Wherefore the academy I propose should differ but little from public schools, wherein such ladies as were willing to study, should have all the advantages of learning suitable to their genius. But since some severities of discipline more than ordinary would be absolutely necessary to preserve the reputation of the house, that persons of quality and fortune might not be afraid to venture their children thither, I shall venture to make a small scheme by way of essay.

“The house I would have built in a form by itself, as well as in a place by itself.

“The building should be of three plain fronts, without any jettings or bearing work, that the eye might at a glance see from one coin to the other; the gardens walled in the same triangular figure, with a large moat, and but one entrance.

“When thus one part of the situation was contrived as well as might be for discovery, and to render intriguing dangerous, I would have no guards, no eyes, no spies, set over the ladies, but shall expect them to be tried by the principles of honour and strict virtue.

“And if I am asked why, I must ask pardon of my own sex for giving this reason for it:—

“I am so much in charity with women, and so well acquainted with men, that 'tis my opinion there needs no other care to prevent intriguing than to keep the men effectually away; for though inclination, which we prettily call love, does sometimes move a little too visibly in the sex, and frailty often follows, yet I think, verily, custom, which we miscall modesty, has so far the ascendant over the sex, that solicitation always goes before it.

Custom with woman, 'stead of virtue, rules;
It leads the wisest and commands the fools;
For this alone, when inclinations reign,
Tho' 's virtue 's fled, will acts of vice restrain.
Only by custom 'tis that virtue lives,
And love requires to be ask'd before it gives;
For that which we call modesty is pride:
They scorn to ask, and hate to be denied.
'Tis custom thus prevails upon their want,
They 'll never beg, what ask'd they easily grant:
And when the needless ceremony 's over,
Themselves the weakness of the sex discover.
If then desires are strong and nature free,
Keep from her men and opportunity,
Else 'twill be vain to curb her by restraint;
But keep the question off, you keep the saint.

“In short, let a woman have never such a coming principle, she

will let you ask before she complies, at least if she be a woman of honour."

"A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison: her society is the emblem of sublime enjoyments; her person is angelic, and her conversation heavenly; she is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight; she is every way suitable to the sublimest wish; and the man that has such a one to his portion, has nothing to do but to rejoice in her, and be thankful.

"On the other hand, suppose her to be the very same woman, and rob her of the benefit of education, and it follows thus:—If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy.

"Her wit, for want of teaching, makes her impertinent and talkative. Her knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical.

"If her temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse, and she grows haughty, insolent, and loud.

"If she be passionate, want of manners makes her termagant and a scold, which is much at one with lunatic.

"If she be proud, want of discretion (which still is breeding) makes her conceited, fantastic, and ridiculous.

"And from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, and the devil.

"Methinks mankind, for their own sakes, since, say what we will of the women, we all think fit one time or other to be concerned with them, should take some care to breed them up to be suitable and serviceable, if they expected no such thing as delight from them. Bless us! what care do we take to breed up a good horse, and to break him well! And why not a woman?—since all her ornaments and beauty, without suitable behaviour, is a cheat in nature; like the false tradesman, who puts the best of his goods uppermost that the buyer may think the rest are of the same goodness.

"Beauty of the body, which is the woman's glory, seems to be now unequally bestowed; and Nature, or rather Providence, to lie under some scandal about it, as if it was given a woman for a snare to

men, and to make a kind of she devil of her. Because, they say, exquisite beauty is rarely given with wit, more rarely with goodness of temper, and never at all with modesty.

“Philosophers do affirm, that the understanding and memory is dilated or contracted according to the accidental dimensions of the organ through which it is conveyed. Then, though God has given a soul as capable to me as another, yet, if I have any natural defect in those parts of the body by which the soul should act, I may have the same soul infused as another man, and yet he be a wise man and I a very fool. For example, if a child naturally have a defect in the organ of hearing, so that he could never distinguish any sound, that child shall never be able to speak or read, though it have a soul capable of all the accomplishments in the world. The brain is the centre of the soul’s actings, where all the distinguishing faculties of it reside; and it is observable, a man who has a narrow, contracted head, in which there is not room for the due and necessary operations of nature by the brain, is never a man of very great judgment; and that proverb, ‘A great head and little wit,’ is not meant by nature, but is a reproof upon sloth, as if one should, by way of wonder, say, ‘Fie! fie! you, that have a great head, but have little wit; that is strange!—that certainly must be your own fault.’ From this notion I do believe there is a great matter in the breed of men and women; not that wise men shall always get wise children, but I believe strong and healthy bodies have the wisest children, and sickly, weakly bodies affect the wits as well as the bodies of their children. We are easily persuaded to believe this in the breeds of horses, cocks, dogs, and other creatures, and I believe it is as visible in men.

“But, to come closer to the business. The great distinguishing difference which is seen in the world between men and women, is in their education; and this is manifested by comparing it with the difference between one man or woman and another.

“And herein is it that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion, that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women; for I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so

agreeable and delightful to man, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men, and all only to be stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves.

“Not that I am for exalting the female government in the least; but, in short, I would have men take women for companions, and educate them to be fit for it.

“A woman of sense and breeding will scorn as much to encroach upon the prerogative of the man, as a man of sense will scorn to oppress the weakness of the woman.

“But if the women’s souls were refined and improved by teaching, that would be lost; to say the weakness of the sex, as to judgment, would be nonsense; for ignorance and folly would be no more to be found among women than men. I remember a passage which I heard from a very fine woman: she had wit and capacity enough, an extraordinary shape and face, and a great fortune, but had been cloistered up all her time, and, for fear of being stolen, had not had the liberty of being taught the common necessary knowledge of women’s affairs; and when she came to converse in the world, her natural wit made her so sensible of the want of education, that she gave this short reflection on herself:—‘I am ashamed to talk with my very maids,’ says she; ‘for I do not know when they do right or wrong. I had more need to go to school than be married.’

“I need not enlarge on the loss the defect of education is to the sex, nor argue the benefit of the contrary practice: it is a thing will be more easily granted than remedied. This chapter is but an essay at the thing; and I refer the practice to those happy days, if ever they shall be, when men shall be wise enough to mend it.”

The above chapter—for I have given nearly the whole of it—may appear long or tedious to the reader; but the subject is so very, so all-important to the happiness and well-being of our race, and delineated, too, by one of the closest observers that this country ever knew of all human actions, good or bad, that I thought I should not do my duty either to De Foe, or to those for whose especial benefit it was written, if I did not give the whole of it *verbatim*.

The next chapter in this essay upon projects is “Of a Court Merchant,” a sort of legal court for the trying of all causes

connected with commerce, to be presided over by six judges, to be chosen from the most eminent merchants of the kingdom, who were to reside in London, and who should, in short, form a court of law for the trial of causes; but the whole, judge, counsel, and jury, to be merchants, instead of lawyers.

The next chapter is "Of Seamen." This is a patriotic effort to man the navy without outraging every feeling of civilization or humanity by the terrors and rascalities of the press-gang. This is voluminous enough—equal to the assurance companies or the turnpike roads; but, having borrowed so largely from the chapter on the education of females, at the hazard of being tiresome, I dare not go into it.

William III. landed in England in 1688, and was involved in a war with France till 1697, when the peace of Ryswick was concluded, which gave William an acknowledgment to his title of King, by Louis XIV. of France; in exchange for millions of money foolishly spent in support of the power of Spain in Flanders, and oceans of British blood. On the death of James II. at St. Germain, in 1701, another folly of the same kind was perpetrated by Great Britain's entering upon another war with France, because Louis the Fourteenth chose to style the Pretender, or son of James II., "King of England." Every preparation was vigorously entered upon by England for this war; but William III., meeting with an accident while hunting, died in 1702, and was therefore prevented seeing the end of the contest, the glory, and the cost; but his successor, Anne, coming to the British throne, vigorously carried on this war against the Pretender and Louis XIV., until, in 1709, Louis solicited peace, and offered to acknowledge the title of Queen Anne to the crown of Great Britain, and to remove the Pretender from France. But Marlborough and the generals had influence enough with the English court and House of Commons to reject the proposal; so the war was again prosecuted with vigour, Great Britain finding the necessary blood and treasure. Another attempt at peace was made in a few months afterwards, in 1710; but the glory party in the English court overruled the attempt, till A.D. 1711, when the Whigs, glory, and Marlborough lost place and power, and were

succeeded by the Tories, who concluded the peace of Utrecht, A.D. 1713; and these Tories, Oxford and Bolingbroke, contended for power and place to such a degree as to hasten the death of the poor Queen the following year, A.D. 1714. Poor Queen Anne! the personification of "CHURCH IN DANGER"! she fought against the Pretender during eleven years of her short reign; and on her death the Earl of Oxford, her confidential friend and minister, was impeached by the Commons for favouring the Pretender; and Bolingbroke ran away to the Pretender's court at St. Germain, where he resided twelve years, to avoid the same impeachment which had fallen on his colleague, the Earl of Oxford. Louis XIV. favoured the Pretender, and so did Queen Anne; but yet tens of thousands of Britons could be sacrificed, and hundreds of millions of Britain's treasure squandered, on the question of time—*when*.

So that most part of these two reigns of twenty-six years, England was engaged in continental wars, connected for the most part with James II. or his son; and De Foe lamented this waste of blood and treasure as sincerely as any man in Great Britain. I dwell on these circumstances especially, because the fact of De Foe's disliking wars with France cannot be too generally known, as some of his proceedings were so isolated, erratic, ambiguous, if not hostile to all professed liberal men and liberal feelings of his time, as to cause him to be distrusted by those who should have been fellow-workers with him in the same vineyard; and who ought to have held out the right hand of fellowship to one of Britain's truest of patriots and greatest of geniuses, instead of treating him with neglect and hostility; because they did not understand him, who had studied, yea, lived upon, the science of politics and national questions, moral, civil, and religious, for forty years. De Foe was a great moral and political philosopher, and the world did not know it. They knew he had been a hosier and a pantile-maker, and writer of books, but he had made no money. He had run away more than once from his creditors; he had been bankrupt; he had been in gaol; he had been a fool; but, fool as he was, the foundation of his folly was a love of peace with France, and a dislike to that system of expensive continental wars which have laid this country under the obligation

of eight hundred millions of pounds sterling of debt. De Foe stood alone against the flowing tide of national folly—glory and pride—yes; and was lost!

Poor William III.'s religion was the source of great contention and strife among his new subjects; for he was, in their unthankful eyes, a broad-set Dutch Presbyterian, who wished to reign over his new subjects for their benefit as men, irrespective of their several sects in religious matters. He did not wish to know whether a man belonged to church or chapel—high church, low church, or conventicle—to him it was all the same; but to his subjects owning church property, or seeking church preferment, it was a mortal offence and disappointment; for theirs was a strife for the life—the archbishoprick of Canterbury, or the meanest curacy in the land of the annual value of £40. The whole church-and-state contest of this whole reign was a question of money—a contest for the keeping one half of the people out of power, in order that the great church prizes might be divided among a less number of aspirants or competitors. During the last few years of William's reign the most bitter strife was carried on between church and dissent, during which contest the most violent pamphlets were published on each side. The church only opposed dissent so far as it was politic or safe for her to oppose it, though she had no power to keep within due bounds her champions, aspiring curates of the Sacheverell class, or indiscreet superannuated archdeacons and testy deans, with a host of paid pamphleteers, as Leslie, L'Estrange, Drake, Swift, Pope, Ned Ward, Oldmixon, and others—a host of writers, from the pompous folio to the penny broadsheet. She allowed a sort of occasional conformity, which left some of the richest merchants of the city of London, although dissenters, to accept civic offices of importance in the eyes of wealthy ambition, such as alderman, sheriff, or lord mayor, by their being Church-of-England men, two or three Sundays in each year, when they went to receive the sacrament—or, if you like the term, “their certificate of qualification for magisterial office”; for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was nothing more nor less than a passport to office in the city of London to wealthy dissenting bankers and merchants—a system of “playing

bo-peep with the Almighty" which De Foe reprobates; for it "is such bantering with religion as no modest Christian can think of without horror." Perhaps the great mass of the dissenters would rather like this connection with the Guildhall and the Mansion House, their chapel and the alderman's pew in it, and the alderman's subscription to the new organ, or new school, or gallery, or the singers; chapel debt, or minister's salary; besides, there is something very respectable in the idea that the sheriff or lord mayor of London belongs to our chapel—that he is a member of the church; or one of the deacons. Many dissenters would not approve of this conformity for civic office; most of them would not; yet it might be only a matter of opinion, and nothing to them, so long as they minded their own business in this life, and lived near to God, to prepare them for a better. The great incentive to all this strife was Sir Humphrey Edwin, a Presbyterian, who was elected lord mayor on September 29, 1697, and who during his mayoralty attended church on one part of the day; and Pinners' Hall, his meeting-house, on the other. All this was very well, and nothing particular about it, excepting that on one unlucky afternoon he took with him, as lord mayor, all the regalia of his office, which was the occasion of all the strife noticed above. De Foe entered the lists against occasional conformity, and offended, by his sincerity and plainness of language, all the great ones of the earth, and the ministers too, who supported the great aldermen in their proceedings. When the higher authorities were offended with De Foe, it is easy to perceive how the lower members of the congregation could be acted upon, through the deacons and leading members; so that De Foe was not acknowledged by the great body of the dissenters in the contest. De Foe knew more of the dissenting machine, and its power for good or evil, than all your trimming aldermen, sheriffs, and lord mayors, put together; but yet he was powerless for organization on a large scale. He could print one, two, or three spirited pamphlets on the subject, which everybody would read, and he could reply again and again to the answers; he would carry his readers along with him, for he was all-powerful as a writer; but yet he was powerless for organization.

Poor De Foe ! he had been in the hosiery trade ! and had failed, and perhaps had run away, and been in gaol more than either once or twice ! He had written on all subjects, with the greatest ability, and his name had been borrowed for the sale of other men's productions ; and, perhaps, even at this early period of his career, hawked about the streets. He had written on dissenters, and offended them by his writings ; so that he was thoroughly disgusted with their supineness or want of principle or energy. He knew the power of the dissenters, as the great moneyed interest of the kingdom ; but he seemed to possess the knowledge for himself ; for he could not bring it to bear for any organization of the entire body, as the moneyed interest of the nation. He, no doubt, found at every turn, as we find, certain politicians of the old school. No doubt he did this in 1697 ; and we find the same old-school class in 1859 ; and our great-grandchildren will, in 1930, find their old-school politicians too. What are these men ?—Sun-worshippers—cowards in politics—shufflers—superannuated men who, for some connection with the powers that be, in one degree or other, are cut out of the main ranks, and left cripples in the rear, on all important advances of active principles. De Foe was a general without an army, for he had quarrelled with it ; but he lived to see the day when he took revenge of his cowardly troops, who would receive neither his instruction nor obey his commands : he thought them cowards, and he lived to see the day when he treated them as such ; and called them so.

At this time, 1697, the reduction of the army was again agitated, both in and out of Parliament, for the old object—insulting the best of kings, and serving the exiled James ; and pamphlets were published in full force on both sides, Mr. Trenchard taking the lead in a patriotic address, entitled *An Argument, showing that a Standing Army is inconsistent with a free Government, and absolutely destructive to the Constitution of the English Monarchy*. This pamphlet was replied to by Lord Somers, but to little effect ; the public sympathy running altogether in favour of Trenchard, his arguments and principles. De Foe came to the rescue, with *An Argument, showing that a Standing Army, with consent of Parliament, is not*

inconsistent with a free Government. Trenchard replied again; and another pamphlet, attacking Trenchard's pamphlet with violence, appeared; which was attributed to De Foe, though written anonymously.

I find, in *The Ballad, or some scurrilous Reflections in Verse*, written evidently by De Foe, some allusions to William's army being reduced to seven thousand men by the House of Commons; it professes to be a *Ballad* sung by the people, and the answer sung by the House of Commons:—

22.

You should find out some other word
To give the crown's *accepter*;
To call him king would be absurd,
For though he'll seem to wear the sword,
'Tis you have got the scepter.

ANSWER.

*Senates think fit, for public good,
To bridle regal power,
And make kings act as monarchs should
That spare their subjects' wealth and blood,
Not those they rule, devour.*

23.

And now your wealth is smoaking hot
Against the Kent petition,
No man alive can tell for what,
But telling truths which pleas'd you not,
And taxing your discretion.

ANSWER.

*If men of Kent petitions draw,
And idly vote supplies,
Instead of those who make the law,
The Gate-house, or some Bedlam straw,
Must serve to make 'em wise.*

24.

If you those gentlemen detain
 By your unbounded power,
 'Tis hop'd you 'l never more complain
 Of bishops, in King James's reign,
 Sent blindly to the Tower.

ANSWER.

*The bishops were close prisoners made,
 By reason of their conscience;
 But these impertinents, afraid
 A war would spoil their owling¹ trade,
 Are shut up for their nonsense.*

25.

A strange memorial too there came
 Your members to affront,
 Which told you truths you dare not name,
 And so the paper scap'd the flame,
 Or else it had been burnt.²

ANSWER.

*The House had other fish to fry,
 When legion's libel came,
 Than to sit talking o'er a lie,
 Which had been punish'd, by-the-by,
 Had th' author sent his name.*

26.

Some said the language was severe,
 And into passion flew;
 Some too began to curse and swear,
 And call'd the author mutineer;
 But all men said 'twas true.

¹ *Owling*, exporting wool by moonlight, against the law of the land.

² By the hands of the common hangman.

ANSWER.

*The language certainly was such
 As shew'd the writer's breeding,
 And for civility kept touch
 With those it would defend—the Dutch,
 That use such rough proceeding.*

27.

But, oh! the consternation now
 In which you all appear!
 'Tis plain from whence your terrors flow,
 For had your guilt been less, you know,
 So would have been your fear.

ANSWER.

*And, since such falsehoods were giv'n out
 By those who wish'd 'em evil,
 'Twas time for them to look about,
 And to prevent the rabble rout;
 Since mob's the very devil.*

28.

In fifteen articles you're told
 You have our rights betray'd,
 Barter'd the nation, bought and sold
 The liberties you should uphold;
 No wonder you're afraid.

ANSWER.

*Five hundred articles might shew
 What malice could devise;
 But had those articles been true,
 And worthy of a public view,
 Their votes had made 'em lies.*

29.

And now, to make yourselves appear
 The more impertinent,
 A wise address you do prepare,
 To have his Majesty take care,
 Rebellion to prevent.

ANSWER.

*Addresses, at a time when those
 They wisely represent
 Are threatn'd by the kingdom's foes,
 Who would have brethren come to blows,
 Are needful by consent.*

30.

No doubt his Majesty will please
 To take your cause in hand ;
 Besides, the work is done with ease :
 Full seven thousand men he has,
 The nation to defend.

ANSWER.

*His Majesty has taken care
 To guard us at their motion,
 And where we've fleets without compare,
 Seven thousand men are very fair,
 When they command the ocean.*

31.

One hundred thousand heroes more
 Do our train'd bands compose ;
 If foreign forces should come o'er,
 Plant them and *you* upon the shore,
 How bravely you 'l oppose.

ANSWER.

*There's no great likelihood appears
Of foreigners' invasion,
Since Rooke around the Channel steers,
And troops enough to quell those fears,
Are ready on occasion.*

After De Foe had disposed of all his powers of writing on the truckling of the dissenters in using the sacrament of the Lord's Supper as a qualification for office; and offended the leading members, lay and clerical, by his powers of argument on this question; and when he had written in defence of a standing army with consent of Parliament, and also answered Mr. Trenchard's pamphlet against all standing armies,—when he had done all this, and found a lull of repose, he turned his attention to another subject—the dissolute morals of the nation, and published the *Poor Man's Plea*, commencing with—“In searching for a proper cure of an epidemick distemper, physicians tell us 'tis first necessary to know the cause of that distemper, from what part of the body and from what ill habit it proceeds; and when the cause is discovered, it is to be remedied, that the effect may cease of itself; but, if removing the cause will not work the cure, then indeed they proceed to apply proper remedies to the disease itself, and the particular part afflicted.”

Again:—“In King James I.'s time, the court affecting something more of gallantry and gaiety, luxury got footing; and twenty years of peace, together with no extraordinary examples from the court, gave too great encouragement to licentiousness. If it took footing in King James I.'s time, it took a deep root in the reign of his son; and the liberty given the soldiery in the civil war dispersed all manner of prophaneness throughout the kingdom. That Prince (James I.), though very pious in his own person and practice, had the misfortune to be the first king of England, and perhaps in the world, that ever established wickedness by law. By what unhappy council, or secret ill fate, he was guided to it, is hard to determine; but the *Book of Sports*, as it was called, tended more to the vitiating

the practice of this kingdom, as to keeping the Lord's Day, than all the acts of Parliament, proclamations, and endeavours of future princes has done, or ever will do, to reform it."

"After the restitution of King Charles II., when drinking the King's health became the distinction between a Cavalier and a Roundhead, drunkenness began to reign, and it has reigned almost forty years. The gentry caressed this beastly vice at such a rate, that no companion, no servant, was thought proper unless he could bear a quantity of wine; and to this day, 1698, 'tis added to the character of a man as an additional title, when you would speak well of him, *He is an honest drunken fellow*, as if his drunkenness was a recommendation of his honesty."

Again:—"The further perfection of this vice among the gentry will appear in two things: that 'tis become the subject of their glory, and the way of expressing their joy for any publick blessing. '*Jack*,' said a gentleman of very high quality, when, after the debate in the House of Lords, King William III. was voted into the vacant throne—"'*Jack*,' says he, '*God damn ye, Jack, go home to your lady, and tell her we have got a Protestant King and Queen; and go make a bonfire as big as a throne, and bid the butler make ye all drunk, ye dog.*' Here was sacrificing to the devil, for a thanksgiving to God."

Such was the state of public manners when De Foe wrote his essay for their reformation, in the reign of William III., A.D. 1698.

After the conclusion of the peace of Ryswick, the Whigs and Tories in the House of Commons had full leisure to turn all their attention to their own domestic contentions for place, honour, and power; and, had it not been for the personal character of William, the very nation of Great Britain might have been swept from the map of Europe as a nation, through these political contentions. Honour and principle were never at so low an ebb as at this time; so much so, that poor insulted William, stripped of his old companions in arms, his Dutch guards, wounded in spirit and harassed to distraction in body, had serious thoughts of resigning the crown in disgust, and retiring to Holland, his native country. What the

manners of the country were, such were the principles; for there was scarcely an honest man, as a public character, in the kingdom. The whole nation were what the Stuarts had made them—and left them; and they never would have asked William to take their part, but that James was helping himself, and *the church was in danger*.

At this time the King of Spain, though under forty years of age and without heirs, was likely to die; his kingdom was claimed by members of the House of Austria, and also by France, and a general war in Europe was threatened in consequence. William, along with the Dutch, exerted themselves as they best could to ward off the threatened disaster by a treaty for dividing the kingdom of Spain between the two families; and this, too, before the Spanish throne was vacant by the death of the King, which of course gave great offence to the whole Spanish nation. Louis XIV., who wanted the whole for his grandson the Duke of Anjou, the second son of the Dauphin, although a party to the partition treaty, fomented the discontents in Spain, and induced the Spanish grandees and King, with the consent of the Pope, to allow the King to leave by will, the whole kingdom of Spain in Europe and in America to Louis's grandson the Duke of Anjou, to the entire exclusion of the house of Austria. This was done, and all was ferment and contention in England, France, Spain, and Austria. Cunningham, in his *History of Great Britain*, thus refers to the subject:—"All people spake of it in England without any guard or moderation. Several dull pamphleters also attacked that treaty with violence and scurrility, reproaching the King's councils, and shewing the French monarch what advantage he might make of the commotions in England. Among these was Dr. Davenant, and other necessitous persons, without money, without hopes, and who had no other view but to make their fortunes out of the troubles of their country and public revolutions." Poor William was traduced on all sides, as if he could prevent the kingdom of Spain from being left without heirs—as if he were the cause that the King of Spain died without children. What could he do in the matter, but attempt to divide the evil, rather than allow one power

to take and keep the whole, or involve the whole of Europe in the dispute, and with it in a protracted war.

In this woful state of national affairs,—for the nation had been plundered to a great degree by Marlborough and his party, the Whigs, in the last war,—which war had been carried on far too long for the real or true interests of Great Britain,—well, on this prostrated position of national principle, De Foe thus writes in his *Review*, some years after this date; for poor William's memory was traduced and blackened for this partition treaty long after his death: "It has been the mode of late, of both parties, to censure the wisdom and management of King William; though it is by that wisdom and management that we retain the posture we are in, to censure him; and Heaven, that was witness to his sincerity, and gave him wisdom above his equals, is visiting us for the insolence offered to his memory, by bringing us to seek refuge in that very treaty, which we would, if we could, lower the price of, and undervalue to posterity."

De Foe at this time wrote a pamphlet, entitled "The Two Great Questions Considered: 1. What the French King will do with respect to the Spanish Monarchy? 2. What Measures the English ought to take." As a specimen of this work we will take the following passages:—

"If the French get the Spanish crown, we are beaten out of the field as to trade, and are besieged in our own island. And never let us flatter ourselves with our safety consisting so much in our fleet; for this I presume to lay down as a fundamental axiom, at least as war is carried on of late, that it is not the longest sword, but the longest purse that conquers. If the French get Spain, they get the greatest trade in the world into their hands; they that have the most trade, will have the most money; and they that have the most money, will have the most ships, the best fleets, and the best armies; and, if once the French master us at sea, where are we then?"

Some apology is, perhaps, required from me, for the slight notice taken of the above important works of De Foe, on this great agitated question—the Partition Treaty: a question which caused more discussion and contention for years, than any other subject in De Foe's

time; for this was not an English or a Scotch question, but a European one—involving the interest of Spain, France, Austria, Italy, and all Roman Catholic powers, small or great, on the one hand; and Great Britain, Holland, and the German Protestant states, on the other. For me to enter into all the spirit of these national contentions after the lapse of one hundred and sixty years, would be impossible, and, if possible, would be unadvisable; for, to do it effectually, I must invoke the shade of Sir Walter Scott for another additional labour of another twenty volumes duodecimo, on De Foe. I cannot do this, therefore I must get on as I can, and the public must bear with me, considering that I am not going to give a new edition of Bohn's *General Catalogue*, with notes; to devote five or more volumes to the article *De Foe*. There are two hundred works which I ought to bring under notice, and some too important for the man's reputation as a religious, moral, or political writer, to be dispensed with. Some of De Foe's works never were understood, for he worked alone, and on his own judgment and responsibility, and so was never appreciated. But if I can quote or explain any of the publications which are likely to throw light on any doubtful, dark, or ambiguous conduct of this man, it is my duty to do it, and I will do it; and this will be my only reason for going into some subjects, which, to the general reader, may appear dull, tiresome, or prolix.

The next tract, of twenty-nine pages (which was written at this time, or A.D. 1700), was *The Danger of the Protestant Religion from the present Prospect of a Religious War in Europe*.

The object of this pamphlet was to prevent, by a combination of Protestants in Europe, the union of the crowns of Spain and France in one family, and that a Catholic family; to the danger of the Protestant interests in Europe.

To avoid which danger, De Foe recommends supporting the Emperor of Austria's claim to the crown of Spain; and this to be done by the English, the Dutch, and such Protestant powers as could be brought into the league, either with men or money. The outcry in England was so great against a standing army, that nothing could induce the English to raise one; therefore De Foe

writes, "If, therefore, we do not think it safe to trust our own people, never let us desert the Protestant cause; for Germany and Swisserland are inexhaustible storehouses of men. If you will but assist the Protestants with money, 'twill be the same thing, or if we assist the Emperor at this time, it may be the same thing; for prevention is all one as execution, or rather the better of the two." England and Holland, and part of Austria, represented the Protestant interest of Europe; while France, Spain, and certain other Italian and German states, represented the Catholic powers, which powers De Foe did not wish to see strengthened by Spain being united with France in one family—that of the Bourbons.

Again:—"I have said already, our way is to crush the confederacies of the Papists; and if I do say, that the only way to do so is to prevent the crown of Spain descending by will to a prince of the house of Bourbon, and that prince marrying a daughter of the house of Austria, I shall believe I am in the right, till I can hear a better method proposed. This union is much easier prevented than it will be dissolved: treaties and alliances may disappoint it now; whereas armies and fleets will hardly defeat it afterward; if the house of Bourbon and Austria unite, and conform the interests of their dominions, they can have nobody to bend their arms against but the Protestants or the Mahometans."

At the dissolution of Parliament, A.D. 1700, De Foe wrote his *Six Distinguishing Characters of a Parliament Man*; and, among other things he states, that "Former kings would stand still, and see the French overrun Flanders, and ruin our Protestant neighbours, though the Parliament and people have entreated them to assist them, and save Flanders from the falling into the hands of the French. Now, we have a King who solicits the people to enable him to preserve Flanders from falling into the hands of the French, and to stand by and assist our Protestant neighbours; and we, on the contrary, are willing to see the French and Popish powers unite and possess Flanders, and everything else, and glad the Dutch are in danger to be ruined; nay, so willing are we to have the States-General destroyed, that 'Damn the Dutch!' is become a proverb among us." And, among other points to be observed, he says,

“The House of Commons is not a place for fools. The great affairs of the state, the welfare of the kingdom, the public safety, the religion, liberties, and trade, the wealth and honour of the nation, are not things to be debated by green hands. There has always been a sort of gentlemen in the House called ‘the dead weight,’ who vote as the ignorant freeholders in the country do—just as the landlord, the justice, or the parson directs. So these gentlemen, understanding very little of the matter, give their vote just as Sir Such-a-one does, let it be how it will; or just follow such a party, without judging of the matter.”

In this tract De Foe gives a good deal of advice on remedies for Stuart influences, which is very good, but not very clear to readers who are not intimately conversant with Stuart history. Therefore I will take the liberty of giving, in my own language, the influences to be corrected by a Parliament working on Protestant principles, and legislating for a Protestant people.

Be it understood, then, that both Charles II. and his brother, James II., were pensioners of Louis XIV., and under the direct influence and guidance of Cardinal Mazarin, that King’s minister; and were made to act in subservience to French politics in continental Europe. This was done till James II. began to melt down church cups and spoons, and then “the church was in danger,” when James had to run away, and allow William Prince of Orange to assume the reins of government. Then French influences, and French pensions, and French dictation, in English matters, were attempted to be snapped at once; but it took William ten years of bloody continental wars, with a sacrifice of 300,000 of English Protestants, with a countless loss of treasure in ships, merchandise, or goods; general trade with continental states, taxes, bad debts, high prices, bankruptcy, and destitution, always following in the wake of such a state of things—it took all these, before Louis XIV. could be brought to acknowledge William III. as King of England.

Charles I. married a French wife, and with her adopted French principles; and his son, Charles II., was supplied with a Frenchwoman (the Duchess of Portsmouth) by Madame de Maintenon, the mistress of Louis XIV. and Cardinal Mazarin, the French

minister; and that woman was brought to this country by the Duchess of Orleans, the King's sister, for the express purpose of working the English court, in subserviency to French interests; which she faithfully did for her French pay, during the lifetime of Charles II.

As an illustration of what I have written above, De Foe writes—“Former kings have been addressed by their Parliaments to make war against France, and money given by millions to carry it on; and have had their money spent, and no war could be had.” No! Charles and the Duchess of Portsmouth had spent the money; and when Dunkirk was sold to the French for £400,000, through this influence, they also spent the money between them.

What does De Foe write of William's conduct in such circumstances?—“Now we have a King that has fought our battles in person, and willingly run through all the hazards of a bloody war, and has been obliged to use all the persuasions possible to bring us to support him in it.” Again:—“Formerly we had kings who did as they pleased; now we have a King who lets us do what we please.”

Speaking of the French King obtaining the Spanish crown for his grandson by will and testament, in the face of the league which he had ratified and exchanged, he adds, “This he would not have ventured to have done had the English been in a capacity to have possessed Flanders, and to have appeared at sea, to have protected the Princes of Italy in their adherence to the Emperor.”

Again:—“In the next place, gentlemen, let your eyes be upon men of religion; choose no atheists, Socinians, hereticks, Asgithites, and blasphemers. Had the original of the late war been under the reign of such a body of men, England might have made a will, and given her crown to the Duke de Berry; as Spain has to the Duke d'Anjou, and have sought protection from the French.”

De Foe's next pamphlet was *The Freeholder's Plea against Stock-jobbing Elections of Parliament Men*.

In this he says—“Of all nations in the world, we may say, without detracting from the character of our native country, that England has, for some ages past, been the most distracted with divisions and parties among themselves. Union and charity—the one relating to

our civil, the other to religious concerns—are strangers in the land ; and, whether we speak of difference in opinions or differences in interest, we must own that we are the most divided, quarrelsome nation under the sun. Poland is the only nation of Europe which can pretend to match us in this ill-natured quality ; and yet, all things examined, Poland cannot come near us. 'Twas a true character given of us by the wisest Princess that ever governed us, Queen Elizabeth, that the English were harder to be governed in time of peace than war. The wisdom of late Parliaments have established two great rivals in trade, the old and new East-Indian Companies. The grand question asked now, when your vote is required for a Parliament-man, is not, as it ought to be—Is he a man of sense, of religion, of honesty, and estate ? but, What company is he for—the new or the old ? Time would fail us, and the paper too, to give you a list of the shopkeepers, merchants, pedlers, and stock-jobbers, who, with their hired liveries in coaches and six horses—who, God knows, never had coach or livery of their own—are come down into the counties, being detached from London by either company ; to get themselves chosen Parliament-men by those boroughs who are easy to be imposed upon ; and who, like well-meaning men that know nothing of the matter, choose them upon the recommendation of the country gentlemen that have interest in the towns ; which country gentlemen are prevailed upon to quit their own pretensions to advance theirs, but by what arguments we cannot pretend to determine. This is Parliament jobbing, a new trade, which, as we thought it the duty of English freeholders thus to expose, we hope an English Parliament will think it their duty to prevent.”

De Foe says that at this time £2000 was frequently paid for a seat in Parliament ; and that even £11,000 was spent in the town of Winchelsea for this purpose ; and that there were agents in London who could fit you up at once, on the price being paid to them.

The next pamphlet written about this time, and in support of the one just quoted, was *The Villany of Stock-jobbers detected, and the Causes of the late Run upon the Bank and Bankers discovered and considered*. De Foe appears here to be well acquainted with all

the tricks of large speculators, brokers, bankers, or jobbers; who could combine by clubbing capitals for the annoying a rival company, or the ministry of the day; or even rendering assistance to a foreign power by embarrassing the credit of the nation at home, by the shutting up the trading capital of the country; and so producing a national stagnation of trade bordering upon a general bankruptcy. He says, "It has more than once been foretold that stock-jobbers and brokers would ruin our trade, and several times they have bid fair for the performance. But never was a greater wound given to trade in general than now; never so unhappily timed to the disadvantage both of the public revenue and the current credit of the nation; nor never was there so much barefaced villany acted in the affairs of public trade, as there is now." He goes on to show what trade is; and how carried on by cash and credit, and that credit cannot live long where there is no cash; and that the two East India Companies acting as rivals endangered the trade of the country; for if the candidates of one of these companies should be rejected by the citizens of London, either for Parliament or for the lord mayor's office, or sheriff, or any other, an immediate conspiracy was brought to bear upon the Bank or the Government by a buying-up of all the cash or bills in the country; and by writings and pamphlets depreciating foreign money, so as to render it incapable of being negotiated during the panic; till all the large moneyed interests (*out of this combination*) were placed in the greatest state of embarrassment, and many of them ruined.

These speculators, holding the cash, would buy exchequer bills and banknotes at ten to sixteen and twenty *per centum* discount; and then, when they had made a large fortune by such purchases, the cash had reappeared; and all went on as usual, till these men chose to try to play the same game over again; or a rival company might have the start of them, when they in turn would be the sufferers. This work on stock-jobbery extends to seventeen pages, and to pick out the best paragraphs, and yet keep up the connection of the sense, is a task of great difficulty; for the subject is vitally important to trade, and therefore very interesting.

"The Old East-India Stock, by the arts of these unaccountable

people, has, within ten years or thereabouts, without any material difference in the intrinsic value, been sold from £300 *per centum* to £37 *per centum*; from whence, with fluxes and refluxes as frequent as the tides, it has been up at £150 *per centum* again; during all which differences it would puzzle a very good artist to prove that their real stock (*if they have any*), set loss and gain together, can have varied above £10 *per centum* upon the whole."

"If it be in the power of mercenary brokers and companies to engross the current cash, so as to make a scarcity of money, it must consequently be in their power, whenever they are pleased to show their disesteem of the government, to prevent the advancement of any sum of money for the public service. And this experiment may be a trial of their skill, to let us see what they are able to do, if the City does not take care to oblige them, by choosing magistrates or representatives to their mind, or out of their party. 'Tis very hard that this sort of men, by the power of their money and the influence they have in the stocks of companies, should have it in their hands to put a general stop to credit, cash, banks, and even the exchequer itself. 'Tis known their affection to the government is but very indifferent; and that, generally speaking, both those two great men we have mentioned, and almost the whole party, who espouse the old company's quarrel, have put themselves in direct opposition to the friends of the government, and always run retrograde to the king and the nation's interest. That they have designed ill is manifest by the event; because they have done what lay in their power to ruin the nation's credit, in order to affect the general trade as well as the persons.

"What safety can we have at home, while our peace is at the mercy of such men, and 'tis in their power to job the nation into feuds among ourselves, and to declare a new sort of civil war among us when they please? Nay, the war they manage is carried on with worse weapons than swords and muskets. Bombs may fire our towns, and troops overrun and plunder us; but these people can ruin men silently, undermine and impoverish by a sort of impenetrable artifice, like poison that works at a distance; can wheedle men to ruin themselves, and fiddle them out of their money by

the strange unheard-of engines of interests, discounts, transfers, tallies, debentures, shares, projects, and the *devil-an'-all* of figures and hard names. They can draw up their armies, and levy troops ; set stock against stock, company against company, alderman against alderman ; and the poor passive tradesmen, like the peasants in Flanders, are plundered by both sides, and hardly know who hurt them. What will become of the honour of the English nation, if the principal affairs relating to the credit both of the public and private funds are dependent upon such vile people, who care not whom they ruin, nor whom they advance, though one be the nation's friends, and the other its enemies, and exposed to their particular resentments ?

“ He is a worthy patriot, and fitly qualified for a representative, who would join his strength to overthrow the credit of the City, and ruin trade, only to shew his private resentment for not being chosen as he thought fit to expect ! ”

“ These methods, with the additions of such as the wisdom of the nation will find out, would effectually suppress this pernicious, growing party, whose dangerous practices are of such a nature that no man can say where they will end. Then we shall trade square ; honesty and industry will be the method of thriving, and plain trade be the general business of the exchange. Bankrupts and beggars have advanced the misery of stock-jobbing, and we can now reckon up a black list of fifty-seven persons, who, within these ten years past, have raised themselves to vast estates ; most of them from mechanics, and some of them from broken and desperate fortunes, by the sharpening, tricking, intriguing, scandalous employment of stock-jobbing. Who have been the losers, or what the general stock of the nation has been benefited by them, is a mystery too hard to be explained. Now, they ride in their coaches, keep splendid equipages, and thrust themselves into business ; set up for deputies, aldermen, sheriffs, or mayors ; but, above all, for Parliament men, of which (with the mischievous consequences that are like to attend it) enough is said in the *Freeholders' Plea*, which I noted before, and to which I refer, and shall conclude with this short note :—

“That I think, with submission, all honest men ought to know their names, in order to shun their dangerous acquaintance; and the government has nothing before them but effectually to suppress and ease the nation of so intolerable a grievance.”

The *Address on Occasional Conformity*, which De Foe had issued in 1697, on Sir Humphrey Edwin taking the insignia of the mayoralty to Pinners' Hall Meeting-house, he again republished in 1701, with a preface added, and addressed to the Rev. Mr. How, the eminent dissenting minister, because another lord mayor, one of Mr. How's church or congregation, had complied with the form of receiving the Lord's Supper, as a qualification to his civic distinctions. De Foe is very plain and faithful, as his subject required, yet temperate in spirit and language; only he requests Mr. How to declare publicly to the world, whether this practice of alternate communion be allowed, either by his congregation in particular, or by the dissenters in general; and that Mr. John How should either censure the delinquent, though wearing gay clothing and a gold ring, or defend the custom by such arguments as he might think convenient; but if he did neither of these, the world must believe that *dissenters* do allow *themselves* to practise what they cannot defend.

Now, in noticing this preface and address, and another address on the same subject, by De Foe, I feel increased difficulty in condensing the subject into a reasonable space; for forty pages of divinity is no trifling subject to grapple with, if any attention is to be paid to the reader of what would be hoped to be an entertaining book. To copy forty pages of contention on church and chapel, or even ten, will not do. I must condense into less space than that; or, at least, make an effort. Well, then, two lord mayors of London had used the sacrament of the Lord's Supper as a qualification for civic honours, and the second belonging to Mr. How's church, for which De Foe attacks Mr. How publicly, though anonymously, and in such terms as to place the Rev. Mr. How in a very unpleasant dilemma—a regular fix.

“The whole ecclesiastical history, from the first century of the Christian Church, is full of instances to confirm this—that perse-

cution made few professed Christians, but fashion made many painted hypocrites ;—that the prosperity of the Church of Christ has been more fatal to it than all the persecutions of its enemies.”

“ Religion is the sacred profession of the name of God—serving him, believing him, expecting from him ; and, like the God it refers to, ’tis in one and the same object ; one and the same thing, perfectly indivisible, and inseparable ;—there is in it no neuter gender, no ambiguous article, God or Baal : mediums are impossible.

“ There is but one best (way of serving God), and he that gives God two bests, gives him the best and the worst : the one spoils the other, ’till both are good for nothing.

“ He who dissents from the Established Church on any account but from a real principle of conscience, is a politick, not a religious, dissenter.”

“ If I shall dissent, and yet at the same time conform, by conforming I deny my dissent being lawful ; or, by my dissenting, I damn my conforming as sinful.”

“ Nothing can be lawful and unlawful at the same time. If it be not lawful for me to dissent, I ought to conform ; but if it be unlawful for me to conform, I must dissent : several opinions may at the same time consist in a country, in a city, in a family, but not in one entire person ; that is impossible.”

De Foe maintains, again and again, page after page, that the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper cannot be converted into a civil action, by any end, will, or design of man whatsoever ; and that the minister’s offering you the bread, with the words, *the body of our Lord Jesus Christ*, &c., and you kneeling with reverence at the time, and saying *Amen* to the prayer, cannot be a civil action. He says, “ It is nothing but a bantering with religion, and playing at *bo-peep* with God Almighty ; and that these lord mayors and sheriffs may be necessary for the preservation of the state ; but that they are such patriots as will damn their souls to save their country.”

The penalty of the law for not accepting public employment is wholly pecuniary, and the amount £500 ; and yet, to save this sum, these lord mayors will run the risk of losing their souls. De Foe says, “ A man, if he have any conscience of religion at all, it must

be of some religion or other : if of this, it cannot be of that ; and if of that, it cannot be of this. As for a man being of both, he might as well be of neither ; and as for religion, when a man prostitutes it to interest, he might as well be Turk, Jew, Papist, or anything."

De Foe was thoroughly master of his subject in all its bearings, and, as might be expected, received no answer from Mr. How ; though a supercilious, impertinent reply was made, where wit, sarcasm, scorn, neglect, and contempt, were substituted for good sense and calm discussion—a very convenient refuge for established reputation to take shelter under ; though not very safe with such an antagonist as De Foe could prove himself to be. The Rev. Mr. How was a popular dissenting minister, of great reputation for learning ; he considered it beneath his dignity to reply with civility to a writer like De Foe ; and therefore he treated him with mirth and contempt.

After Mr. How had replied to De Foe's preface to the preceding pamphlet—for the preface alone was new, the work itself having been written three years before, when Sir Humphrey Edwin, the Lord Mayor, took the sword of state to Pinners' Hall Meeting-house—De Foe wonders that a man so absorbed in *recluse* studies should so far forsake his accustomed pursuits to attack a *poor prefacer*, and quit the argument to lash the author with his severe wit, for the world's amusement ; and feels sure that not only himself but the whole town felt disappointment that Mr. How, who considered the subject beneath his notice, should spend his time on the impertinence of a *sorry preface*.

When he addressed the preface to Mr. How, he considered that he had so carefully revised both it and the book, that no offence could possibly be taken at either ; in this he had been very particular, considering the person to whom he wrote, and of whom he wrote, all known and valued by him ; and he felt confident he either should have no reply at all, or one becoming the charity of a *Christian*, the civility of a *gentleman*, and the force and vigour of a *scholar*.

But as Mr. How had so far descended as to quit the dispute, and

fall upon him personally, mixing raillery and reproach with his argument, which he knew would not better the cause; this must be the excuse offered by De Foe for being freer with him than he otherwise should have been; for he should not have presumed to engage even in self-defence with such an antagonist as Mr. How, possessed as he was of such a character for learning, had he not seen *his book* differ so much from that reputation, and in many places from the *truth*.

De Foe, with diffidence (called upon to animadvert upon his superiors in learning and office), begs to correct several mistakes into which Mr. How must have fallen, as to the *person, temper, profession, and intention* of the author; which mistakes alone could induce Mr. How to treat his adversary with such contempt.

As to De Foe's *person and temper*, these he scrupulously concealed; because it is so common in the world to answer argument with recrimination instead of reasoning, that this case should not be clogged with the meanness or imperfections of the author; he says, moreover, "that he need not go back for an instance to our Saviour, whose arguments were confronted with *Is not this the carpenter's son?*—for Mr. How himself would have searched his character, to have completed his remarks with personal reflections;" and De Foe adds, that "his name could offer little strength to the argument, beyond the furnishing something for reproach; and what would this be to the point, for the occasional conformity of dissenters is not condemned or defended by the names of the authors, but by truth, scripture, and reason."

"*Thou wast altogether born in sin*, said the high priest and elders to the poor man whom Christ healed, *and dost thou teach us?* And yet this poor man was right? and if *I* was right, though the most scandalous of libellers, is my argument the worse?"

He again added, that he was willing to give all particulars of himself, and then his name would be at Mr. How's service. First, he possessed a strong aversion to double dealing and shifting in points of religion, and in consequence wrote for information, and to explode the practice; secondly, if Mr. How's book had afforded

that information, he should have acknowledged it with humility, in proportion to the pride of opposing charged against him.

As for his personal miscarriages and misfortunes, poor De Foe lamented that no man had had more; which might weaken his reputation as an author, but certainly not his argument; and he could affirm that God, in his merciful providence, had healed the last, and he hoped had pardoned the first; and thus he was on equal terms in the reasoning with his opponent.

He could perceive the beam in his own eye, and had for some years been a great penitent on that account; yet even on that account he could not consider himself excluded from inquiring into a scandalous proceeding in a society of which he, *though unworthy*, was a member.

He does not presume to judge another man's conduct, where the case is so plain as to let that conduct speak for itself; for he calls to remembrance the command, that we have no more right to call good evil, or evil good, than we have to judge one another.

He had thus gone over his own character, and he claims that truth and honesty on his side shall not be despised through his being so unworthy an instrument; and he complains that Mr. How should censure him severely, and wrongfully too, for judging, yet presume to judge him.

De Foe could not forbear entering his *caveat* against personal reflections till the argument had been disposed of, but, once rid of the argument, then may be the time for wit and satire upon the follies and afflictions of the author. Having stated these, his convictions, he proceeds to Mr. How's third mistake about him, viz., his profession; on which he had been treated in several pages for an Independent, Mr. How evidently being a Presbyterian; but what had Mr. How's disputes between himself and the Independents to do with this question?

In pages 30, 31, and 32, De Foe is treated as a *fifth-monarchy man* and a *leveller*—a fact which could not be found in the argument; and as for the scrupulous Independent *kneeling at the sacrament*, and the *fifth-monarchy man* seizing all property for a common stock for the saints, and things like these; what are they in *an inquiry*

about occasional promiscuous conformity?—an antecedent which De Foe cannot find to this relative.

De Foe affirms that he is no Independent, neither a *fifth-monarchy man*, nor a *leveller*; and compliments his antagonist on his learning on these errors, so inconsistent with civil society; but this display of learning on these subjects had no more to do with the case in dispute than a lecture on the *Alcoran* by Mr. How, he supposing him to be a Mahometan—a thing just as probable as his being a *fifth-monarchy man*, so far as his book would indicate him to belong to either. Poor De Foe replied, that since he was led to give an account of his profession, which he always hoped to be ready to do, he would do it in few words. He was of the same class, and in the same denomination of dissenters, as Mr. How, his office excepted; and he was willing to be guided by, and to practise, the great rule of Christian charity in all its extents; indeed, he had more need of the practice than Mr. How, because he had less than others, on account of the causes already named; and however Mr. How, by wresting his words and mistaking his intentions, had pleased to see nothing of it, yet he was not convinced that he had broken the great Christian rule of charity in anything he had written.

We come now to the fourth thing which Mr. How again mistook—his intentions: in rashfully and wrongfully judging him, however cautious he had been in judging others: but, *humanum est errare*, Mr. How fell into the very error he had reproved in him with such severity, by judging that the principal design in De Foe's *Preface* was to reflect upon a worthy gentleman (the present Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Abney) who was named therein.

All Mr. How's assumptions were groundless, and such only as temper could lead him into; for the *Enquiry* was written three years before; when Sir Humphrey Edwin was Lord Mayor, and not this year, when Sir Thomas Abney was Lord Mayor, and therefore could not be written against him. The *Preface* merely adds, that "the cause being repeated, the reprinting the *Enquiry* was only designed as a reproof to the practice, as for persons he felt quite indifferent: *if the coat fits any body, let them wear it.*"

"Secondly, if of any party, I am, and ever was, for the English

liberty, and for putting suitable men into the magistracy; and no man more likely for such a post of trust and honour; and for such men I voted when voting for Sir Thomas Abney; and should again, if I had ten thousand voices. I respect the man for his honesty and ability, but I do not wish to flatter him, *for I neither want his favour, nor fear his anger.* Here, too, you are mistaken; and these errors have led you to waste your time, and the reader's too, in making needless remarks, and answering people who never opposed you."

De Foe now comes to the part of the book which respected the case in hand, which is the least part, and agrees with the title of being only a *consideration* of the Preface, *for no answer had been given*; and none to give but the drawing back the curtain of words, which Mr. How had spread to conceal the argument.

Having disposed of the argument, De Foe humbly requests to run over his antagonist's book, with as modest animadversions as his just defence would allow; and he was willing to stand corrected when he should fail in point of decency.

"First, you quarrel with me for hiding my name, while yours is exposed, and you give five pages, quoting yourself in your Preface, to shew how indifferent you are to controverted disputes, and your unwillingness to engage in this; but, if you had answered the book which has been three years before the public, your name might have been as much concealed as my own; but this inquiry being unanswered, gave some people more prejudice against the dissenters than I could have wished; and in bringing it again before the public, I knew no man more concerned, nor more capable of answering it, than yourself. As for my disappointment at your answering as you are pleased to mention, I certainly feel it; but the disappointment is more with your attempting the task, and doing it to so little purpose, than anything else I could have met with in this business. You boast of your indifference on these matters, but whether that indifference be congruous to your profession as a gospel minister, I shall not examine; nor shall I examine the propriety of your allowing members of your church to conform or not to conform to the Established Church as they think fit; though I am sure that, if I

had arrived at that coldness in the matter myself, I should conform immediately; for I hold that schism from a true established church of Christ is a great sin; and if I could conform, I ought to conform."

This kind of controversy on occasional conformity for *civic honours* is carried on for several pages more, between De Foe and the minister, Mr. How: De Foe sticking close to the argument, and the minister as anxious to shake off both him and his argument, and treat both as a matter of no concern to any one. De Foe complains of the coarse treatment he had received at the reverend gentleman's hands; and he complains of being threatened with personal violence by some friend of Mr. How, to which he coolly replies, "That, if he thinks himself capable to give me personal correction, he knows me well enough, and need never want an opportunity to be welcome."

I have gone into this contention between De Foe and Mr. How very fully, to show that De Foe was placing himself in direct antagonism to all the leading or influential Protestant dissenters of his day; he evidently was quarrelling with the whole fraternity in a body; which may account for the position De Foe held with the dissenters at a later period of his life.

About this time, 1701, William's health visibly declining through the contentions of his Parliament—as heterogeneous a mass of political roguery as French influences and French money, and old Stuart recollections and Tory speculations, could bring together in one assemblage as a British House of Commons—all parties, Whig, Tory, patriot, and sycophant, looked around for a successor. Some were for Anne; some were for her pretended half-brother, James, commonly called the Pretender; while others advocated the immediate introduction of the house of Hanover, to the total and immediate exclusion of all and everything connected with the house of Stuart. De Foe stood forward as the advocate of the son of the Duke of Monmouth, the legitimate son (as he believed) of Charles II. Charles II. had declared that his son, the Duke of Monmouth, was not legitimate; but De Foe took the King's word for nothing, and proposed an investigation into the

marriage, or reputed marriage, of Charles II. and Lucy Walters, the mother of the Duke of Monmouth. The Duke of Monmouth being dead, and most of his adherents being drawn into plots and destroyed by James II. and his instruments of the law, of the Jeffrey class, such legal documents were left by Charles for James's security, and these duly signed, sealed, registered, and delivered to the law officers of the crown, that De Foe's project was never entertained by the nation for one moment.

This mass of political villainy in a House of Commons forced forward into maturity by the money of Louis XIV. of France; for now that there was no Charles II. or his brother James, and no French prostitute at the English court to receive French money, as pension or bribe, for the carrying out French objects by British influences, Louis was driven to tamper with the freemen and pot-wallopers of England, and by their means purchase a majority in the House of Commons, which should be subservient to French influences and French dictation. Such a House of Commons was returned; and the grand leading attraction there was Jack How—a man of great ferocity of disposition and general brutality of character—a man pronounced by De Foe, in his *Legion Memorial*, to be a “scandal of Parliaments.” This House, so elected and so constituted, set about the limiting of the prerogatives of the sovereign, to annoy William, then on the throne, or his late ministers, or the house of Hanover, or any body or thing obnoxious to French influences; but, in their malignity of feeling, they stumbled upon the celebrated “Succession Bill”—a bill which, thrown about for three months, and shirked by every one, was at last palmed upon a Tory-madman sort of a member, such as we generally find to exist in the proportion of one in 650 members of the House of Commons—a sort of merry-andrew, fitted up by national taste for the diversion of the House. Well! such was Sir John Bowles, the proposer of this act; and one Tory approving of one point of revenge contained in it, and another approving of another—for it was all fury and revenge together—the thing, I say, so well fitting such several points of Tory taste, that the bill passed through the House of Commons without amendment, and was sent up to the Lords, where certain

young members, wide awake to the rich points of malice, would hear of no amendments, and so the bill passed the Lords. The bill was returned to the Commons as passed without any amendment, to the astonishment and disappointment of the House; for the great majority who voted for that bill, and carried it, were only voting spite or revenge upon their King, William III., his Dutch friends and supporters, or his ministry and the Whigs.

The whole act was a piece of impertinence and malignity thrown at William, and intended to be quashed in the House of Lords. This member Bowles was selected for bringing in the bill, because only a madman-member would be seen in such a display of malignity against royalty. The bill passed by mistake; and was the most important measure of William's reign for the securing of British liberty.

Such is liberty constitutional! Passed! and the law of the land, and by the most corrupt Parliament that ever sat in England, formed as it was of stock-jobbers in French pay, Tories of the old school, disappointed placemen, with Sir John Bowles, the merry-andrew of the House; and Jack How! and all under the generalship of Harley, the Speaker of the House, who had made friends from all discarded politicians and disappointed men, and had organized these materials to that fine point, by dinners, &c., that he was master of the House, the Whigs, and the throne.

This bill, important beyond most other bills, should not be passed over with a slight notice. No matter who were its authors or objects—no matter whether French or English—the bill passed; and, thanks to Torydom, there it remains!

It provided, first, "That the future sovereign should join in communion with the Church of England," which was the thrust at William's Dutch-Presbyterian-conventicle principles: this was High Church!

Secondly, "That, in the event of a foreigner succeeding to the throne, the nation should not be involved in a war for the defence of his foreign dominions without consent of Parliament." This was a blow at William again, the Whigs, and the Duke of Marlborough, who had certainly carried on the last war all over Europe, and, for

the most part, with English and Dutch funds, to the great dissatisfaction of the mass of the people of England, who had paid the cost ; but had not yet seen the result. This war was looked upon as a great Dutch job, carried on by William for his own private feelings, if not interests. This is what the people who had to pay thought ; though there might be politicians who might think that the French principles imported with Henrietta in Charles I.'s time, and again imported in the lifetime of his son, Charles II., along with the Duchess of Portsmouth, could not be thrown off at once without a great national effort, destruction and taxation.

The third provision was, "That the same consent should be necessary to his leaving the kingdom." This was a blow aimed at William again, for his retreating to Holland for quietness from the contentions of British politics.

The fourth provision was, "That all matters transacted in the Privy Council should be signed by those who advised them." This was a reproof to the ministers ; now in a minority in the Commons.

The fifth provision was, "That no person born out of the kingdom should be of the Privy Council, or a member of Parliament, or enjoy any office, or have grants of land from the crown." This was a lash at the friend and councillor of William, Bentinck, one of William's Dutch countrymen ; the same who was made the Duke of Portland.

The sixth provision was, "That no person enjoying place or pension from the crown should sit in the House of Commons." What a capital provision this for the protection of the liberties of England ! and what a pity such a provision should be repealed !—for it has been repealed—but yet it is never too late to mend our ways, and re-enact the provision again. I hope to see it ; but whether re-enacted by Palmerston or Disraeli I would not care one straw ; but re-enacted, by the blessing of God, it must be ; and, if possible, in our time.

The seventh provision enacted, "That the judges should hold their places during good behaviour." This would be an attack on some judge-appointment of William's ministry offensive to the Tories.

The eighth provision was, "That no pardon under the great seal should be pleadable to an impeachment of the Commons." This would be an attack on William; as interfering with his royal prerogative.

Such were the restrictions in the Bill of Settlement passed by the Parliament of 1701; and these restrictions on royalty were at the time considered so outrageous, that the greatest scarecrow in the House had to be chosen, after a three months' seeking-up, to find the requisite amount of face for the work.

Such is, and such has been, the groundwork and progress of British liberty and British constitution, from the time of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, to the present time. This revengeful bill—for such it really was—could not exhaust the vials of Tory wrath and spleen upon the fallen Whigs; therefore articles of impeachment were prepared against the Earls of Portland and Oxford, and Lords Somers and Halifax, the ministers, or, rather, some of them, for the share they had taken in the Partition Treaty.

This was, perhaps, the most factious and iniquitous proceeding that could have been adopted by any House of Commons; for these ministers only took such measures in the Partition Treaty as circumstances allowed them to take. Of two evils, they chose the less; for, in dividing Spain between France and Austria, they did better for Great Britain than by allowing either of these powers to seize the whole. I cannot conceive it possible for the ministry of William to have acted in any other way; for, if they had allowed Austria to possess the whole, the English Parliament would have censured such a preserving of the balance of power in Europe; and if France, already too powerful, had been allowed to take the whole, that never would have been sanctioned by the House of Commons; and if Great Britain and Holland had attempted to place some third party on the throne of Spain, so long as both France and Austria laid claim to that kingdom by right of succession, no sanction from either of these last-named parties could have been expected to such an arrangement; they being, each of them, the supposed heir to the kingdom. For this Partition Treaty, Lord Somers was tried by the Lords, and acquitted; and the other trials

were dismissed on the last day of the session. What a state of things! France had seized the whole Spanish kingdom, as a legacy left by the last King, and had returned such a majority in the House of Commons of Great Britain, by means of French gold being distributed as bribes among the electors, that four of the most honourable and talented men in the kingdom were impeached by the British House of Commons for restricting (by treaty) France to one half of the kingdom of Spain, instead of the whole of it.

Louis, with such a bought House of Commons, was enabled to place his grandson the Duke of Anjou on the throne of Spain: he did this unopposed, and by the means explained above. So long as the spendthrift Stuarts were on the throne of Great Britain, Louis the Fourteenth tampered with them; but when a man superior to Louis's money (William III.) occupied the British throne, then Louis was driven to other game—the freemen and potwallopers of England—for the corrupting the House of Commons; and so sapping William's power in his own capital. This tampering of Louis XIV. with English voters ought to have been a warning to British patriots through all time. It has not been such; but from this time may it become a matter for grave reflection to our legislators, when attempting to reform the House of Commons—may I add, by extending the electoral franchise as widely as possible; so as to make the electors too numerous to purchase?

Affairs being in a very unsettled state in the British Parliament, Louis took advantage of the circumstance to march a French army into Flanders, to take and hold those Spanish provinces for his grandson the Duke of Anjou; and now King of Spain through the late King's will; under pretence that no Spanish troops were ready for the service; and by these forces a considerable number of the Dutch garrisons had been taken prisoners of war; because Holland had not yet owned the grandson of Louis as King of Spain. The English Parliament just returned was full of Tories; and the English nation as full of French money—louis-d'ors and pistoles, the price paid to the electors for returning a House of Commons corrupt to the last degree; though, of course, not organized for any premeditated French support; but worthless in principle, and fit tools for

any service skilful leaders might put them to. But, as it happened, this pack of scoundrelism fell upon the Succession Bill; provided that Sophia Duchess Dowager of Hanover, grand-daughter of the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., should succeed to the throne on the death of the Princess Anne, daughter of James II.; and fortified that bill with such a string of provisions or restrictions as no patriots, however British, could have improved upon for the securing of British interests. Most of this happy legislation proceeded from malignant discontent in the breasts of the devoted supporters of the exiled family—a pack of rabblement for good; but all-powerful for mischief, especially if that mischief were likely to fall upon Dutch or Hanoverian heads. Well, in this state of things—no forces raised to protect the coasts; and no wish on the part of Parliament to allow money for the raising these troops to resist an invasion from France, which might take place at any time—something must be done by some one. By what means I know not, but the county of Kent was fully roused to a sense of its insecurity; even the ordinary farmers declaring at their markets, that they had sown their crops, and they expected the French would reap the harvest.

Whether De Foe had any hand in raising this panic is not known; but certainly he was always ready with his advice, and that always of a truly decisive character, for the King's benefit. De Foe did occasionally act confidentially in this and the following reign; but whether he and somebody else might devise the scheme and carry it out, never will be known; but certain it is that De Foe was intimately known to Colepeper, the principal actor in this scene of panic and confusion.

That a war with France was imminent—for it had already commenced in Flanders, and with Holland, our great Protestant ally—was clear, and yet no steps were taken in Great Britain to meet the threatened difficulty. All was panic and confusion on the coast of Kent; till the principal freeholders of the county brought the matter before the justices and grand jury, then assembled at the sessions at Maidstone, on the 29th of April. A petition to the House of Commons was at once resolved upon, drawn up with as little delay

as possible, and signed by the grand jury, the chairman of the sessions and twenty-three justices, and a large number of freeholders. This petition was then entrusted to the care of Mr. Colepeper, the chairman, for presentation to the House of Commons.

On the 6th of May, Mr. Colepeper arrived in London, accompanied by his relation, Thomas Colepeper, David Polhill, Justinian Champneys, and William Hamilton, Esquires, all gentlemen of family and consideration in the county; who volunteered for this service. On the following day they took their petition to the House of Commons, where they saw one of their county members, Sir Thomas Hales, who at once refused to present this petition to the House.

On this refusal they took the petition to the other county member, Mr. Meredith; who undertook to present it, if the violence of the House would allow of it; for the knowledge of this petition, its subject and spirit, had already produced some discussions or contentions, and was a matter of public conversation and censure, open and loud, among the members.

On the mere report of such a petition being in the House, a stormy debate of words and loud recrimination ensued; the whole bitterness and violence of which fell upon the King, and I suppose his Dutch Presbyterian partialities for war in Flanders against the French; the poor deputies from Maidstone were scarcely to be left alive; and a total confiscation of all their property was loudly insisted upon by several speakers, in the contention. But all this bluster and violence availed nothing in the way of intimidation. The petition should be presented to the House; for violence had prevented that step being taken already; in fact, an attempt was made by certain members to prevent the form of presentation. William Colepeper in particular vowed and protested that the petition should be presented to the House; and "that if none of the members would do their country so much service as to present their grievances to Parliament in a legal petition, they would knock at the door of the House, and deliver it themselves." On this fearless determination being persisted in, Mr. Meredith consented to present the petition; which he did on the 8th of May.

As intimidation availed nothing, cajolery was tried; but to as little

effect, for the petitioners were Kentish freeholders, and were prepared to throw themselves upon the laws of the land for protection.

This ever-celebrated petition from the county of Kent, of the 8th of May, 1701, ran as follows :—

“To the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses, in Parliament assembled,

“The humble Petition of the Gentlemen, Justices of the Peace, Grand Jury, and other Freeholders, at the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, holden at Maidstone, the 29th of April, in the thirteenth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, King William the Third, over England, &c. ;

“We, the Gentlemen, Justices of the Peace, Grand Jury, and other Freeholders, at the General Quarter Sessions at Maidstone, in Kent, deeply concerned at the dangerous estate of this kingdom and of all Europe, and considering that the fate of us and our posterity depends upon the wisdom of our representatives in Parliament, think ourselves bound in duty humbly to lay before this Honourable House the consequences, in this conjuncture, of your speedy resolutions and most sincere endeavours to answer the great trust reposed in you by your country. And in regard that, from the experience of all ages, it is manifest no nation can be happy without union, we hope that no pretence whatsoever shall be able to create a misunderstanding between ourselves, or the least distrust of his Majesty ; whose great actions for this nation are writ in the hearts of his subjects, and can never, without the blackest ingratitude, be forgot.

“We most humbly implore this Honourable House to have regard to the voice of the people, that our religion and safety may be effectually provided for ; that your loyal addresses may be turned into bills of supply ; and that his most sacred Majesty (whose propitious and unblemished reign over us we pray God long to continue) may be enabled powerfully to assist his allies before it be too late. And your petitioners shall ever pray, &c.”

(Signed by all the Deputy Lieutenants then present, above twenty Justices of the Peace, all the Grand Jury, and other Freeholders then there.)

This petition, so truthful, so full of gratitude to the best and most patriotic of kings, and so full of reproof to the members of the British House of Commons, excited, on its being read to the House, the greatest rage and hostility to the petitioners, and to the five deputies who had been sent up to London to represent the county at the bar of the House, if necessary.

The five deputies were ordered to appear at the bar of the House. They did so; and were addressed by the Speaker (Harley) in a haughty, imperious tone, and then ordered to withdraw for the present. This was done; and contention fell into order, and a debate of five hours was the consequence; the whole violence of which, as before, fell upon the head of the best and most patriotic of kings, William III., of glorious memory, and his Dutch Presbyterian allies.

Intimidation and cajolery were again attempted, in private, with the five deputies, but to no purpose; they being determined, as Kentish freeholders, to throw themselves upon the law of the land for protection, regardless alike to either threats or promises. On the close of this ever-memorable debate, the Commons voted, "That the petition was scandalous, insolent, and seditious; tending to destroy the constitution of Parliament, and subvert the established government of this realm."

The five deputies were then taken into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms, from whom they received violent, haughty, and insolent treatment; and were debarred the use of such necessities or conveniences as they, county gentlemen, magistrates, deputy lieutenants of the county of Kent, had a right to expect. In this man's custody they remained till the 13th of May, when he (contrary to the Habeas Corpus Act), by an order of the House of Commons and Speaker's warrant, delivered them prisoners to his Majesty's prison at the Gate-house. What a pity! that men, bedecked with the livery of the House of Commons, waiting-men, porters, constables, and valets, cannot be kept within the ordinary bounds of common civility; but must so emulate the folly of the poor imbecile frog—blow itself out to a bursting point—because a bullock happened to be feeding in an adjoining pasture. Poor De Foe was fond of

quoting *Æsop's Fables*; and that of the swimming apples was a great favourite with him.

At the Gate-house Prison they were placed under the custody of Captain Taylor, a man possessed of the feelings and sympathies of a gentleman; a perfect contrast to the man-in-office of the House of Commons; and from him they received every kindness and accommodation which lay in his power to afford. What a contrast!—pomposity of office on the one hand, and the urbanity of the gentleman on the other.

Besides all this imprisonment and barbarous treatment, the House of Commons addressed his Majesty, to put out of the commission of the peace and the lieutenancy of the county of Kent these five deputies or bearers of the Kentish petition. This tyrannical proceeding of the House of Commons raised throughout the country the question of right of arrest by the House. The prisoners were visited by large numbers of distinguished patriots; and, from private Kentish gentlemen, they soon found themselves elevated into British martyrs and patriots. Their likenesses were engraved and circulated through the country; verses were written and sung as ballads in their praise in the streets; and even Nahum Tate, the poet-laureate, was ordered to write a laudatory poem, entitled the *Kentish Worthies*; plainly indicating that the court sympathized with the prisoners.

No sooner had the Kentish petitioners been committed prisoners to the Gate-house, than another incident occurred to strengthen the current of political agitation then raging through the land; and this was, that as the Speaker of the House of Commons was entering the House, a woman in the street, and near the door, presented to him a paper, letter, or small parcel, which he received at the woman's hands, and passed on, without his paying such particular attention to her dress, stature, features, or general personal appearance, as to enable him to recognize her again, or lead to her recognition and apprehension. It was a memorial from 200,000 Englishmen, addressed to the House of Commons, enclosed in a note to the Speaker himself, and threatening him with serious consequences, if he did not present the memorial as directed; for the people had a right

to present petitions to the House through the Speaker; and that they, numerous as they were, could have presented the memorial themselves had they not been afraid of tumult, and embroiling their country in disorder.

This memorial was presented to the House as directed, and of course created a serious sensation; and Oldmixon, the historian, affirmed, in his detracting journal of the day, that Foe, the hosier, was the author; but it was very fortunate for De Foe that this Oldmixon was so constantly walking on the boundary line of truth, that his word went for nothing; which might be one reason why De Foe was not at once arrested as the author, by the redoubted serjeant-at-arms of the imperious Commons.

This memorial to the House of Commons ran thus:—

“Gentlemen,—It were to be wished you were men of that temper, and possessed of so much honour, as to bear with the truth, though it be against you; especially from us, who have so much right to tell it you. But since even petitions to you from your masters (for such are the people who chose you) are so haughtily received, as with the committing the authors to illegal custody, you must give us leave to give you this fair notice of your misbehaviour, without exposing our names. If you think fit to rectify your error, you will do well, and possibly may hear no more of us; but if not, assure yourselves the nation will not long hide their resentment. And, though there are no stated proceedings to bring you to your duty, yet the great law of reason says, and all nations allow, that whatever power is above law is burthensome and tyrannical, and may be reduced by extra-judicial methods. You are not above the people’s resentment. They that made you members may reduce you to the same rank from whence they chose you, and may give you a taste of their abused kindness, in terms you may not be pleased with.

“When the people of England, assembled in convention, presented the crown to his present Majesty, they annexed a declaration of the rights of the people; in which was expressed, what was illegal and arbitrary in the former reign, and was claimed as of right to be done by succeeding kings of England. In like manner, here follows,

gentlemen, a short abridgment of the nation's grievances, and of your illegal and unwarrantable practices ; and a claim of right which we make in the name of ourselves, and such of the good people of England as are justly alarmed at your proceedings.

"1. To raise funds of money, and declare by borrowing clauses, that whosoever advances money on those funds shall be reimbursed out of the next aid, if the funds fall short ; and then give subsequent funds, without transferring the deficiency of the former, is a horrible cheat on the subject who lent the money, a breach of public faith, and destructive to the honour and credit of Parliaments.

"2. To imprison men who are not your own members, by no proceedings but a vote of the House, and to continue them in custody *sine die*, is illegal ; a notorious breach of the liberty of the people ; setting up a dispensing power in the House of Commons, which your fathers never pretended to ; bidding defiance to the *Habeas Corpus* Act, which is the bulwark of personal liberty ; destructive of the laws, and betraying the trust reposed in you ; the King, at the same time, being obliged to ask your leave to continue in custody the horrid assassins of his person.

"3. Committing to custody those gentlemen, who, at the command of the people (whose servants you are), did, in a peaceable way, put you in mind of your duty, is illegal and injurious ; destructive of the subject's right of petitioning for redress of grievances which has, by all Parliaments before you, been acknowledged to be their undoubted right.

"4. Your voting a petition from the gentlemen of Kent insolent, is ridiculous and impertinent, because the freeholders of England are your superiors ; and is a contradiction in itself, and a contempt of the English freedom, and contrary to the nature of parliamentary power.

"5. Voting people guilty of bribery and ill practices, and committing them, as aforesaid, without bail, and then, upon submission and kneeling to your House, discharging them, exacting exorbitant fees by your officers, is illegal ; betraying the justice of the nation, selling the liberty of the subject, encouraging the extortion and villany of gaolers and officers, and discontinuing the legal prosecution of offenders in the ordinary course of law.

“ 6. Prosecuting the crime of bribery in some, to serve a party, and then proceed no further, though proof lay before you, is partial and unjust, and a scandal upon the honour of Parliaments.

“ 7. Voting the Treaty of Partition fatal to Europe, because it gave so much of the Spanish dominions to the French, and not concerning yourselves to prevent their taking possession of it all; deserting the Dutch when the French are at their doors, till it be almost too late to help them; is unjust to our treaties, and unkind to our confederates, dishonourable to the English nation, and shews you very negligent of the safety of England, and of our Protestant neighbours.

“ 8. Ordering immediate hearings to trifling petitions, to please parties in elections; and postponing the petition of a widow for the blood of her murdered daughter without giving it a reading; is an illegal delay of justice, and dishonourable to the public justice of the nation.

“ 9. Addressing the King to displace his friends upon bare surmises, before a legal trial, or article proved, is illegal, and inverting the laws, and making execution go before judgment; contrary to the true sense of the law, which esteems every man a good man till something appears to the contrary.

“ 10. Delaying the proceedings upon capital impeachments, to blast the reputation of the persons, without proving the fact, is illegal and oppressive, destructive of the liberty of Englishmen, a delay of justice, and a reproach of Parliaments.

“ 11. Suffering saucy and indecent reproaches upon his Majesty's person to be publicly made in your House, particularly by that impudent scandal of Parliaments, John Howe, without shewing such resentments as you ought to do; the said John Howe saying openly, ‘ that his Majesty had made a felonious treaty to rob his neighbours;’ insinuating that the Partition Treaty (which was every way as just as blowing up one man's house to save another's) was a combination to rob the King of Spain of his due. This is making a Billingsgate of the House, and setting up to bully your sovereign, contrary to the intent and meaning of that freedom of speech, which you

claim as a right, is scandalous to Parliaments, undutiful and unmanly, and a reproach to the whole nation.

“12. Your Speaker exacting the exorbitant rate of £10 *per diem* for the votes, and giving the printer encouragement to raise it on the people by selling them at fourpence per sheet, is illegal and arbitrary exaction, dishonourable to the House, and burthensome to the people.

“13. Neglecting still to pay the nation’s debts, compounding for interest, and postponing petitions, is illegal, dishonourable, and destructive of the public faith.

“14. Publicly neglecting the great work of reformation of manners, though often pressed to it by the King, to the great dishonour of God and encouragement of vice, is a neglect of your duty, and an abuse of the trust reposed in you by God, his Majesty, and the people.

“15. Being scandalously wicked yourselves, both in your morals and religion; lewd in life and erroneous in doctrine; having public blasphemers and impudent deniers of the divinity of our Saviour amongst you, and suffering them, unreprieved and unpunished, to the infinite regret of all good Christians, and the just abhorrence of the whole nation.

“Wherefore, in the said prospect of the impending ruin of our native country, while Parliaments (which ought to be the security and defence of our laws and constitution) betray their trust and abuse the people whom they should protect; and no other way being left us but that force which we are very loath to make use of; that posterity may know we did not insensibly fall under the tyranny of a prevailing party, we do hereby claim and declare:—

“1. That it is the undoubted right of the people of England, in case their representatives in Parliament do not proceed according to their duty and the people’s interest, to inform them of their dislike, disown their actions, and direct them to such things as they think fit, either by petition, address, proposal, memorial, or any other peaceable way.

“2. That the House of Commons, separately, and otherwise than by bill legally passed into an act, have no legal power to suspend or dispense with the laws of the land, any more than the King has by his prerogative.

“3. That the House of Commons has no legal power to imprison any person, or commit them to the custody of serjeants or otherwise (their own members excepted), but ought to address the King, to cause any person on good grounds to be apprehended; which person, so apprehended, ought to have the benefit of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and be fairly brought to trial by due course of law.

“That if the House of Commons, in breach of the laws and liberties of the people, do betray the trust reposed in them, and act negligently, or arbitrarily and illegally, it is the undoubted right of the people of England to call them to an account for the same, and by convention, assembly, or force, may proceed against them as traitors and betrayers of their country.

“These things we think proper to declare as the unquestioned right of the people of England, whom you serve, and in pursuance of that right (avoiding the ceremony of petitioning our inferiors, for such you are by your present circumstances, as the person sent is less than the sender), we do publicly protest against all your aforesaid illegal actions, and in the name of ourselves, and of all the good people of England, do require and demand:—

“1. That all the public just debts of the nation be forthwith paid and discharged.

“2. That all persons illegally imprisoned, as aforesaid, be either immediately discharged, or admitted to bail, as by law they ought to be, and the liberty of the subject recognized and restored.

“3. That John Howe aforesaid be obliged to ask his Majesty's pardon for his vile reflections, or be immediately expelled the House.

“4. That the growing power of France be taken into consideration, the succession of the Emperor to the crown of Spain supported, our Protestant neighbours protected, as the interest of England and the Protestant religion requires.

“5. That the French King be obliged to quit Flanders, or his Majesty be addressed to declare war against him.

“6. That suitable supplies be granted to his Majesty for the putting all these necessary things in execution, and that care be

taken that such taxes as are raised may be more equally assessed and collected, and scandalous deficiencies prevented.

“ 7. That the thanks of this House be given to those gentlemen who so gallantly appeared in the behalf of their country with the Kentish petition, and have been so scandalously used for it.

“ Thus, gentlemen, you have your duty laid before you, which 'tis hoped you will think of; but, if you continue to neglect it, you may expect to be treated according to the resentment of an injured nation; for Englishmen are no more to be slaves to Parliament than to kings.

“ Our name is Legion, for we are many.

“ *Postscript.*—If you require to have this memorial signed with our names, it shall be done on your first order, and personally presented.”

On referring to Hume's *History of England* for more particulars on this memorial, I find nothing but the following scanty notice of so important a document—this Legion Memorial:—“The Commons were equally provoked and intimidated by this libel, which was the production of one Daniel De Foe, a scurrilous party writer in very little estimation.” This is history of England! copied no doubt from Oldmixon, the historian of England, and detractor of Daniel De Foe, the patriot. When Hume wrote history second-hand from Oldmixon's volumes, he little thought that his own *History of England*, then collecting from such authorities, would stink in the nostrils of all God-seeking and God-loving people, because it was the work of a dangerous man, an infidel! Why! a section headed *Pluralities in the Church of England dispassionately considered*, would hand down a writer as a son of Belial for fifteen British generations. Oh! Do you read him? he is an infidel! Yes! an infidel! “*Do the duty in one parish, and receive the emoluments of two,*” would blast the memory of a writer, not only through the generations of all time, but also of all eternity. Such is history, when that history happens to touch upon the supposed vested privileges, rights, or customs of an established endowed priesthood.

These stormy wrangles or debates in the Commons, numerous and protracted, afforded nothing but a violent altercation between

Sir William Strickland, probably member for Yorkshire at the time, and the audacious ruffian before mentioned, Jack Howe, who declared "that William III. had made a felonious treaty to rob his neighbours."

On the close of the session, June 24, the five Kentish petitioners were legally discharged, and on their discharge accepted a public invitation to a public entertainment at Mercers' Hall, Cheapside; where upwards of two hundred guests of the first respectability, as ex-lord mayors, sheriffs, &c., connected with the corporation of the city of London, as well as individuals connected with the highest and most patriotic families in the land, sat down to a noble entertainment or dinner. Of course the Tories had their scouts looking out for disasters at this revolutionary banquet, and Oldmixon and other paid scribes were ready to report such disasters in their trashy journals of the following week.

All went off well, and nothing worthy of record occurred during the evening to wound the sensitive nerves of rascaldom; for such was, emphatically, the quality of the opposition party in the country at that time; excepting the fact that Daniel De Foe was placed at table next the petitioners, the especial guests of the evening, as an invited guest of the citizens of London. He alone, the author of the *Legion Letter*, was thought worthy of public notice by these lampooners; one of whom described him as acting as their secretary of state for the evening, and as appearing so delighted with the revolutionary movement, "that one might have read the downfall of Parliaments in his very countenance."

A scurrilous, unscrupulous, and unprincipled writer is a great assistance on such a point as this; for by his raking among the rubbish of events, to fish for scandal and food for detraction, De Foe is thrown upon the surface just where his best friends and greatest admirers would wish to find him on this very memorable occasion. De Foe's share in the Monmouth invasion is rejected by me as improbable, for want of this Oldmixon sort of evidence, to support the fact at the time with venom and malignity. If L'Estrange, Ned Ward, Tom Browne, or Oldmixon, had at the time affirmed that Foe, the hosier, was a captain or general in Monmouth's force, I should

have rejoiced to record the fact. Here, Daniel De Foe was certainly mixed up with the Kentish petitioners, and was acknowledged as one of the party on the 24th day of June, 1701, when he was invited by the citizens of London, along with them, to a public dinner at Mercers' Hall, in Cheapside; and thanks to Oldmixon or Lesley for the information. Lampooning was the order of the day; and Daniel De Foe was the chief object of attack, along with the Kentish petitioners, William III., Lord Somers, the Earl of Halifax, the Earl of Orford, and the Earl of Portland, four of the late ministry; with all and every man or thing honest and illustrious in the United Kingdom.

But to return to the dinner party at Mercers' Hall, which had been such an important affair as to bring together as many lookers-on and street-followers as a lord mayor's show; for the petitioners had been escorted in triumph from the gaol of Newgate, through the streets of London, cheered by the acclamations of exulting thousands; and, as the party had to return to their own homes in Kent, the citizens offered to accompany them in procession out of the town, which would be over London Bridge and through the Borough. But this honour was prudently declined, from fear of tumult; therefore the party returned some miles by water; their carriages having been sent away empty. But all these precautions availed nothing, for the populace would turn out wherever there was a chance of obtaining a sight of the petitioners; the first opportunity for which occurring at Blackheath, where Mr. Polhill, one of the five, having to take a different route to the rest to reach his house at Otford, was met by five hundred horsemen, who surrounded his coach with shouts of joy, as a testimony of their satisfaction at his return amongst them, and escorted him home in triumph. The other gentlemen proceeded to Rochester, where they were met by the mayor and half the county. From Rochester they proceeded to Maidstone, where the population came out to welcome them; some in coaches, some on horseback, and many on foot. In this grand county procession, flowers were strewed in the way, the church bells were rung, and such rejoicings were manifested as had not been seen or known in Kent since the restoration of Charles II.

Publications swarmed on all hands; and amongst the first appeared the *History of the Kentish Petition*, which Oldmixon proclaimed to the world as coming from the ready pen of Daniel De Foe.¹

This was truly a period of great national political excitement, partly from the death of James II., when his son was acknowledged King of England by the French court, and, consequently, the Spanish court—for these two were as one in respect to all European political matters—and partly on account of De Foe's *Legion Memorial*; which brought into existence a host of pamphlets and ballads of all qualities, though many of these Tory productions were, according to Bishop Burnet, very poorly written.²

The next effort of De Foe's pen was on the war with France, a work entitled *Reasons against a War with France; or, an Argument shewing that the French King's Owning the Prince of Wales as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, is no sufficient Ground of War*. This tract was justly considered at the time to be one of the finest productions of the pen that ever appeared in the English language—fine, because true to the letter; and useful as a guide to

¹ Then appeared *Jura Populi Anglicani; or, the Subject's Right of Petitioning set forth, with some Thoughts on the Reasons which induced those Gentlemen to Petition, and of the Commons' Right of Imprisoning*; and from the legal knowledge displayed, and the amount of high education brought to bear on the subject, it was generally allowed to be the production of one of the most accomplished gentlemen and scholars in England—Lord Somers, one of the impeached ministers. After going into the power of the House of Commons, the right of subjects to petition, and the reasons influencing the county of Kent to petition, he takes a survey of Whig and Tory, and compares these with the ruling party in the House of Commons, such as was never seen before; for “in this party are all those whom either the love of money, or of the St. Germain family (the Pretender's), or Popery, has reconciled to the French interest;” and he believes, as was the general belief in the kingdom at the time, that Louis XIV. had used French money to turn the English elections; for this Parliament was neither Whig nor Tory, but French. A French Parliament sitting in Westminster, obtained by bribery and corruption among the electors!

² This *Legion Memorial* was attacked in its turn by an author in *England's Enemies Exposed, and its true Friends and Patriots Defended, by a True Englishman*; and this author was again attacked in the Preface of the *Present Disposition of England Considered*.

The author of *Jura Populi Anglicani* (Lord Somers) defends *Legion Memorial*, and pays a very high compliment to him—a trifling set-off to Pope, Swift, Drake, Oldmixon, L'Estrange, Hume, John How the minister, Ned Ward, Thomas Browne, and others.

the British public in this time of want of public principle. Many of his writings at this time never came before the public eye; but were written expressly for William III., as state papers on carrying on any Spanish war, rather in the West Indies, or even on the continent of America, than in Europe. De Foe had certain fixed notions on seizing the Spanish-bullion fleets before they had left the West-Indian waters; for he always maintained that American silver and other produce were the real means of carrying on the war, both by France and Spain.

The next production from the ready pen of De Foe came out at this time, as a support of the *Kentish Petition* and *Legion Memorial*, a very useful tract of thirty pages, with two prefaces—one to the King and the other to the Lords and Commons. I cannot pretend to do justice to this very valuable production in a few scattered extracts, which I may have taken at random; but if those extracts should be spun out to an undue length, may I ask pardon for the transgression, on the ground that the pamphlet is one of the most valuable now extant in the English language, on the subject of the *Original Power of the Collective Body of the People of England*? We live in such an age of whining cant and Jerry-Sneak, that if I should transgress the bounds of an ordinary quotation, provided I make the best selections in my power of a work truly good, may I be pardoned?

I will now quote from the Preface to the King:—

“Your Majesty knows too well the nature of government, to think it at all less honourable, or the more precarious, for being devolved from, and centred in, the consent of your people.

“The pretence of patriarchal authority, had it really an uninterrupted succession, can never be supported against the demonstrated practice of all nations; but being also divested of the chief support it might have had, if that succession could have been proved, the authority of governors *jure divino* has sunk ignominiously to the ground as a preposterous and inconsistent forgery.

“And yet, if *vox populi* be, as 'tis generally allowed, *vox Dei*, your Majesty's right to these kingdoms *jure divino* is more plain than any of your predecessors.

“How vain are the attempts of a neighbouring Prince to nurse up a *contemptible impostor*, upon the pretence of forming a claim on the foundation of but a pretended succession, against the consent of the general suffrage of the nation !

“To what purpose shall all the proofs of his legitimacy be, *supposing it could be made out*, when the universal voice of the people, already expressed in enacted laws, shall answer, ‘ We will not have this man to reign over us ’ ? ”

From the Preface to the Lords and Commons, I will take some extracts, as follows :—

“ You [the Lords] sit in Parliament as a branch of our constitution being part of the collective body, representing no body but yourselves ; and as a testimony that the original of all power centres in the whole.

“ The rest of the freeholders have originally a right to sit there with you ; but being too numerous a body, they have long since agreed, that whenever the King thinks fit to advise with his people, they will choose a certain few out of their great body to meet together with your Lordships.

“ Here, in short, is the original of Parliaments ; and here, if power at any time meets with a cess—if government and thrones become vacant—to this original all power of course returns. This is the happy centre in the great circle of politic order.

“ From hence, at the late Revolution, when the King deserted his administration, and his present Majesty was in arms in England, nature directed the people to have recourse to your Lordships, and to desire your appearance as the heads of the great collective body ; and all the champions for the great arguments of divine right could not in that exigence have recourse to one precedent, nor to one rule of proceeding, but what nature would have dictated to the meanest judgment, viz., that the nation being left without a governor, the proprietors should meet to consider of another.

“ And you, gentlemen of the House of Commons, who are the representatives of your country, you are this great collective body in miniature ; you are an abridgment of the many volumes of the English nation.

“To you they have trusted, jointly with the King and the Lords, the power of making laws, raising taxes, and impeaching criminals. But how? ’Tis in the name of all the Commons of England, whose representatives you are.

“All your power is yours, as you are a full and free representative. I nowhere attempt to prove what POWERS you have not; possibly the extent of your legal authority was never fully understood, nor have you ever thought fit to explain it. But this I may be bold to advance, that whatever POWERS you have, or may have, you cannot exercise but in the name of the COMMONS OF ENGLAND, and you enjoy them as their representative, and for their use.

“All this is not said to lessen your authority; nor can it be the interest of any ENGLISH FREEHOLDER to lessen the authority of the COMMONS assembled in PARLIAMENT.

“You are the conservators of our liberties, the expositors of our laws, the levyers of our taxes, and the redressors of our grievances, the King’s best counsellors, and the people’s last refuge.

“But if you are dissolved, for you are not immortal; or if you are deceived, for you are not infallible; ’twas never yet supposed, till very lately, that all POWER dies with you.

“You may die, but the people remain; you may be dissolved, and all immediate right may cease; power may have its intervals, and crowns their INTERREGNUMS; but original power endures to the same eternity the world endures to. And while there is people, there may be a legal authority delegated, though all succession of substituted power were at an end.

“Nor have I advanced any new doctrine, nothing but what is as ancient as nature, and born into the world with our reason; and I think it would be a sin against the PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND to suggest, that they would be offended either with the doctrine or the author, since ’tis what their own authority is built upon, and what the LAWS OF ENGLAND have given their assent unto, by confirming the acts of the last COLLECTIVE BODY of the people, from whence the present settlement of the nation does derive.

“Wherefore I make no apology for protection or favour as to the fact; as to language, I am ready to ask pardon if I offend, declaring

my intention is neither for nor against either person or party. As there is but ONE INTEREST in the nation, I wish there were but ONE PARTY, and that party would adhere to unbiassed justice, and pursue the honour and interest of the PROTESTANT RELIGION and the ENGLISH LIBERTY."

Having done with the Preface, we will now turn our attention to the work itself, and give as short extracts as bare justice to this valuable work will allow.

"The defence of the rights of the representative body of the people, understood by the name of the Commons of England in Parliament, is a great point; and so plain are their rights that 'tis no extraordinary task to defend them. But for any man to advance that they are so august an assembly that no objection ought to be made to their actions, nor no reflection upon their conduct, though the fact be true; and that it is not to be examined whether the thing said be true, but what authority the person speaking has to say it, is a doctrine wholly new, and seems to me to be a badge of more slavery to our own representatives than ever the people of England owes them, or than ever they themselves expected.

"This, therefore, together with some invasions of the people's rights made public by several modern authors, are the reasons why I have adventured, being wholly disinterested and unconcerned either for persons or parties, to make a short essay at declaring the rights of the people of England, not representatively but collectively considered. And with due deference to the representative body of the nation, I hope I may say, it can be no diminution of their rights to assert the rights of that body from whom they derive the powers and privileges of their House, and which are the very foundation of their being. For if the original right of the people be overthrown, the power of the representative, which is subsequent and subordinate, must die of itself. To come directly to what I design in the following papers, 'tis necessary to lay down some maxims other than what a late author has furnished us with.

"1. *Salus populi suprema lex*.—All government, and consequently our whole constitution, was originally designed, and is maintained, for the support of the people's property, who are the governed.

“2. That all the members of government—whether King, Lords, or Commons—if they invert the great end of their institution, the public good, cease to be in the same public capacity—

And power retreats to its original.

“3. That no collective or representative body of men whatsoever, in matters of politicks any more than religion, are, or ever have been, infallible.

“4. That reason is the test and touchstone of laws; and that all law or power that is contradictory to reason is, *ipso facto*, void in itself, and ought not to be obeyed.”

These four generals run through the whole discourse. Some other maxims less general are the consequence of these, as:—

“First, That such laws as are agreeable to reason and justice, being once made, are binding, both to King, Lords, and Commons, either separately or conjunctively, till they are actually repealed in due form.

“That if either of the three powers do dispense with, suspend, or otherwise break any of the known laws so made, they injure the constitution; and the person so acting, ought to be restrained by the other powers not concurring, according to what is lately allowed—*that every branch of power is designed as a check upon each other.*

“The good of the people governed is the end of all government, and the reason and original of governors; and upon this foundation it is that it has been the practice of all nations, and of this in particular, that if the maladministration of governors have extended to tyranny and oppression, to the destruction and abusing the people, the people have thought it lawful to reassume the right of government in their own hands, and to reduce their governors to reason.

“The present happy restoring of our liberty and constitution is owing to this fundamental maxim,—

That Kings, when they descend to tyranny,
Dissolve the bond, and leave the subject free.

“If the people are justifiable in this procedure against the King, I hope I shall not be censured if I say, that if any one should ask me whether they have not the same right, in the same cases, against

any of the three heads of the constitution, I dare not answer in the negative.

“I may be allowed to suppose anything which is possible; and I will, therefore, venture to suppose, that in the late King’s reign, the House of Commons, then sitting, had voted the restoration of Popery in England, in compliance with the King’s inclination, I doubt not but it had been lawful for the grand juries, justices of the peace, and freeholders of any county, or of every county, to have petitioned the House of Commons not to proceed in giving up their religion and laws. And in case of refusal there, they might petition the House of Lords not to have passed such a bill; and in case of refusal there, they might petition the King, and put him in mind of his coronation engagement; and in case of refusal to that petition, they might petition the King to dissolve the Parliament, or otherwise to protect their liberties and religion.

“And if all these peaceable applications failed, I doubt not but they might associate for their mutual defence against any invasion of their liberties and religion, and apply themselves to any neighbouring power or potentate for assistance and protection.

“If this be not true, I can give but a slender account of our late Revolution, which, nevertheless, I think to be founded upon the exact principles of reason and justice. What are the different terms which statesmen turn so often into fine words to serve their ends; as—reason of state, public good, the commonwealth, the English constitution, the government, the laws of England, the liberties of England, the fleets, the armies, the militia of England, the trade, the manufactures of England? All are but several terms drawn from, and reducible to, the great term—the People of England. That’s the general, which contains all the particulars, and which had all power, before any of the particulars had a being; and from this consideration it is, that some who yet would be opposers of this doctrine, say, when it serves their turn, that all the great offices which have the title of England annexed to them, ought to be nominated and approved by the people of England, as the High Chancellor of England, High Admiral of England, and the like.

“The power vested in the three heads of our constitution is

vested in them by the people of England; who were a people before there was such a thing as a constitution.

“And the nature of the thing is the reason of the thing; it was vested in them by the people, because the people were the only original of their power, being the only power prior to the constitution.

“For the public good of the people, a constitution and government was originally formed; from the mutual consent of these people, the powers and authorities of this constitution are derived; and for the preservation of this constitution, and enabling it to answer the ends of its institution, in the best manner possible, those powers were divided.

“The second maxim is a rational natural consequence of the former: that at the final, casual, or any other determination of this constitution, the powers are dissolved; and all authority must derive *de novo* from the first fountain, original, and cause of all constitutions—the governed.

“Now, it cannot be supposed this original fountain should give up all its waters, but that it reserves a power of supplying the streams; nor have the streams any power to turn back upon the fountain, and invert its own original. All such motions are eccentric and unnatural.

“There must always remain a supreme power in the original to supply, in case of the dissolution of delegated power.

“The people of England have delegated all the executive power in the King; the legislative in the King, Lords, and Commons; the sovereign judicature in the Lords; the remainder is reserved in themselves, and not committed; no, not to their representatives. All powers delegated are to one great end and purpose, and no other; and that is the public good. If either, or all the branches to whom this power is delegated, invert the design, the end of their power, the right they have to that power ceases; and they become tyrants and usurpers of a power they have no right to.

“The instance has been visible as to kings in our days; and history is full of precedents in all ages and in all nations; particularly in Spain, in Portugal, in Sweden, in France, and in Poland.

“But in England the late revolution is a particular instance of the exercise of this power.

“King James, on the approach of a foreign army, and the general recourse of the people to arms, fled out of the kingdom. What must the people of England do?

“They had no reason to run after him; there was nobody to call a parliament; so the constitution was entirely dissolved.

“The original of power, the people, assembled in convention, to consider of delegating new powers for their future government, and accordingly made a new settlement of the crown, a new declaration of right, and a new representative of the people; and what if I should say they ought to have given a new sanction to all precedent laws?

“Nor can I be sensible of offending, if I say that 'tis possible for even a House of Commons to be in the wrong. 'Tis possible for a House of Commons to be misled by factions and parties; 'tis possible for them to be bribed by pensions and places; and by either of these extremes to betray their trust, and abuse the people who entrust them; and, if people should have no redress in such a case, then would the nation be in the hazard of being ruined by their own representatives. And 'tis a wonder to find it asserted, in a certain treatise, that it is not to be supposed that even the House of Commons can injure the people who entrust them. There can be no better way to demonstrate the possibility of a thing, than by proving that it has been already.

“And we need go no further back than to the reign of King Charles II., in which we have seen lists of 180 members who received private pensions from the court; and if anybody shall ask whether that Parliament preserved the balance of power in the three branches of our constitution, in the due distribution some have mentioned, I am not afraid to answer in the negative.

“And why, even to this day, are gentlemen so fond of spending their estates to sit in that House, that ten thousand pounds have been spent at a time, to be chosen; and, now that way of procuring elections is at an end, private briberies and clandestine contrivances are made use of to get into the House? No man would give a groat

to sit where he cannot get a groat honestly for sitting, unless there were either parties to gratify, profits to be made, or interest to support.

“If it be but possible, it is not reasonable, the liberty and safety of England should be exposed even to a possibility of disaster; and therefore reason and justice allow, that when all delegated powers fail or expire; when governors devour the people they should protect; and when Parliaments—if ever that unhappy time shall come again—should be either destroyed, or, which is as bad, be corrupted, and betray the people they represent; the people themselves, who are the original of all delegated power, have an undoubted right to defend their lives, liberties, properties, religion, and laws, against all manner of invasion or treachery, be it foreign or domestick; the constitution is dissolved, and the laws of Nature and reason, act of course, according to the following system of government:—

“The government’s ungirt when Justice dies,
And constitutions are nonentities;
The nation’s all a mob; there’s no such thing
As Lords and Commons, Parliament, or King.
A great promiscuous crowd the hydra lies,
Till laws revive, and mutual contract ties.
A chaos free to choose for their own share,
What case of government they please to wear.
If to a King they do the reins commit,
All men are bound in conscience to submit.
But then the King must by his oath assent
To postulates of the government:
Which, if he break, he cuts off the entail,
And power retreats to its original.”

Poor James II., after living a life of exile and contempt for twelve years, died at St. Germain, near Paris, Sept. 16, 1701, in the 68th year of his age: a man possessing all the cold phlegmatic disposition of his father, with the priest-ridden malignity of the mother. James II., a bigoted monk, dead, and his son James acknowledged as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by Louis XIV. of France, which induced William III. to declare war against France—

a project in which he was heartily supported by his people ; aroused to a sense of the indignity offered to him by a foreign power, anxious at all hazards to keep up the old predominant influence at the Court of St. James's, by any tool, however mean, poor, or contemptible. De Foe, anxious to strengthen the English interest on this opening prospect of better times (when James, the acknowledged King of the Jacobites of England, was dead, and they, freed by that death from the obligation imposed upon their consciences by their oaths of allegiance ; a great hindrance to their acknowledging William as their king, and an inducement to throw all their weight into the French scale ; the French King being altogether the protector and supporter of the exiled family, so nearly connected with himself by relationship and similarity of interest, religious as well as political, the one being Roman Catholic, and the other anti-Dutch, or anti-liberal), wrote his pamphlet, entitled *The Present State of Jacobitism Considered, in two Queries*—1. *What Measures the French King will take with respect to the Person and Title of the P. P. of Wales ?* 2. *What the Jacobites in England ought to do on the same account ?* Lond. 1701.

We have seen before that the House of Commons was bought up with French gold, and altogether devoted to French interests ; this was not the class which De Foe was attempting to persuade into English principles, because they were beyond the powers of persuasion by pamphlet reading. Such degraded tools as these read no pamphlets ; they read nothing but orders for French pensions or French rewards : they were paid tools and servants of France, hired into the English House of Commons to do French work there ; and it was in opposition to this French party that De Foe wrote the above-named pamphlet, to the old gentry or squirarchy of England ; who were honestly the only true supporters of the house of Stuart, through all their troubles and misfortunes. This party was numerous in England, and as respectable as numerous ; scattered through the land in the old baronial retreats of the olden gentry ; a class who stuck to their old religion, with their old halls, their old tenantry, their old servants, hounds, and horses ; with the old patronage of the village feast, with the May-pole anniversaries, Christmas

revelry, and the like: a class venerable on their own estates, and influential there, and in their several counties, at quarter session, assize, race, or cock-fighting gatherings; according to their several dispositions for urbanity or otherwise, and the extent of their estates; where they for the most part resided, and kept up the festivities of fine old English gentlemen.

This was the Jacobite party in England in the reign of William III., and to this party De Foe now addressed himself; for, their old sovereign James II. being dead, they were freed from their oaths of allegiance to him. To these men De Foe addressed himself; for them he wrote his pamphlet, but wrote to little purpose; for they were so fortified with old family associations in county and borough, and religious associations too, three generations deep; so full of old prejudice and old respectability, and old fusty pride; that he might as well have addressed the nether millstone of scripture (the lower thicker stone on which the quern or handmill of India, Palestine, and Carthage, was turned) as have addressed them. As for pamphlets, they read few of them; and as for Foe the author, if Daniel's name ever appeared on the surface of their book-shelves—who was he? He was not Tusser on Husbandry, nor yet Gervase Markham, nor Froissart—who was he? Was he one of the quorum, whose evidence was worth accepting?

Upon this party De Foe made very little impression with book-writing, for they for the most part did not care to be book-readers; with the most of them the very idea of sitting by the fireside to read a book, would be about the far-end of human existence. De Foe might write! This party reasoned, and very fairly too, that as James II., the relative of Louis XIV., had always been considered King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by Louis, it was but natural that on the father's death the son should succeed to the inheritance; and if that inheritance were no more than an empty title, yet it was his, as belonging to his father. This was the natural course of argument of men who built all their creed upon the divine right of kings—a principle which had been sucked in by the whole party with their very mother's milk; it was the very vitality of all their religion, politics, and social feelings—Church and King.

De Foe's pamphlet was answered by a non-juror divine, but to a poor purpose ; and other writers came to the attack or defence in large numbers, and of all grades of opinion. The poor Whigs, out of place, and under the ban of Louis's stockjobbing Parliament, took their share in the contest, and intimated, where they could, that a new Parliament might be advantageous to English interests. Amongst the latter was the patriotic, honest, and accomplished Lord Somers, who wrote *Anguis in Herba, or the Fatal Consequences of a Treaty with France*; wherein it is proved "that the principles whereby the French King governs himself, will not allow him to observe any treaty longer than it is for his interest to break it ; that he has always aimed at the union of the crowns of France and Spain since the Pyrennean Treaty ; that, notwithstanding his pretences to the contrary, such is his design at this day ; and that nothing can prevent it, but to reduce his power to such a degree as may perfectly break his measures." Lond. 1701. This important and well-written pamphlet made such an impression on the nation as to turn the feeling for peace, imposed upon the ruling powers of this nation, by the French party in power, and commanding the national purse ; and a general and national cry of indignation was raised against the French King, and a demand for war with France universally proclaimed throughout the nation ; by the Whig party especially, now rousing itself from its prostrated position. All was tumult and exultation in the political world, and De Foe must be among the strife of course, and come out with another pamphlet, entitled *Reasons against a War with France ; or, an Argument, shewing that the French King's owning the Prince of Wales as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, is no sufficient Ground of a War*. Lond. 1701. De Foe was not averse to a war with France, provided that the war could be justified to the English nation, on just as well as public grounds ; but he had a decided objection to this nation being plunged into a war with France for no better object than to thwart or annoy the Tory party, and reinstate the Whigs in power. He very properly objected to this country being plunged into a war with France, because the French King chose to bestow an empty title on the Pretender, out of some pretended respect for his father

and family. De Foe admitted the insult to William to be great ; but yet, insult as it was, there could be no reason why Great Britain should be plunged into a war with France on account of it. It was, moreover, his opinion, that “ whoever desires that we should end the war honourably, ought to desire also that we begin it fairly. Natural antipathies are no just ground of a war between nations ; neither popular opinions ; nor is every invasion of a right a good reason for a war ; at least until redress has first been demanded in a peaceable way.” De Foe appeared to think that a war in Europe against Spain, so as to rid the Netherlands of Spanish sovereignty, would be far more for the interest of civilisation in Europe.

This pamphlet only disgusted the Whigs, the great advocates of the war, as might be supposed ; for they wanted to wage war on personal feelings for party revenge ; but De Foe, who had nothing in common with them, wished the nation to undertake nothing but on purely national grounds, for the readjusting the balance of power in Europe. De Foe was right. What had the nation to do with the Smith, Jubb, Snob, or Muggs families, ringing changes on the national bells of England for their own individual family aggrandisement, and to the total neglect of all God’s created universe besides ? What is the concentrated essence of all true Whiggery ? Is it not “ Me and my brother, and our two nephews, and a cousin ” ? Is this Whiggery ? De Foe’s pamphlet was not relished by the Whigs, for it was national, instead of being party ; but yet that pamphlet was one of the most patriotic productions that ever appeared in the English language ; and Dr. Towers, the writer of his life in the *Biographica Britannica*, says :—“ In this piece, De Foe wrote against the views and conduct of the court, and against what then seemed to be the prevailing sense of the nation. He appears, however, to have been perfectly right ; to have exhibited on this occasion great political discernment, and to have been influenced by no motives but those of public spirit.” Two or more writers attacked him again, but without producing any reply from him ; he having already written the most weighty pamphlet of the day, by far, upon the subject. How the Whigs would blame De Foe at this time ! How they would call him a Tory, and a pensioner of France !

How they would consider him as most injurious to their party! I know them well; and I could fancy all the abuse they would heap upon his devoted head, because he did not lick the dust at their bidding, and write them into office again.¹ No! De Foe knew better. He took his own stand, as an independent, honest man; and he did right. Why should he be a tool of their selectabilities? I have been a corn-law repealer, and I have seen in Whiggery the very same political materials that De Foe had to deal with. As he valued them, so I valued them; for I found them *contemptible*. If De Foe had acted the mere tool of Whiggery, down the kennel of oblivion, along with them, would he have been swilled; and his illustrious name would have been like theirs from the same cause. Many of these names never would have come down to our time, had it not been for their connection some how or other with, perhaps as persecutors of, Daniel De Foe. I could give half a dozen leaders of both parties, who would have descended long ago into the utter darkness of oblivion, had it not been for the reputation of Daniel De Foe. Why, the Earl of Nottingham, one of Queen Anne's ministers, would have descended at once into the dark shade of nothingness, had not De Foe stood three days in the pillory, and remained several months in Newgate, at this man's instigation. Pillory immortalized his name! Such is human greatness!

Poor William! When almost harassed to death by vexation, occasioned by the political contentions of his Tory ministers and his Tory-French House of Commons, his health visibly declining; when he was seen by all to be fast descending to the grave, although he was but a man of fifty-one years of age; he used in his troubles to retire to Holland, and there he remained several months of the summer of 1701. This he did for relief from annoyance—the annoyance of French interference with his government of his people of England; for, as I have said before, the House of Commons was bought up with French gold. In the autumn of this year, he

¹ What a mass of valuable efficiency there would have been in his pen, if he had been their obedient servant, to write exclusively for them; with three or four under spur-leathers placed over him, to inform him what he should not do, and what he should do, to write this or that man into place, and serve our side!

returned to this country, and, in despair, dissolved the Parliament by proclamation, on Nov. 11, 1701, and attempted to change his ministers at the same time, but could not do it; for Lord Somers, the most honest and capable man in the kingdom, would not accept office again under William, because he had no confidence in the King's firmness of purpose; for William had fallen prostrate before Tory influences once in calling them to power; and he might do it again, though he protested again and again that he never would.

On the dissolution of Parliament, the Tory scribes—Dr. Drake, a poor physician without patients, and Dr. Davenant, perhaps a Chancery lawyer without briefs—took the field as Tory pamphleteers, along with others, to prop up, if possible, the present French or Pretender interests in the country, and especially among the electors. The Whigs also had their writers in support of their party; so that the whole country was inundated with pamphlets, lampoons, squibs, satires, truths, and falsehoods; in all forms of prose and verse.

By chance, the Whigs had detected Dr. Davenant, Mr. A. Hammoud, and Mr. John Tudenham, three members conspicuous for their zeal in the French interest, supping with M. Poussin, the French electioneering agent, at the Blue Posts, in the Haymarket, immediately after the dissolution of Parliament had been proclaimed. These three names were taken, along with 164 more members, who always voted for the French or Pretender interest, and were supposed to be in the pay of the King of France. Their names were printed on a placard, and the most obnoxious in black letter; and this placard, called the *Black List*, was circulated by thousands through the country; while M. Poussin, the Frenchman, was ordered to leave the country in a few hours.

The electors were universally called upon to come to the rescue of their country and their King; for the kingdom was in danger from the Pretender or the King of France meddling with the elections; and all Englishmen were called upon to turn out all the men named on the black list, for they were *Poussineers*, or French pensioners. This proscribing list, or black-list system, was justified by the circumstances of the times, and produced a complete panic through

the country ; but this French party lost only forty-six of their proscribed list, among whom were Hammond, Dr. Davenant, Shower, and the coarse, vulgar “ scandal of Parliaments,” Jack Howe. The loss would have been much greater, but this French party were all-powerful in the patronage of office, having the government altogether in their hands. In this state of turmoil and panic appeared *Legion*, whom the French Tory tool, Dr. Davenant, had, in a pamphlet, condemned to be hanged at Tyburn ; and so they called out again from his retirement De Foe, in a well-written, powerful pamphlet, entitled *Legion's New Paper ; being a Second Memorial to the Gentlemen of a late House of Commons. With Legion's Humble Address to his Majesty.*

This latter *Legion* was addressed to the gentlemen of the Commons, and formed a second part to that *Legion Letter* delivered by De Foe, dressed as a woman, to the Speaker of the Commons, when near the door of the House. This letter was very well timed, and produced a great sensation in the country, and especially among the electors, as most of De Foe's writings did, for he was more than a match for the whole brotherhood of pamphleteers, whether Whig or Tory ; for he grappled equally with pamphleteers and slanderers of both, considering that both parties were more intent upon serving their own interests, their own sides, and their own parties, than the true interests of their country, their own England. This second *Legion Letter* commences as follows :—

“ Gentlemen,—The greatest respect which could possibly have been shown to you by the people of England had been to have let your actions have sunk into forgetfulness ; and, in kindness to you, have let neither you nor your deeds have been named any more in your native country. But since those people, who (in your House) were so restless in their endeavours to ruin us, are not ashamed to undertake your defence, we are obliged, in the just vindication of our native right, further to expose your errors than in charity to your memory we designed. We are bound to let the people know that a late pamphlet, printed by your own club, and industriously spread over the whole nation, entitled *A Defence of the last Parliament*, is calculated to wheedle the people to choose you again. But

we hope their eyes will be opened ; and we wonder you can suggest that the freeholders should so contradict the language of their addresses, and be found so to mock the King and the nation, as to address you out of doors, and then put you in again themselves. If they should act so unaccountably, kings, for the future, will the better know what English addresses signify."

Again: "Gentlemen,—The same hand that presented your Speaker with a certain *Memorial*, called the *Legion Paper*, written, as Mr. Harley very well knows, in a hand that stood the wrong way ; that paper, which came, as is said, from two hundred thousand Englishmen ; that paper, which frightened Mr. P—— and Mr. H——t, and several others, into the country ; that paper, which Mr. Howe, in a lamentable tone, told the House made him, from a sense of his own guilt, afraid of his life ; that paper, which put you all so beside yourselves, as to make a senseless address to his Majesty, to defend himself against his people, which address you were afterwards ashamed to present ; that paper, which you had so little wit as to read, and so much modesty—that is, guilt—as to blush at ; that paper, which made you wish you had never committed the Kentish petitioners, and made you afraid to prosecute them ; that paper, which made you clap up the sessions in such haste as made the Lords baffle you, and all the people ashamed of you ; that paper, which made you pass one good vote at parting—to desire the King to make alliances, &c.—which some of your members called a sweetener, that you might not be afraid to go home ; the same hand presents you with this paper, as the true sense of the nation concerning you."

Again: "You are the men that have endeavoured to possess the people with the fears and jealousies of slavery at home ; under the protection and government of the only King in the world that ever sincerely sought and effectually restored our freedom."

DeFoe charges these men with betraying the liberties of their country, by flattering their kings into the belief of their divine rights—rights which were only imaginary ; for neither God, nature, nor the people, had ever given them. He tells this House of Commons—this most corrupt of all corrupt Houses of Commons ; for it was a French

House of Commons, purchased of the electors of England with French gold, through the agency of the French ambassador in London, and through the instrumentality for working up the scheme of such paid writers or pamphleteers as Dr. Davenant and Dr. Drake, with a body-guard of such legislators as Jack Howe to bring up the rear-guard ;—De Foe, in this pamphlet, comes out with energy and truth equal to the demands of the occasion ; he goes home to the hearts of the electors, entreating them to send such honest gentlemen as will stand up for religion ; and hold the balance of the state with that equality between every branch of the constitution that neither may oppress the other, and that the whole may be in its full and free exercise ; in order to bring more easily and effectually to pass that which is the great original of all constitutions in the world—the good of the people. No man could come out more patriotically and worthy of himself than De Foe did at this time ; in urging the people to do justice to themselves, and set a brand or mark of infamy upon this corrupt House of Commons ; or, in their infatuation and blindness in failing to do this, might they deserve to be betrayed to the end of the chapter, and England be left to fall unpitied by all the nations of the world. This was coming to the rescue of British liberty at a time when Britain required assistance more than at any period, either before or since.

Dr. Davenant, in one of his anonymous productions, bears me out in what I have said on De Foe's services at this time ; some allowance, of course, being made for the hostile position of the writer :—" *Legion* is come out again, more impudent and inflaming than he was last year ; and the authority of the House of Commons is there attacked in a most audacious manner, which looks as if you (De Foe) designed to throw off your mask, and fall immediately to subverting the constitution in good earnest." These two Tory writers were honoured, I think, in the following reign, by having their works publicly burnt by the common hangman ; and Drake died in gaol in great misery ; though neither, perhaps, graced the wooden ruff, nor were they, like the detracting Tutchin, tied to a cart-tail, and publicly flogged down Dorchester streets for their writings.

The elections being over, the Parliament assembled on Dec. 30, 1701, when Mr. Harley, a Tory confederate, was chosen Speaker, in opposition to Sir Thomas Littleton, a court, or perhaps, more properly, a King's candidate; for the court, properly so called, was as completely under the control of the Tories as the House of Commons had been. The Tories still held all the offices of the government, and used the power so conferred, in the small or rotten boroughs, for the return of members hostile to the true interests of their country; though the Whigs carried all the large independent constituencies in their favour. William opened this sixth and last Parliament in his accustomed manner, in person; and in the speech from the throne lamented, in woful terms, the contentions and bickerings which had disgraced the last Parliament; and he called upon all parties to forego their personal contentions and follow peace; as it was his intention and desire to reign over a happy people, influencing them only through their affections and better feelings. This was, in truth, what it professed to be, *a royal speech*, a *real* royal speech; for most of these productions are only *sham* royal speeches, contain set words, strung together with as little meaning as possible by flippant impertinence; and given insultingly to royalty to utter as his own; just as if royalty could not appear before the grand council of the nation, but it must appear in full dress in person, and as a *fool in mind*; to act, I suppose, as a foil to show off the effulgent brightness of the minister, when he appeared. A minister requiring such a foil as this, is altogether unworthy of the support of the House of Commons; and ought at once to be discarded by all honest men, and sent either to Bedlam or to Billingsgate, for insulting his sovereign and the people of England.

So long as the Tudors ruled this kingdom with an iron hand, this cavalier treatment of the Commons of England in Parliament assembled might do; for there was no remedy but to submit: all was tyranny and coercion then. So long as the Stuarts were pensioners of France, and received their orders from Louis XIV., Cardinal Mazarin, Madame de Maintenon, or the Duchess of Orleans, this farce of opening Parliament might do, and it was quite sufficient for the occasion; for that occasion was a mere mummary. When the

King of France could no longer bribe the King, he bought the people; and when that King of France could reckon 170 of his bought votes in the House of Commons; opening or royal speeches might have been considered a farce and a mummary. But William III. did not think so; for he, even with a sold House of Commons, treated the majesty of the people of England with respect. What is the House of Commons? Is it a committee of cobblers sitting in solemn conclave to decide whether the representation of the grassy mound of Gatton or Old Sarum is worth the sum of £2000 or of £4000? No! the House of Commons is the check imposed by the majesty of the people of England upon the royal prerogative of the throne; and as such they are entitled to that amount of respect from the minister of the crown which he, flippant puppy or otherwise as he may be, may at his peril dare to withhold. The House of Commons are not children, and it ought to be made the act of a madman for any prime minister to dare to treat that House as children. Let the Commons of England look to this. This opening speech by King William was such a speech as is seldom heard in the House of Commons from the mouth of royalty; and was generally supposed to be composed by that honest man and faithful friend, Lord Somers. This speech was considered to be so important, that it was printed and framed, and suspended in almost every house, both in England and Holland. It made a lasting impression throughout the kingdom on the subject of the war with France; and had a great effect for good in support of the national movement against that country.

For the most part, kings' speeches are empty sounds, for all ministers are not like Lord Somers; neither are kings' friends like him—faithful, devoted, sincere even in adversity, and capable of serving the nation even when out of office.

The tide of political strife appeared to be ebbing fast, French influences to be discarded, and the nation becoming thoroughly roused to a sense of its danger, if not degradation; and this, in a great measure, through the pamphlets of Lord Somers and De Foe. Both Houses presented addresses against the King of France, the late paymaster of the Commons. The Pretender also was attainted,

the Protestant succession was confirmed, and large supplies voted for the war. War was commenced with all vigour. De Foe was (with Lord Somers I suppose; for these two had acted together in the two *Legion Memorials*) consulted by the King on some points connected with the war; particularly on De Foe's own scheme of carrying the war into the Spanish West Indies, and there attacking the Spanish plate fleet on its way to Europe, and so stop the French supplies, and increase our own. De Foe's plan was approved of by the King, and he, as the projector, was to have some honourable and responsible appointment on board ship in the West India waters. At this time also the King made an attempt at the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, which was a favourite project also with De Foe; who, at this time, published an octavo volume on this subject, which volume is professed to be published or printed in Edinburgh; and what would be very convenient for a writer living and writing in London, and not knowing Edinburgh printers even by name, there is no printer's name attached to the book; written as it was in London, and published in London too, anonymously, and as a Scotch book; with a good dash of *jure-divino* principles in connection with our bishops in the House of Lords, and a certain energy of expression as well as of uncompromising principle; which stamps the work, Scotch as it is, to be from the pen of Daniel De Foe, citizen of London. At a later period of his life, De Foe became familiar enough with both Edinburgh printers and Edinburgh street mobs; but this would be ten years later than the time we are writing of; for it is highly probable that at this early period, De Foe had undertaken no Scotch commissions for government. He was full of West India projects at this time; but all were crushed by the lamented and untimely death of his beloved master, friend, patron, and king, William III., of blessed, and, to him, glorious memory; a name dear to De Foe; and one which he never mentioned but with high feelings of veneration and gratitude. Poor De Foe! all his prospects of taking some important command on board ship in the Spanish West Indies were dashed to the ground on the death of William; but nine years later, or in the year 1711, his papers, prepared for King William's ministers, were handed over to Queen

Anne's government by himself, the original projector or inventor of the scheme.

Poor William had a fall from his horse while hunting at Hampton Court, and died from its effects at Kensington about a fortnight afterwards; to the great grief of all honest men and well-wishers of the nation's prosperity, and joy and disgusting rejoicing of the French rabblement then pervading all high places within these realms; who commemorated the event by such ballad-writings as the following:—

Illustrious steed [the Horse], to whom a place is given,
Above the Lion, Bull, or Bear, in heaven.

And the following,—his horse being called Sorrel, and he having reigned twelve years,—became a favourite Tory toast:—

Well, then, my friends, since things you see, are so,
Let's e'en mourn on; 'twould lessen much our woe
Had Sorrel stumbled thirteen years ago.

The lamentable death of William III. was a serious blow to poor De Foe; for by that death all his hopes and prospects were blighted for ever. If De Foe had lost his father, he could not have been in a more forlorn condition, for he was ruined in all his prospects, and his family too; since the successor, Queen Anne, was only a weak, superstitious woman, possessed of a good deal of the narrow bigotry of her father, James II. On ascending the throne she should have substituted *the church is in danger* for the *Honi soit qui mal y pense* of the royal arms; and then she would have had her character emblazoned on the panels of her carriages. She—poor, bigoted, narrow-minded woman—reigned twelve years, and during the whole term *the church was in danger*. But of this in its proper place; I only mention it here to show that the forebodings of poor De Foe were not imaginary. He knew well what was before him, which caused him to grieve with more heartfelt sincerity for the best of friends, the best of patrons, and the most patriotic of kings. De Foe lived thirty years after the death of William III.; and during those thirty years he never ceased to lament the loss of the most patriotic king that ever sat upon the English throne. In after-life, De Foe never heard the memory of William III. treated with indignity or neglect,

but he felt it with impatience and annoyance ; for his death he always considered to have been a great calamity to England. If William had lived, poor De Foe would never have stood on the pillory platform, or graced Newgate with his presence. With respect to the King's death, the apparent cause was a fall from his horse while hunting at Hampton Court, by which fall his collar-bone was broken. Every attention was paid to the fractured limb, but all in vain ; his constitution was broken by the anxieties of his mind occasioned by the ingratitude of the people of England ; and if ever king of England died heart-broken, that king was William III. ; the cause of all the disquietude of his mind, which sunk his spirits to the tomb, being a *corrupt House of Commons*. Louis XIV. bought a majority of that House from the electors, and that brought William to the grave at the early age of fifty-two ; it heart-broke him. This untimely death took place at Kensington Palace, on March 8, 1702, in the fourteenth year of his reign—may I add?—to the unseemly delight of the French or Pretender party, still strong in the kingdom, openly and exultingly expressed ; to such a pitch had the accursed house of Stuart brought the people of England, by their accepting of French bribes or pensions.

Their awkward triumphs openly they sing,
Insult the ashes of their injur'd King,
Rejoice at the disasters of his crown,
And drink the horse's health that threw him down.

A molehill was the cause of the horse stumbling, which occasioned the following toast to be given at Tory dinners, "A health to the little gentleman dressed in velvet."

Another brutal effusion from the French tools, for enslaving and degrading England, appeared in a poem entitled the *Mourners*; which probably gave the hint to De Foe to bring out his poem entitled the *Mock Mourners*, which we will shortly refer to, and make large extracts from.

As a contrast to the Tory villainy commonly printed at the time we will take an extract from De Foe's work, the *Consolidator*, as expressive of the feeling of all thoughtful people in the kingdom at

this time:—"The grief of the usage he had received, the unkind treatment he had met with from those very people that brought him hither, had sunk so deep upon his spirit that he could never recover it; but being very weak in body and mind, and joined to a slight hurt he received by a fall from his horse, he died; to the unspeakable regret of all his subjects that wished well to their country."

We may here pause a little, and inquire what would have been the state of England if Charles II. had left a healthy and large family of legitimate children, and William III. had never come to this kingdom to free us from French influences? Could we imagine that this nation would ever have been brought to the footstool of France by French bribes being distributed amongst the English electors; and French pensions being supplied to our kings and members of Parliament; and French prostitutes supplied systematically, on a large scale, to kings, princes, statesmen, or ministers, generals and admirals; as was the case in the French court at the time of Catharine de Medici, and perhaps at a later period of their history?

What a misfortune to have a House of Commons so limited in its constituency that it may be, as it once was, sold to a hostile foreign power, Louis XIV., who paid £1,000,000 for 176 votes in the House; and what a misfortune to have kings so poor, through improvidence, as to sell themselves and their people also for French money, which was the case when the Stuarts were upon the throne of these realms! Perhaps it may be said that there is no remedy for thoughtless improvidence; for the disease may be said to lie in the bone, or blood, or breed of the object afflicted with it. I believe it is so; like begets like; like marries like, to the end of the chapter; and so it must be. I know a remedy, but if I gave it, I should be denounced as an atheist, and run down in the street like a mad dog: "He's an infidel, that *fellow*; he believes in neither God nor devil."

This would be hard service for speaking the truth as an honest man--would it not? Then I would not speak the truth for such rewards. No! it's nought to me; but there is a great deal of false philosophy preached from certain pulpits, as though a reckless, thoughtless, spendthrift prodigality, were the very foundation of

Christian principle.¹ I say it advisedly, but I will maintain that it is the scourge of this land. One will convert the Jews, another takes underhand the Gentiles; then there is the new church at Jerusalem, to commemorate the mercies of the Crimean war; then there is the South Sea and the North Sea, the Lapland mission; South Africa, Interior of Africa, West Africa; and now, with that worthy man in the East of Africa, Dr. Livingston; Bibles for Turkey, Bibles for Arabia, Sunday Schools at home and Sunday Schools abroad; Home Missions, Church Missions, Wesleyan Missions, Baptist Missions, with Arabian Missions; and last, though not least, 5,000,000 Bibles for India! and the money to be collected by interested paid agents. Now, all these objects, and a score more, are all good, very good; but may not the system of preaching for this, and collecting for that—as though preaching the gospel were a conspiracy against the pocket—till more money is given from the family stock than can be spared with justice or prudence, be carried too far? It is all very well for a man who has nothing, and never had anything, and never will have anything (for he saves nothing), to preach up this charity, and that, Sunday by Sunday, till his hearers are dragged down to the same level of poverty as himself, and the wives and children of those hearers are left at last a legacy of paupers to the public; on which that public may exercise the Christian principle of giving, by maintaining the wife and rearing the children. Many dissenting ministers are very badly paid, but they have themselves in a great measure to thank for it. They preach for everything, for which money can be paid in the way of

¹ I have heard two eminent men in London, Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Cumming, run foul of the first principles of political economy in their pulpits. Dr. Cumming's Sermon on Education was, perhaps, the very best I ever heard in my life, but the philosophy was unsound; for the reverend doctor informed his audience, that teaching a child to *give* is the first duty of a parent: a proposition I utterly deny or dispute. It is such teaching as this that brings so much prodigality and bankruptcy into the country. Generosity is a very agreeable sort of feeling; but, if the individual practising the virtue have nothing to bestow, what is the exercise of the principle worth? There is something rotten in the present state of British society, and I believe it proceeds from this kind of preaching; the country swarms with cant generosity, quirk, fraud, and bankruptcy. Britain subscribes to everything in the world, corporeal or spiritual, and yet is too poor to educate her own children; therefore the government has to do it. What does this mean? Is the conventicle likely to prove too strong for the steeple-house?

Christian charity or benevolence; and the congregation in some cases becomes exhausted, and patience is run down; then, when the real honest demand comes for the support of this begging minister, he forms a twentieth or a thirtieth share of the spare cash fund, and his payment is considered too little, scrubby, mean, penurious, worldly-minded, avaricious; when vexation, disappointment, separation of pastor and flock, follow, all for want of common sense on the part of the preacher. Thus this begging system may be a great national evil, in causing respectability of station in society to be the national standard, rather than the old honourable limit of what can be afforded? And if the standard in religious matters be that of appearances, respectability, or position in society, worldly arrangements will speedily follow in the same track, and then the whole national measure becomes a false measure in everything, social, religious, and political. All is respectability in position—false, hollow, and rotten to the very heart: flash gentility and respectability are alone thought of; and every kind of deception, in every trade and profession, is practised, to keep up the game of appearances, and look respectable. This respectability principle is doing sad mischief at this time in British society; and is the cause of many a decent, thoughtful, well-meaning poor fellow being dragged to a gaol for debts contracted by his family, in their endeavours to make him appear as liberal, benevolent, and respectable as the Clarks, Smiths, Thomsons, Johnsons, and Jacksons, who reside in the same street.

So much for the improvement of the people; now for the sovereign. What is the remedy here?—A thorough reform in the representation in the House of Commons. This is a truly royal measure, for it would make the ruling sovereign king of millions rather than king of thousands, and would bring down the little squeezing-in impertinences of small aristocracy, (and how very pleasant that would be for royalty!) and the insufferable dictation of some three or four families, who think themselves patentees of all legislation in Great Britain! When we speak of reform, we mean real, substantial, honest reform, and not a quibbling shuffling of the cards of chances, or calculations of how much shadow may be obtained from how little substance; for some of the reform measures are not calculated

by the great but by the small; for the smaller the quantity, the better for the fostering the little *coterie*, the skilled artificers of the little measure. A corrupt House of Commons killed William III.;—yes, wore him out, exhausted and finished in body, at the early age of fifty-two! Let this fact not be forgotten, for it is a great, a mighty fact, for the people of England to reflect upon. What reform is required?—The widest possible extension of the elective franchise, with short parliaments, and widely extended electoral districts; and what?—a removal of placemen and pensioners from the House of Commons. This is reform; and anything less is deception. Royalty is as much interested in such a measure of the House of Commons, as ever the millions of Britain can be; for the dealing out of favours through the Lord Chamberlain's Office, to keep the wheels of legislation properly greased, can be no particularly grateful task to royalty. All the family of the Miss Clarks *must* be invited, and their pert, upstart, coxcomb of a brother with them! If this is not passing royalty through a small sieve, I do not know what is. The sooner this state purgatory is got rid of, the better, for the domestic comfort of the sovereign; and this cannot be done but by a brushing at once all placemen and pensioners from the House of Commons. This is rather a long digression; but a king of England, and the most patriotic of all kings of England, to be killed, worn out, at the early age of fifty-two years, will warrant the digression, long as it may appear to be.

A corrupt House of Commons killed William III.! On the death of the King, and on the vile ingratitude that accompanied it from those whom William had raised to honours, and fed during his lifetime, merely to be reviled and slandered when dead, De Foe came out, in prose and verse, with terrific violence; and his poem, entitled the *Mock Mourners*, taken no doubt from the vile Tory poem, entitled the *Mourners*, shall have a due share of attention, as it well deserves:—

Such has been this ill-natur'd nation's fate,
Always to see their friends and foes too late;
By native pride and want of temper led,
Never to value merit till 'tis dead;

And then immortal monuments they raise,
And damn their former follies by their praise ;
With just reproaches rail at their own vice,
And mourn for those they did before despise.
So they who Moses' government defied,
Sincerely sorrow'd for him when he died.
And so when Britain's genius fainting lay,
Summon'd by death, which monarchs must obey,
Trembling and soulless half the nation stood,
Upbraided by their own ingratitude.

William the bottom of their courage found
False, like themselves, mere emptiness and sound ;
For, call'd by fate to fight for Christendom,
They sent their King abroad, and staid at home ;
Wisely declin'd the hazard of the war,
To nourish faction and disorders here.
Wrapt in luxurious plenty, they debauch,
And load their active monarch with reproach ;
Backward in deeds, but of their censures free,
And slight the actions which they dare not see.
At home they bravely teach him to command,
And judge of what they are afraid to mend ;
Against the hand that saves them they exclaim,
And curse the strangers, though they fight for them.
Though some, who would excuse the matter, say,
They did not grudge their service, but their pay.
Where are the royal bands that now advance,
To spread his dreadful banners into France ?
Britannia's noble sons her interest fly,
And foreign heroes must their place supply,
Much for the fame of our nobility.
Posterity will be asham'd to hear
Great Britain's monarch did in arms appear,
And *scarce an English nobleman was there.*
Ye sons of envy, railers at the times,
Be bold, like Englishmen, and own your crimes ;
For shame put on no black, but let us see
Your habit always and your tongues agree :

Envy ne'er blushes. Let it not be said
You hate him living, and you mourn him dead.
No sorrow show, where you no love profess ;
There are no hypocrites in wickedness.
Great bonfires make, and tell the world y' are glad
Y' have lost the greatest blessing e'er you had.
So madmen sing in nakedness and chains,
For when the sense is gone, the song remains.
So thoughtless Israel, when they were set free,
Reproacht the author of their liberty,
And wisht themselves in Egypt back again.
What pity 'twas they wisht, or wisht in vain !

With what contempt will Englishmen appear,
When future ages read his character !
They 'll never bear to hear, in time to come,
How he was lov'd abroad and scorn'd at home ;
The world will scarce believe it could be true,
And vengeance must such insolence pursue.
Our nation will by all men be abhorr'd,
And William's juster fame be so restor'd.
Posterity, when histories relate
His glorious deeds, will ask—*What giant 's that ?*
For common virtues may men's fame advance,
But an immoderate glory turns romance ;
Its real merit does itself undo,
Men talk it up so high, it can't be true.
So William's life, increased by doubling fame,
Will drown his actions to preserve his name ;
The annals of his conduct they 'll revise,
As legends of impossibilities.
'Twill all a life of miracles appear,
Too great for him to do, or them to hear.
And if some faithful writer should set down
With what uneasiness he wore the crown,
What thankless devil had the land possest ;
This will be more prodigious than the rest.
With indignation 't will their minds inspire,
And raise the glory of his actions higher.

The records of their fathers they 'll deface,
 And blush to think they sprung from such a race ;
 They 'll be asham'd their ancestors to own,
 And strive their fathers' follies to atone.
 New monuments of gratitude they 'll raise,
 And crown his memory with thanks and praise.

But we have here an ignominious crowd,
 That boast their native birth and English blood ;
 Whose breasts with envy and contention burn,
 And now rejoice when all the nations mourn ;
 Their awkward triumphs openly they sing ;
 Insult the ashes of their injur'd King ;
 Rejoice at the disasters of his crown,
And drink the horse's health that threw him down.

Queen Anne ascended the throne on the 8th of March, 1702, and from that day to the day of her death, showed herself the true daughter of James II. With her the church was always falling ; and all aspirants to place, favour, or power, could not take more effectual means for attaining their ends than follow the cry of " the church is in danger."

From whence we now inform the people,
 The danger of the church is from the steeple.
 And we've had many a bitter stroke
 From pinnacle and weather-cock ;
 From whence the learned do relate,
 That, to secure the church and state,
 The time will come when all the town,
 To save the church, will pull the steeple down.

Queen Anne was emphatically a narrow-minded, bigoted woman ; the tool of ambitious priests, who wished to protect or increase ecclesiastical power and ecclesiastical wealth, at the expense of the great body of the community. Anne was no sooner seated upon the throne than she dismissed all who were in any manner treated with kindness by the late sovereign : the Lords Somers and Halifax, two of William's confidential ministers and friends, were at once removed from the Privy Council, and with them the whole party of

Whigs were expelled from office, to make way for their opponents; and those opponents chosen from the most active antagonists of William's late ministers and friends, for every department of the government was filled by parties so selected—selected according to their hatred or opposition to the late King; and even the lieutenancy in the several counties was changed, together with the most subaltern officers in every department of government, and all thrown into the scale of the Church of England—altogether party; as though all dissent would be completely stifled by this partial dispensing of government patronage. This is a specimen of state education; this is altogether a meddling with the religious teaching of the country, when neither police-officer, excise nor custom-house officer, can be selected but on the terms—"Church or chapel—steeple-house or conventicle?" "Are you Dutch Presbyterian, Muggletonian, or Calvinist?" "Down with the Presbyterians" became as much a feeling, if not a Tory cry, as on the restoration of Charles II.; and this, too, equally among both the clergy and the laity: all was revelry and party triumph, for the conventicle would go now; for our Queen boasted before her Parliament that she had "a heart entirely English." Yes, she was thoroughly church and state, and no Dutch conventicle-mongered Presbyterian. Everything seemed fast approaching to the state of the first days of Charles II., when the "old religion appeared to be coming back again," as was judged by the old women who saw the Maypoles and Sunday revelry return.

In De Foe's *Review*, published some years from this time, an account is given from time to time of these proceedings; and in the second volume of that scarce and valuable work the following record occurs:—"No sooner was King William dead, and the Queen come to the crown, but the gentlemen of the High Church, mistaking her Majesty in this, as well as in all the rest of her meaning, began to lay the same foundation of riotous triumph as formerly: for they looked on the Queen's coming to the crown as a mere restoration, and were resolved it should restore the crimes as well as the person; of whom they began to value themselves on account of the line, and the divine right of succession: universal revels filled their

houses, and general drunkenness began to revive. And I appeal to common knowledge, if in the first half-year of her present Majesty almost all the Maypoles in England were not repaired and re-edified, new painted, new hung with garlands, and beautified? And whether there were not more new Maypoles erected than had been in twenty years before? Let any man, as he goes through a town having a fine painted Maypole, inquire when it was last repaired or set up, and I hold five to one that 'tis answered in the year 1702. And what was the meaning of it? Not that they could see any hopes, in the example of her Majesty, to think this vice of drunkenness and revelling should receive any encouragement there. The constant practice of the Queen must stop the mouth of such a scandal; and if they had discretion little enough to think so, her Majesty has given them room enough to find their mistake. But the case is plain: they thought the day their own at court, and away they went with the mistake, and immediately fell to concerting measures with the people. Upon this proceeding, up went the Maypoles, that the church's health might be drunk, till the people not only knew not what they did, but might be ready to do they knew not what, to the demolishing the church's pretended enemies, the dissenters, and pulling down all manner of union in the nation. Nor were the Maypoles in the towns only; but one would have thought they had had Maypoles in their heads too, for no men but such as were bewildered in their understandings could have been so weak as to think that when her Majesty recommended to them the care of the church, of religion, and the general safety, that, therefore, all the revelling, the liberty, and a loose to all manner of riot, must be the first demonstration of their obedience to the Queen's command.¹"

¹ While on this important subject of Maypoles, and their test of loyalty or churchism as opposed to Muggletonianism or Dutchism, I will quote a mural black-letter inscription placed against the wall immediately within the enclosure of the communion-table or railing in a church in Yorkshire, repaired in the time of James I. by Sir William Craven, Knight, a native of Applebreewick, in the above county:—

"Sir William Craven, London's twice lord mayor,
Thy deeds of charity to us most rare;

Things began to wear a very serious aspect, as they do, when a weak, innocent, confiding woman falls by accident into the hands of wicked and designing men. The Queen soon found her position to be as dangerous as inconvenient, for by these demonstrations of party triumph she was effectually alienating the affections of one half of her people; so she, as De Foe observes in the page following the one just quoted, "upon the discovery of their error, her Majesty found a necessity, first, gently, with her usual goodness and clemency, to admonish and exhort them to peace and union, and to live in amity and charity with their brethren. To remove the alarm which their presumption had caused among the dissenters, who, not without good grounds, began to look for a storm of persecution, as well as civil oppression, her Majesty found it convenient to give the dissenters a public assurance of her royal protection, and on all occasions to mention her gracious resolution to preserve the toleration, which her Majesty saw was necessary to secure that entire confidence in her general care, which wise princes have found necessary to preserve in all their subjects."

It is supposed that the Prince Consort (George Prince of Denmark), the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Godolphin, had the whole

Our church, our school, bridges, or Maypole,
Express thy bounty to us every hour.
Pray for that noble family, whose race
May to eternity extend its space."

The above was painted in black distemper on the whitewashed wall at the time when Lord William Craven, son of the above benefactor, was living, a field-marshal, and patron of one mediety of Burnsall rectory, and husband to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, whose interests James I. always neglected, through his divine-right-of-kings principles. This Queen of Bohemia was the ancestress of the Elector of Hanover, George I., a relationship which brought the house of Hanover to this kingdom on the death of Queen Anne. William Lord Craven, Baron of Hampstead, marshal, was patron of the other mediety of the rectory of Burnsall. Sir William Craven built, or rebuilt, a parish church, and he built and endowed a school with £40 per annum. He built Burnsall Bridge, and, I suppose, Hartlington Bridge, too; for he built bridges; and, in addition to these, he erected the Maypole on the village-green, before the Red Lion; and this erection of the Maypole was worthy of being recorded on a tablet over the communion-table, where it remains to this day. Yes; he erected the Maypole! which means, I suppose, he was loyal—church and state, King James I., with the Spanish ambassador, the Spanish match, and Sunday sports; he was no white-choked, psalm-singing Muggletonian: he built the Maypole.

responsibility of freeing the Queen from the perilous position into which the Tories of her ministry and the House of Commons were urging her, to gratify their feelings of hatred to the illustrious memory of the late King; and to all conventicle-mongers, Calvinists, Dutch Presbyterians, Muggletonians, &c., his bosom friends and political supporters; and also to gratify their love to Louis XIV. and his pensioner at the court of St. Germain—the Pretender. All was Tory rule and Tory tyranny about the person of the Queen; and nothing but a few true friends of the Queen prevented affairs coming to a serious crisis or open rupture between the High-Church party and the Protestant dissenters, who were all-powerful as the moneyed interest of the nation. The Partition Treaty, perhaps the wisest act of William's reign, met with their especial hostility; yet, Louis having supported the claims of the Pretender to the sovereignty of these realms, war was declared by Great Britain against France and Spain; when 14,000 men were sent against Cadiz, but returned to this kingdom without effecting a landing. This expedition was placed under the command of Admiral Sir George Rooke and the Duke of Ormond: the admiral showing either incapacity or treachery, which produced universal disgust throughout the nation, and caused a good deal of lampooning to be thrown upon the public; and among the poets appeared Daniel De Foe, in the "*Spanish Descent*":—

Ten years we felt the dying pangs of war,
 And fetch'd our griefs and miseries from far.
 Our English millions foreign war maintains,
 And English blood has drencht the neighbouring plains.
 Nor shall we blush to boast what all men own,
 Uncommon English valour has been shown;
 The forward courage of our *ill-paid men*
 Deserves more praise than nature spares my pen.
 And now the baffled enterprise grows stale;
 Their hopes decrease, and juster doubts prevail.
 The unattempted town sings victory,
 And scar'd with walls, and not with men, they fly.
 Great conduct in our safe retreat we show,
 And bravely re-embark when none pursue;

The guns, the ammunition's put on board;
And what we could not plunder we restor'd.
 And thus we quit the Andalusian shores,
 Drencht with the Spanish wine and Spanish w——s.
 With songs of scorn the Arragonians sing,
 And loud *Te Deums* make the valleys ring.

Meanwhile our melancholy fleet steers home;
 Some griev'd for past, for future mischiefs some.
 Disaster swells the blood, and spleen the face,
 And ripens them for glorious things apace.
 With deep regret they turn their eyes to Spain,
 And wish they once might visit her again.
 Little they dreamt that good which Heaven prepar'd!
 No merit from below, no signs from heaven appear'd;
 No hints, unless from their high ripen'd spleen,
 And strange ungrounded sympathy within.
 The silent Duke [Ormond] from all misconduct free,
 Alone enjoys the calm of *honesty*:
 Fears not his journal should be fairly shown,
 And sighs for England's errors—not his own.
 His constant temper's all serene and clear;
First, free from guilt, and therefore free from fear.

The above poem truly represents the national feelings, loudly expressed, upon the most inglorious expedition ever fitted out in Great Britain at any period, either before or since; and so great was the national disgust, and so loudly expressed, that the reluctant Admiral Sir George Rooke—obliged to attempt something before sailing for England, for he dare not face the national reception awaiting him on his return—faced about for Vigo harbour, where some Spanish galleons richly laden, with some French ships, lay unprepared for an attack, and in repose and security, as they supposed. These were attacked, taken, or destroyed; which success afforded seasonable relief in glory to the admiral, and also to the ministry at home, who were strongly suspected to be favourable to the interests of the Pretender, supported as he was by France and Spain.

All this success changed the temper of the people at home, and from despair and despondency, all was changed to acclamations and rejoicings, at the success of the national arms; which caused De Foe, amongst the national poets, to change his tune to a song of rejoicing; as will be seen from the conclusion of the poem, as follows:—

And now the victory's completely gain'd,
No ships to conquer now, no foes remain'd.
The mighty *spoils* exceed what e'er was known,
That vanquish'd ever lost, or victor won.
So great, if Fame shall future times remind,
They'll think she lyes and libels all mankind.
Well may the pious Queen new anthems raise,
Sing her own fortunes, and her Maker's praise;
Invite the nation willing thanks to pay;
And well may all the mighty ones obey.
So may they sing, be always so preserv'd,
By grace unwished, and conquest undeserv'd.
Now let us welcome home the conquering fleet,
And all their well-aton'd mistakes forget;
Such high success should all resentments drown'd,
Nothing but joy and welcome should be found.
No more their past miscarriages reprove;
But bury all in gratitude and love.
Let their high conduct have a just regard,
And meaner merit meet a kind reward.
But now what fruits of victory remain?
To Heaven what praise, what gratitude to man!
Let France sing praise for shams of victories,
And mock their Maker with religious lies:
But England, blest with thankful hearts, shall raise
For mighty conquests mighty songs of praise.
She needs no false pretences to deceive;
What all men see, all men must needs believe.
Our joy can hardly run into excess;
The well-known subject all our foes confess;
We can't desire more, they can pretend no less.

ANNE, like her great progenitor, sings praise ;
 Like her she conquers, and like her she prays :
 Like her she graces and protects the throne,
 And counts the land's prosperity her own ;
 Like her, *and long like her*, be bless'd to reign,
 Crown'd with new conquests, and more fleets from Spain.
 See now the royal chariot comes amain
 With all the willing nation in her train ;
 With humble glory, and with solemn grace,
 Queen in her eyes, and Christian in her face.
With her, her represented subjects join ;
 And when she prays, th' whole nation says, *Amen*.
 With her, in stalls, th' illustrious nobles sat,
 The cherubims and seraphims of state ;
 ANNE, like a comet, in the centre shone,
 And they like stars that circumfere the sun.
 She great in them, and they as great in her,
 Sure Heaven will such illustrious praises hear.
 The crowding millions hearty blessings pour ;
Saint Paul ne'er saw but one such day before.

According to constitutional appointment, a new Parliament was summoned within six months of the Queen's accession to the throne ; and this Parliament, as might have been expected, was thoroughly Tory in its composition ; for every artifice was resorted to for securing a Tory majority ; and the whole weight of the court and government was unscrupulously given for the attainment of this end, at all hazards and costs. The first act of this unscrupulous assemblage was to cast a reflection of slight upon the late King William of blessed memory, the most patriotic sovereign that England had ever known ; for in the address from the House, in answer to the speech from the throne on the opening of this Parliament, her Majesty was congratulated on her success in the Spanish invasion ; the investing of Cadiz ! where " she had signally *retrieved*—*[retrieved !]* the ancient honour and glory of the English nation." Such is Tory loyalty.

This session was opened in a bad Tory spirit of meanness and detraction ; for ingratitude to the memory of William III. was

about the standard of their morality. To the reigning sovereign all was adulatory meanness and subserviency ; and to such a pitch was the *jure-divino* worship carried, that the royal touch for the King's evil, or scrofula, was revived. Charles II. was the last saint who had done business in this way ; he having during his reign laid his saintly hand on 100,000 impotent and afflicted objects. As for William, he being only a Dutch Presbyterian, and mistrusting his own powers of working miracles, did not go through the imposing ceremony. In the north of England, some of the old ladies believe that the act of confirmation is a specific for the rheumatism. I have not been able to trace the origin of this foolish superstition ; but certainly, without I had good authority for so doing, I should not take it further back than the superstitious reign of Queen Anne.

At the commencement of this reign the established clergy, on all occasions, extolled the sacred virtues of royalty at the expense of the Presbyterians and the conventicles. Every public anniversary where loyalty to the sovereign could be paraded, to set off the preacher as some especial defender of the faith, the occasion was never missed ; and every church pulpit resounded with anathemas against the Commonwealth, Cromwell, and the murderers of the royal martyr, Charles I., with all chapels, preachers, and Whigs ; with rapturous praises of hereditary sovereigns, and their divine right to ride rough-shod, by God's appointment, over all ordinary sort of people ; who had no remedy but to sit down, and to submit to these happy dispensations of Providence, with placid and contented minds ; rejoicing in being called to bear testimony to God's ordinances by a servile submission to hereditary rule. During all this preaching, poor William, the late King, came in for a few hard knocks, by way of comparison with the power then in existence, or then ruling ; these 30th of January anniversary preachers always keeping one principle in view, that where a bird in the hand is represented to be worth two in the bush. Poor William was done—gone—dead and buried ; he, poor fellow, had no patronage to bestow ; no deaneries—no bishoprics. No ! he was only a dead Dutchman, interloper, or usurper. Pamphlets at this time were written on all sides with the greatest violence ; Leslie, Drake, L'Estrange, Sacheverell,

and others, taking, as before, the lead on the side of the hereditary right of kings to rule, and the duty of people to submit at all costs, even with loss of property, or of life itself; while, as opponents to this slavish doctrine—a doctrine unworthy of men calling themselves free—stood out Daniel De Foe and one or two others, for at this time De Foe brought out his pamphlet entitled *A New Test of the Church of England's Loyalty; or, Whiggish Loyalty and Church Loyalty compared*. This tract was forced into existence by the violent and slavish doctrines preached in all anniversary sermons where politics could by any possibility be introduced; and these occasions were of daily occurrence, in which the clergy and the Tories in power seemed to take revenge upon the dissenters for all the disasters which the whole house of Stuart for four generations had, in their folly—for they were a foolish, silly race, from James I. downwards—brought upon themselves.

Well, in this war of steeple-house *versus* conventicle, all was violence of such a nature as to threaten an open outbreak of persecution in the nation, under pretence of the “church being in danger”; and had it not been for the Prince Consort, and one or two other sober-minded people about the Queen, checking the outbreak as well as they could, and keeping a tight hand upon the weak monarch, there would have been an outbreak in this nation on the Church of England's pretensions; and the consequence would have been—for the dissenters were all-powerful as the moneyed interest in the kingdom—that Queen Anne would have had to run for her life to France, there to end her days a pensioner of France, as her father and most of her family had done before her. The clergy did their best to bring such a catastrophe about; and they would have succeeded, if the Prince Consort had not possessed so much sense and influence over the weak-minded, bigoted daughter of James II. as to prevent it. Anne was an unwise woman; and if she had married a fool like herself, she must have left her kingdom in disgrace, and ended her days an outcast, to become a pensioner on the court of Louis XIV. at St. Germain, under the same roof as her brother, the Pretender.

This was about the first appearance of that firebrand of a defender of a priestly domination, the notorious Sacheverell of a later period,

who preached a sermon before the University of Oxford, and afterwards published it, with the sanction or *imprimatur* of the vice-chancellor, under the title of the *Political Union*, in which the church militant, not of Christ, but of England, was placed above the power of the state. He considers it to be "the greatest reproach and scandal upon our church, however others may be seduced and misled, that any pretending to that sacred and inviolable character of being her true sons, pillars, and defenders, should turn such apostates and renegadoes to their oaths and professions, such false traitors to their trusts and offices, as to strike sail to such a party, that is such an open and avowed enemy to our communion, and against whom every man that wishes its welfare ought to hang out the bloody flag and banner of defiance."

Bravo! for the vice-chancellor of Oxford! He was playing the French game with a vengeance; and if the Prince Consort had not possessed more discretion and more influence over the narrow-minded woman, Queen Anne, than her other advisers, the throne would have found itself to be in danger; for, although the high-priests and rabble were in partnership here, as on another memorable occasion, yet the moneyed interest of England in 1702 being altogether in the hands of the dissenters; and concentrated in the city of London, and in the other large towns of the north and west of England, would have been more than a match for the vice-chancellor of Oxford and his firebrand the preacher; even if these two had possessed the confidence and power of the court, as well as the personal well-wishes of the Queen herself. A little indiscretion here, and the last of the race of the Stuarts must have gone, and Queen Anne fled her country an outcast. The throne was truly in danger, and one man in the country saw that, and perhaps but one man, and that man was Daniel De Foe; and he placed the keystone in the arch of folly, by publishing shortly after this period his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. We must take the proper order of events; and, although the *Shortest Way* did appear in this strife of parties, it was not till some few months after the point of time we are now occupied upon; for the notice already given of the

pamphlet on Church-of-England loyalty, and a comparison between it and Whig loyalty made, must be followed up with a few quotations, to show the nature of that work.

“In all the unhappy contentions among parties and factions in this brangling nation, the champions of the Church of England, as they would have themselves call'd, have laid it down as the distinguishing mark of their hierarchy, that it is her practice, and has been derived from her very constitution, as well as doctrine, to fix in all her members principles of unshaken loyalty to her Prince, entire and undisputed obedience to all her commands, and an abhorrence of the very thoughts of those hellish principles, that it can be lawful on any account whatsoever to resist the established power of their kings.

“’Twould be endless to quote the Rev. Dr. B—ge, who, from the text in the 13th of the Romans, and verses 1, 2, ‘Resist not the powers, &c., for whatsoever powers are, be ordained of God,’ tells us: ‘That if the King should by his royal command execute the greatest violence upon either our persons or estate, our duty was to submit by prayers and tears first to God Almighty, to turn the wrath of his vicegerent from his servant, and by humble entreaty to beg his Majesty’s grace and pardon; but to lift up the hand against the Lord’s anointed, or resist the evil of punishment he thought fit to inflict, this were a crime unpardonable either before God or man; and a crime (says the reverend doctor) which we bless God the very principles of our ever-loyal mother, the Church of England, abhors and detests.’

“‘Let incendiaries, fanaticks, and bloody peace-breaking Whigs,’ says another learned divine, ‘nourish the vip’rous principles of treason and rebellion; and let them meet their due reward of their factious doings in the resentments of a righteous but provoked nation. But, God be praised, our mother, the Church of England, has always brought up her sons in an unspotted loyalty and obedience; none have been found lifting up their hands against their sovereign, or possessing the right of the anointed of God,’” &c. &c.

This tract proceeds to the extent of twenty pages in this strain;

and of course no extract of a single page can do justice to the performance; for it is very ably written, as all De Foe's tracts were; and of course it produced a great sensation at the time.

Upon Nov. 4, in this year, Mr. Bromley and Mr. Annesley, members for the two universities, and Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, brought in a bill for preventing occasional conformity on the part of Protestant dissenters, which was a Tory or High-Church process for persecuting, by excluding from all offices of trust or honour all Protestant dissenters; and this act was supported by all the power of the High-Church party connected with the government, or in the House; and for this act Prince George of Denmark (the Prince Consort), was obliged to vote, though at the time he said to Lord Wharton, when rising to divide, "My heart is vid you."

It was with them; for he was a Lutheran and an occasional conformist himself. Luckily for the Queen, the bishops in the House of Lords were the chief cause of saving her throne by their moderation; for they were all moderate men, and of William's appointment. We rail at bishops sitting in the House of Lords; but here they saved the nation from an act which would neither have added to the dignity nor perhaps the safety of the throne: for the spirit of persecution on the part of the High-Church party was raised to the highest pitch; for Whigs, Presbyterians, the ministry, and even the Queen herself was the object of attack from the church pulpits; with long and exciting harangues on the Cromwell times, and the sufferings of Charles I. The Bishops and Lords clogged this bill with amendments, in order to cause its rejection in the Commons, in which they succeeded; for the bill was lost. All was excitement during the time this bill was in Parliament, and pamphlets swarmed on all hands; and among the writers of the latter stood out foremost Daniel De Foe in another pamphlet, published at this time, and entitled *An Enquiry into Occasional Conformity, shewing that the Dissenters are no way concerned in it*. In taking up this subject as a writer, De Foe stood nearly alone on his side of the question; for he had a vast majority both of preachers and writers against him; but yet he felt satisfied, though in the mi-

nority, as conscious of having truth on his side; for he tells his opponents, that they were welcome to all the converts made by the mammon of unrighteousness.

The Occasional Conformity Bill of Mr. Bromley and his party of TACKERS, in the Commons, is given here as a specimen of the House of Commons when acting under French influences, though not French pay; for we were at war with France at this time, and consequently *unpaid*, though living and acting in hope of better times from French patronage: those times to be when James III. could be reinstated on the throne of his father by the power of France; and England be reduced to a French province again by French money, distributed among members of the House of Commons for French interests exclusively, to the exclusion of British interests—a state of things which had existed through a great portion of the reign of William and Mary of glorious memory; and which was anxiously expected, on a return to French influences under James III., by a great majority of the House of Commons of 1702, 1703, and 1704—the first Parliament of Queen Anne. The bill is given as sent up to the Lords, and without the amendments of the Lords, introduced as softening clauses or additions, in various places.

“As nothing is more contrary to the profession of the Christian religion, and particularly to the doctrine of the Church of England, than persecution for conscience only; in due consideration whereof an act passed in the first year of the reign of the late King William and Queen Mary, entitled ‘An Act for exempting their Majesties’ Protestant subjects dissenting from the Church of England from the Penalties of certain Laws,’ which act ought inviolably to be observed, and ease given to all consciences truly scrupulous. But, nevertheless, whereas the laws do provide that every person to be admitted into any office or employment should be conformable to the church, as it is by law established; by enacting, that every such person so to be admitted should receive the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper according to the rites and usage of the Church of England; yet several persons dissenting from the church as it is by law established, do join with the members thereof

in receiving the Lord's Supper to qualify themselves to have and enjoy such offices and employments; and do afterwards resort to conventicles or meetings, for the exercise of religion in other manner than according to the liturgy and practice of the Church of England; which is contrary to the intent and meaning of the laws already made: Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and the Commons in Parliament assembled, and by authority of the same; that if any person or persons, after the first day of March which shall be in the year of our Lord 1702, either Peers or Commons, who have [Mark! it was on Feb. 21, 1702, that his Majesty had the misfortune to break his collar-bone, while hunting at Hampton Court; the accident which was the apparent cause of his Majesty's death] or shall have any office or offices, civil or military, or receive any pay, salary, fee, or wages, by reason of any patent or grant from her Majesty, or shall have any command or place of trust from or under her Majesty, or from any of her Majesty's predecessors, or by her or their authority, derived from her or them, within the kingdom of England, dominion of Wales, and town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, or in her Majesty's navy, or in the several islands of Jersey and Guernsey; or shall be admitted into any service or employment in her Majesty's household or family; or if any mayor, alderman, recorder, bailiff, town-clerk, common-councilman, or other person bearing any office of magistracy, or places of trust, or other employment relating to and concerning the government of the respective cities, corporations, boroughs, cinque-ports, and their members, and other port towns, within the kingdom of England, dominion of Wales, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, who by the laws are obliged to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the rites and usage of the Church of England, shall at any time after their admission into their respective offices or employments, or after having such grant as aforesaid, during his or their continuance in such offices, or the enjoyment of any profit or advantage from the same, knowingly or willingly resort to or be present at any conventicle, under colour of any exercise of religion in other manner than ac-

according to the liturgy and practice of the Church of England, in any place within the kingdom of England, at which conventicle or assembly there shall be five persons or more assembled together, over and besides those of the same household, if it be in any house or place where there is no person inhabiting, then where any five persons or more are so assembled as aforesaid, or shall knowingly or willingly be present at any such meeting, in such house or place, although the liturgy be there used; and in case her Majesty (whom God long preserve) Katherine Queen Dowager, and the Princess Sophia, or such others as shall from time to time be lawfully appointed to be prayed for, and shall not be prayed for (viz., in pursuance of the act passed in the first year of King William and Queen Mary, entitled 'An Act declaring the Rights and Liberties of the Subject, and settling the Succession of the Crown;' and the act passed in the twelfth and thirteenth of King William, entitled 'An Act for the further Limitation of the Crown, and better securing the Rights and Liberties of the Subject'), in express words, according to the liturgy of the Church of England; shall forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds, and five pounds for every day that any such persons shall continue in the execution of such office or employment after they shall have been present at any such conventicle; to be recovered by him or them, that shall sue for the same, by an action of debt, bill, plaint, or information, in any of her Majesty's courts at Westminster, wherein no essoign, protection, or wages of law shall be allowed, nor more than one imparlance.

"And be it further enacted, that every person convicted in any action, to be brought as aforesaid, or upon any information, presentment, or indictment, in any of her Majesty's courts of Westminster, or at the assizes, shall be disabled from thenceforth to hold such offices or employments, or to receive any profits or advantage by reason of them, or of any grant as aforesaid; and shall be adjudged incapable to bear any office or employment whatsoever within the kingdom of England. Provided always, and be it further enacted, that if any person or persons who shall be convicted as aforesaid, and thereby made incapable to hold any office or employment, shall after such conviction conform to the Church of England for the

space of one year without having been present at any conventicle, and receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at least three times in the year, every such person or persons shall be capable of a grant of any office or employment, or of being elected into or holding any the offices or employments aforesaid. Provided also, and be it enacted, that every person so convicted, and afterwards conforming, shall, at the next term after his admission into any such office, make oath in writing, in any of her Majesty's courts at Westminster, in public and open court, between the hours of nine of the clock and twelve in the forenoon, or at the next quarter sessions for the county or place where he shall reside, that he has conformed to the Church of England for the space of one year before such his admission, without having been present at any conventicle, and that he has received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; which oath shall be there enrolled, and kept upon record. Provided also, and be it further enacted, that if any person after such his admission into any office, shall a second time offend in manner aforesaid, and shall be thereof lawfully convicted, he shall for such offence incur double the penalties aforementioned; to be recovered in manner aforesaid, and shall forfeit such office or employment, and shall not be capable of having any office or employment until he have conformed for the space of three years, in the manner aforesaid; whereof oath shall be made in writing in one of her Majesty's courts at Westminster, or at the quarter sessions of the county where he resides."

Such was the bill for persecuting the dissenters in the years 1702, 1703, and 1704, the first Parliament of Queen Anne. This bill was the pet bill of the House of Commons during the whole three first years of Queen Anne's reign: a bill which was carried to the Lords again and again, without effect, until the device of TACKING it to a money bill was resorted to by the Commons. We talk of the House of Lords—we talk of the bench of bishops: bishops, indeed! Who stood first in opposition to this tyrannical measure of the Commons—of the Mackworths and Howes and Bromleys? Who? Fourteen bishops, at the head of whom stood the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. These *tackers* of the Commons, numbering 134 mem-

bers, were the same class of members who were sold to Louis XIV. of France during the previous reign, the French ambassador being the purchaser; and were called *POUSSINEERS*, from *POUSSIN*, the French agent employed in the purchase; and they numbered, as we have previously said, 167. French members bought and paid for by the French ambassador for the King of France! This *TACKING* plan of carrying bills through the House of Commons induced the Upper House to pass a standing order, to the effect, that "the annexing any clause to a money bill was contrary to the constitution of the English government and the usage of Parliament."

The Lords, in their negotiations with the managers for the Commons, were most strenuous for carrying a numerous string of amendments or curtailments of the measure, for lightening the blow about to be dealt upon the dissenters, under the form of *LAW*; but all in vain; the bill must be carried, and the bill should be carried by the stockjobbing *TACKERS* of the Commons; headed by Mr. Bromley, Mr. St. John, Sir Simon Harcourt, the solicitor-general, and supported by all the men who had bought their seats and wished to sell them at a profit, or bring about the old French times, when Louis' money should again circulate in the House of Commons, from the pocket of the French ambassador. These men, from Jack Howe upwards, could have no personal feelings against the dissenters. None! Theirs was altogether a money calculation—a rise or fall of stock, East Indian or South Sea; and a brush with France or Holland or Spain, or a panic on the Pretender's landing in Devonshire or anywhere else, was all the same to them, however disastrous it might be to the government or nation; for they were stockjobbing speculators; and *bears* or *bulls*, which you like, only name the stock: sell or buy, in any stock and to any amount, either for this day or any other you may be pleased to name. Such was the majority of the House of Commons for the first three years of the reign of Queen Anne. Yes! and this villainy in the Commons had, as its resisting barrier—fourteen bishops, at the head of whom stood the Archbishop of Canterbury; and the lay peers were headed by the Duke of Devonshire in the House of Lords.

The managers of the Commons enforced the necessity of the

measure as a support of a national church, on account of "so many *ill* men pretending to inspiration, and so many *weak* men following them;" and also, because the last reign began with an act in favour of dissenters, it was but fair that this should commence by an act in favour of the church. Such was the argument of the managers for the Commons; while the managers for the Lords—the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Peterborough, the Bishop of Salisbury, Lord Somers, and Lord Halifax—maintained "that it was untrue to say of the dissenters, that they never wanted the will, when they had the power to destroy the church and state; since in the last and greatest danger (1688) it was exposed to, they joined with her, with all imaginable zeal and sincerity, against the Papists, their common enemy, showing no prejudice to the church; but the utmost respect to her bishops when sent to the Tower. And that ever since they have continued to show all the signs of friendship and submission to the government of church and state; that, in truth, formerly the dissenters had been seditious, and in arms and opposition to the state and church; but it was the effect of persecution; and even then they were open and avowed enemies; but that toleration and tenderness had never missed of procuring peace and union, as persecution had never failed of the contrary effects."

The Lords also intimated that the woollen manufacture, imported in a great measure with persecuted Flemish Protestants from the Spanish Netherlands in the reign of Elizabeth, could not flourish in this country in matters of religion, for "the book that goes under the name of Mr. De Wits, shows the Dutch reckon that the woollen manufactures can never have such a settlement among us as with them; because they who must work them, cannot have so entire a liberty of conscience here as there. We have felt the happy effects of the liberty granted them in the last reign; and it is to be hoped that nothing will be done in this to impeach that, or to raise apprehensions and fears in the minds of men that are so useful to us in the most important article of our trade." The connection between the woollen cloth trade and religious liberty is worthy of consideration. Dorsetshire and the West of England were the great strongholds of dissent when the Duke of Monmouth and the Prince of Orange

landed there in 1685 and 1688; while at this time (1859), the clothing districts of the West Riding of Yorkshire will be found to be the grand strongholds of religious liberty, and civil liberty too; if the main points of the argument were only laid in truth and faithfulness before the common-sense comprehension of the people. Look at the Saddleworth freeholders in 1807; look there! a Mister Somebody (Armitage or Armstrong) told a Saddleworth freeholder that he would never buy another piece of cloth of him if he did not vote for his candidate! Fatal declaration!—that silly threat, made to one or two men, turned the election for Yorkshire—and against Mister Armstrong's candidate.

One would like to ask whether the taste for music came from Holland with the civil and religious liberty involved in the woollen trade? I should think it did.

But to return to the bill, and its advocates in the Commons. Sir John Packinton observed—"One would be provoked, by the late behaviour of the bishops, to move for leave to bring in a bill for the toleration of episcopacy; for, since they are of the same principles with the dissenters, it is but just, I think, that they should stand on the same foot."

The above bill for persecuting the dissenters passed the House of Commons three times in the years 1702, 1703, and 1704; and was as often thrown out in the Lords; the last time by a majority of 71—the Queen being present, and taking great interest in the measure against the dissenters.

Queen Anne! How could that woman forget that awful night when she stole from Whitehall, to place herself under *General* Compton—the Bishop of London dressed up in regimentals; and had to flee under his escort to Nottingham, the headquarters of the Duke of Devonshire! Queen Anne!—a perjured woman!—who held her right to the throne through the compact entered into between William Prince of Orange and the freeholders of England, in the Bill of Rights—that Magna Charter which alone gave Queen Anne any right to sit upon the throne of these realms.

What business had that woman to dictate to the people of England how they should worship the God of their fathers? Who made

her a judge in such matters? Look at her title to the throne—what was it—what was the solemn compact? Was it right hereditary—right to work her people as tools, goods, and chattels? No, she had no hereditary right to the throne; her right was based upon successful revolution—the revolution of 1688. Her title, her charter, was the Bill of Rights. What was the Bill of Rights? Was it a right to deprive half of her subjects of their privileges as citizens? No! her claim was an *usurped claim*; and had it not been for the Lords and the Bishops, the creation of William III. for her as trustees, she must have gone once again by night, under *General Compton*—but not to Nottingham; no! but to Dover—for St. Germain's, the house of her brother and her father.

It is true that the whole race of Stuarts, from slobbering James downwards, had a wonderful notion of their rights as kings of England; the whole race of them possessed this feeling; and perhaps we may be excused if we inquire into the nature of the title, whether it were by conquest or by compact, bond, or charter? We will look into the conquest side of the argument, and admit its validity as a starting-point, and see by what unbroken chain of emblazoned pedigree, Queen Anne possessed her throne? Henry VII. was the conqueror upon whom James I. relied, and on this claim his son Charles staked his head, and lost! Where is conquest title after that execution, for signing a bond with his people and breaking it? Where stood right of conquest on that awful scaffold erected before one of the windows of Whitehall? Cromwell's reign, Cromwell's glorious reign! for he, Oliver Cromwell, had as great a right, by succession, to his place upon the throne, by right hereditary, as any king or any queen of England from the time of Edward the Confessor to this present moment. It may suit the sycophants to omit the statue of Cromwell in the New Palace of Westminster;—but yet—yet, in spite of the Clarks, the Jubs, the Snubs, and the Smiths, of my Lord Chamberlain's dancing-list;—yet, in spite of the pouting lip of disappointed sycophancy—Oliver Cromwell was, in fact, a king of England; and a great one too! Well, then, take his successor of conquest, Charles II., the pensioner of France—the man who sold Dunkirk to the French for £400,000, and spent the money

with the French prostitute, the Duchess of Portsmouth; what British conquest is there here?

Well, then, take James II., and he a prisoner in the hands of boatmen and rabble, at a public-house in Rochester; taken prisoner when attempting to run away from his throne and people, in the disguise of a sailor;—well, take the running away in the dead of the night, by the Princess of Denmark, under the protection of the Bishop of London, and he disguised as a soldier;—where was the conquest here? Well, then, William III. invading England at the head of fourteen thousand Dutchmen, and holding the throne, in his own name, by act of Parliament, or compact with the people, for fourteen years;—where could Queen Anne's rights by conquest be, here? Her right to the throne, by any conquest of Henry VII., could not be, to Queen Anne, worth one of her farthings.

We will now consider Queen Anne's title by hereditary descent. James, her great-grandfather, derived his title to the throne of England from Henry VII.: a bad title; perhaps the worst since the time of the Confessor, and his heir the Norman bastard; excepting, perhaps, that of Edward III., the progenitor of Henry VII., seven reigns back in the table of genealogy; and he, too, king by the deposing of his father, and taking upon himself, in his father's lifetime, the government of this realm of England, by a solemn compact, entered into with the people of England: his title to the throne being an act-of-Parliament title only. As to hereditary succession, from Henry VII., by way of Edward III., the title *hereditary* would be so thoroughly rotten, as not to be worth, both together, in the estimation of any county-court jury in England—a cartload of coals!

We will first take Edward the Confessor, whose title to the throne of England by hereditary right was bad—bad in itself—yes, builders and commissioners of your New Palace of Westminster, as bad a title to the throne by hereditary right as that of Oliver Cromwell, King of England by election; and of blessed memory too; whose statue you dare not place in your new building—a fact when the British constitution is on its trial—its last trial—and when British interests are drifting to German contralization, which speaks volumes

for the cowardice of British legislators in the reign of Victoria. A great debt of gratitude is due from this nation to a man—the *Brewer of Huntingdon*!—who proved the best of kings in the worst of times, to a people debased and crushed to the earth by the French influences. Let this debt be paid—let £100,000 be raised by national subscription for a national monument; and let the electors of Westminster and Marylebone open the subscription lists; and put my name down for £500; and, if you like, for I care not, let Hyde Park—the middle or highest point—be the situation for pitching this testimony of a nation's gratitude to one of her kings, and one of her best of kings too; and for motto add, if you like, "*No German centralization here.*"

Well, the illegitimate sovereign, Edward the Confessor, left the kingdom, by will, to the bastard William the Conqueror; a perjured man as well as a bastard. William II. was not the legitimate heir of William the Conqueror. No; Henry I., his brother, was a younger brother, made King, while his elder brother was living. Stephen, his successor, was placed in worse circumstances, for divine right. Henry II. was no better, as a divine-right king; for he was not the legitimate heir to Stephen, or anybody else. Richard I. succeeded his father. John succeeded Richard illegally, in the lifetime of the true heir. Henry III. succeeded John illegally. So that, of seven successors after the Conqueror, but *one*, Richard I., succeeded as heir to his father, or the Conqueror. We have heard of the poor Scotch Highlander boasting of an existence in pedigree before *twa flood*; and we have heard of Noah descending from the deck of his ark, with the pedigree of Sir Watkins Williams Wynn, of Wynnstay, in Wales, under his arm, as a treasure. Sir Watkins Williams Wynn's pedigree—the pet volume in Noah's library! Yes; his *Whole Duty of Man; with Family Exercises on Passive Obedience to the Family of Wynnstay*, added by way of Appendix! Is this absurd to the English reader? Is it more absurd than James Stuart setting up for King of England, as God's vicegerent, through the rotten title as King, of Henry VII.? Talk of divine right of James I.!—slobbering James—yes; slobbering James!—whose great tongue, too large for his mouth, affected, or let down

by a stroke of paralysis, was never in an easy position, except when licking some lad's face—either Carr's, or Villiers's, or some other lad's! *Jure-divino from Scotland!* what De Foe terms *packs and scrat from beyond Tweed!* When Edward III. came in—a man who was a king, and ruled his people as a king, for a long and glorious reign—where was passive obedience, and *divine right of kings?* This man was crowned; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, WALTER, preached his coronation sermon; and what was his text—what?—VOX POPULI, VOX DEI:—THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE VOICE OF GOD. Such was the JURE-DIVINO election to the throne of England of Edward III., our glorious King!

Edward III. was a good king of England, a very good one, and so was Henry VII.; but yet, as hereditary drivers of dissenting slaves from this conventicle to that church, at the beck or call of this or that bishop, their titles were worthless; as the execution of Charles I. fully testified, when he staked his throne and his head upon the venture. Charles I. broke his bond, solemnly entered into with his people; and that act of perjury cost him his life, for he was tried, found guilty, and executed.

But it may be said that a corrupt, rotten House of Commons were to blame in allowing the executive to act the tyrant with the people. This is quite true: a corrupt House of Commons, bribed and corrupted by the French ambassador, with the money of Louis the Fourteenth and the pensioned—French-pensioned—profligate, Charles II., heart-broke William III. and Queen Anne. This is a fact. But can no remedy be found? Yes! Annual Parliaments; and without the ballot, if you please; for the ballot-box can be forged by a powerful and dishonest executive, especially in boroughs snugly placed by circumstances for playing the game. Parliaments in England were annual, till the governing powers, for their own purposes, chose to make them otherwise; at one time they must be made triennial, to fix the Whigs, or serve some dark or party purpose; and at another time they must be made septennial, to fix or annoy the Tories! All this would be fully rectified by Annual Parliaments and widely extended electoral districts, with bribery and intimidation by treating or persecution rendered FELONY; and the briber or

intimidator subjected to transportation to a penal settlement, on a verdict of guilty being pronounced by a British jury at the county assizes. This would be ballot-box enough; and no juggling with false bottoms or false tops, or double and false keys, with false officials in the pay of the executive, prepared to make a false return by the ballot-box, placed in their hands as national umpires; provided it could be done with the certainty of their never being detected and punished.

I would say avoid the ballot, but insist upon the duration of Parliaments being annual only, and BRIBERY and CORRUPTION, FELONY, on conviction before a British assize jury. Oh! but you'll—you'll, indeed! I would transport every man to a penal settlement for life, on a conviction of bribery or intimidation. I would want no ballot-box; mine should emphatically be—the JURY-BOX; and if necessary in the course of justice, I would place every member of the government in the WITNESS-BOX. Half-a-dozen convictions for bribery, with as many transportations for life, twenty, or seven years, would soon clean or clear the way to the poll-booth; and bribery and intimidation become unknown in Britain.

In another part of this book I have proposed, as a punishment for bribery or intimidation for men high in place in this world's smiles, stripping in Palace Yard, Westminster, and tying to a cart-tail and flogging down the Strand to Temple Bar. This is better protection to the voter than the ballot-box; the ballot-box you might forge, but there would be no forging under the lash of two drummers from the Foot Guards. There is a way of protection to the voter; and that way must adopted; and without the ballot, too.

Well! but in all this state of turmoil and contention on the Presbyterians turning churchmen once a year for corporation honours, how did De Foe act? He wrote to the Rev. Mr. Howe for advice, and got an answer, as we have seen before; and he wrote his book, the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, too, and got into gaol for twelve months for doing it; he wrote against these men playing dissenter to foster the pride of intelligence and credit of "thinking for one's-self," and then turning churchman too, in order to be a

great man on lord mayor's day, and play at long-spoon and custard with City aldermen at the gate of Newgate. De Foe's advice was to hang and drown the whole Presbyterian fry; for a threat of drowning to a man changing his religion in order to be Lord Mayor of London, would quicken his steps in the changing march, rather than be hanged or drowned for his religion.

The Presbyterians in De Foe's time (1702) were an elevating class; and he thought very little of them as a religious body of independent, self-relying, vigorous, healthy Christians. I fancy he thought these men very genteel, but half Tories—a class of men who, to be lord mayor of London, would not scruple to play at bo-peep with God Almighty on religious matters. Poor De Foe! he was too honest for the party. De Foe was himself a Presbyterian, as we shall find elsewhere in this book; but of this occasional conformity to the church for lord mayor's show and City honours, he, as a dissenter, highly disapproved. He, as a dissenter, would say, “Do your worst at us, and take the consequences; you have done it before twice, and what was the consequence?” To the two, Charles and James, father and son, he pointed mentally—“Look there, at the scaffold at Whitehall; and there—there—the alehouse prisoner at Rochester; the two martyrs, wet and dry.

De Foe had no fear at a trial of strength on religious matters—the contest had been tried, and the battle had been won—won twice—in death and in banishment, to two Kings of England! For what?—what?—For trampling on the rights of the people, and breaking their bond with that people;—on the people's rights, and on the people's liberties—for they have both, and will continue to have; till a German centralization on Education shall prostrate every man's neck in Britain below the foot of a parson. Education is the weapon to be used for re-erecting the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission, and subdue us all—all—old and young, rich and poor, to one level; and that to be fixed by the minister of the crown for court purposes.

Oxford examinations of the working classes, what are they—where do they lead? Privy Council turned schoolmaster, where does that

lead—where does it point:—to the high road of arbitrary power, and a subjugation of a free people to all the tyranny of a governmental bondage.

At this time (1702) De Foe brought out his pamphlet entitled the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters, or Proposals for the Establishment of the Church*. This pamphlet was framed on the model of Sacheverell, Leslie, and others; and was, no doubt, written to precipitate the catastrophe which at that time was threatening both the throne and the church. De Foe knew the power in wealth, and the numbers of the dissenters; and the effect which an open rupture with such a party in the kingdom would have upon the government and the war with France; only reluctantly carried on by the Tories, then in power. De Foe had written so freely to and on the Rev. Mr. John Howe, and his members receiving the sacrament as a passport to civil honour, that he had completely closed all acquaintance with them; and, if he could have urged on the government to irritate this respectable Presbyterian congregation into open hostility, he would have materially strengthened the dissenting party by so doing. The leading dissenters of the lord-mayor class would blame De Foe quite as much as the High-Church party could blame him; for the latter quite approved of his book, till they knew that it was written by him, to ridicule them.

The government and the High-Church party were anxious to crush the dissenters; but this exterminating process by fire and sword frightened the government; for the government was in great danger from rousing up the sleeping powers of the dissenters into actual resistance. This would have brought on a contest which Queen Anne's government was by no means prepared to enter upon; for in such a contest the Queen would have been worsted, and what would have been the result? A packing-up of traps for St. Germain's; the last of the Stuarts gone! It was all very well for De Foe to call this pamphlet a joke, or piece of irony; but it was no joke for the government. De Foe states, that when he wrote his pamphlet, "Down with the Whigs, down with the Presbyterians, down with the meeting-houses!" was such an universal cry, that nothing else was to be heard in the mouths of these furies for a long time. Press,

pulpit, coffee-house—all the discourse of the kingdom was, what her Majesty would do; and then the church should triumph over her enemies the dissenters; how forty-one should now be fully revenged; and all things were to be done *the shortest way*. Though this truth was unhappily told by the author of this a little too soon, yet time has made it plain it was in their design, and discovered by themselves.

There was nothing in De Foe's pamphlet but what had been enunciated again and again from scores of pulpits, both in London and in Oxford and Cambridge; but yet the thing was done in such a way as to make a national agitation, and threaten the disturbance of the government; and this was so palpable, that the Secretary of State for the Home Department spared no pains till he had discovered the author, and found that author to be the most obnoxious man in the kingdom—fearless, and dangerous from his talents; and that man was Daniel De Foe. The Earl of Nottingham was secretary of state at this time; and he was the man who made out De Foe to be the writer of this dangerous pamphlet; and on the discovery, great was the dismay of the High-Church divines, who had applauded this divine production, even in their pulpits, as a work which stood next to the holy scriptures in importance.

The whole party now called for vengeance on the head of the author—hanging was too good for such a miscreant! In the excitement, more than one individual offered to officiate as hangman, rather than this blasphemous author should go unpunished. In this state of threatened vengeance, De Foe ran away, and was advertised in the *London Gazette*, and £50 offered for his apprehension. This took place on the 10th day of January, 1703; and the advertisement is as follows:—

“Whereas Daniel De Foe, *alias* De Fooe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet entitled the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. He is a middle-sized spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor in Freeman's Yard, in Cornhill; and now is owner of

the brick and pantile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex. Whoever will discover the said Daniel De Foe to one of her Majesty's principal secretaries of state, or any of her Majesty's justices of the peace, so he may be apprehended, shall have the reward of fifty pounds, which her Majesty has ordered immediately to be paid upon such discovery."

At the same time a formal complaint was made of this publication in the House of Commons, on Feb. 25, 1703; when, some of the obnoxious passages being read, it was resolved—"That this book, being full of false and scandalous reflections on this Parliament, and tending to promote sedition, be burnt by the hands of the common hangman to-morrow, in New Palace Yard."

At the Old Bailey sessions, held on Feb. 24, 1703, Sir Simon Harcourt being the solicitor-general at the time, and conducting the prosecution for the government, the grand jury construed his offence for a libel; and the trial came off on the following July: the interim being occupied by agents of the government tampering with the prisoner, to induce him to plead guilty under a promise of a royal pardon. This would have been a most important relief for Lord Nottingham, a narrow, bigoted High-Church Tory, placed upon the brink of a precipice, with Harley, the popular Speaker and boon companion of the House of Commons, ready at a moment's notice to supplant him; which he did, within a few months of this ever-memorable trial.

When the trial came on, De Foe, under the promise of pardon from the Earl of Nottingham, her Majesty's secretary of state, pleaded *guilty*; and, to the astonishment of every one, the sentence of the court upon him was, that he pay 200 marks to the Queen; stand three times in the pillory; be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure; and find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years. Such was the sentence; and such was it carried out; to the eternal disgrace of Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham, the Queen's secretary of state at the time.

The pillory exhibition is thus noticed in the *London Gazette* of July 31:—

"On the 29th instant, Daniel Foe, *alias* De Foe, stood in the pillory

before the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, as he did yesterday near the Conduit in Cheapside, and this day at Temple Bar; in pursuance of his sentence given against him at the last sessions at the Old Bailey, for writing and publishing a seditious libel, entitled the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. By which sentence he is also fined 200 marks, to find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years; and to remain in prison till all be performed."

Such a pillory exhibition had seldom been seen in England; for exulting thousands accompanied De Foe from Newgate to the pillory on each day, to protect him from hurt or insult; and accompanied him also with shouts of triumph on his return to Newgate. The very pillory itself was said to have been decorated with garlands; for it was the height of summer, when there were abundance of flowers; and not only this, but refreshments were provided for him; and, as an opponent said of the crowd at the time and their refreshments,—

The shouting crowds their advocate proclaim,
And varnish over infamy with fame.
As round him Philistines adoring stand,
And keep their Dagon safe from Israel's hand;
That, dirt themselves, protected him from filth,
And with the faction's money drank his health.

On De Foe being again lodged in the felons' room in Newgate, he set to work to commemorate the event by writing a *Hymn to the Pillory* :—

Hail! hieroglyphick state machine,
Contriv'd to punish fancy in;
Men that are men, in thee can feel no pain,
And all thy insignificants disdain.
Contempt, that false new word for shame,
Is, without crime, an empty name:
A shadow to amuse mankind,
But never frights the wise or well-fixed mind.
Virtue despises human scorn,
And scandals innocence adorn.

How have thy opening vacancies receiv'd,
In every stage, the criminals of state !
And how has mankind been deceiv'd,
When they distinguish crimes by fate !
Tell us, *great engine*, how to understand,
Or reconcile the justice of the land ;
How *Bastwick, Prynne, Hunt, Hollingsby*, and *Pye*,
Men of unspotted honesty,
Men that had learning, wit, and sense ;
And more than most men have had since,
Could equal title to thee claim
With Oats and Fuller, men of later fame ;
Even the learned Selden saw
A prospect of thee, through the law ;
He had thy lofty pinnacles in view,
But so much honour never was thy due.
Had the great Selden triumphed on thy stage—
Selden, the honour of this age,
No man would ever shun thee more,
Or grudge to stand where Selden stood before.

Perhaps we might be allowed to ask, *why* De Foe, a thorough dissenter of the old Puritan school, should write a mad fire-and-faggot tract against the whole body of dissenters? De Foe's principles were not the ordinary sunshine principles of prosperous mace or sword bearing dissent; but were of the true old persecuted Puritan class—a class doomed to conquest or death in the combat. Can we wonder at such a man being highly offended at the Rev. Mr. Howe defending such time-serving dissenters as Sir Humphrey Edwin and Sir Thomas Abney, both lord mayors, and both using the sacrament of the Lord's Supper as a qualification for office? to whom he refers when he writes—" 'Tis vain to trifle in this matter. The light, foolish handling of them by fines is their glory and advantage. If the gallows instead of the Compter, and the gallies instead of the fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle, there would not be so many sufferers. The spirit of martyrdom is over. They that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged. If one severe law was made and

punctually executed, that whoever was found at a conventicle should be banished the nation, and the preacher be hanged, we should soon see an end of the tale; they would all come to church; and one age would make us all one again. To talk of 5s. a month for not coming to the sacrament, and 1s. a week for not coming to church, is such a way of converting people as never was known. This is selling them a liberty to transgress, for so much money. If it be not a crime, why don't we give them full license? And if it be, no price ought to compound for the committing it; for that is selling a liberty to the people to sin against God and the government. We hang men for trifles, and banish them for things not worth naming; but an offence against God and the church, against the welfare of the world and the dignity of religion, shall be bought off for 5s. This is such a shame to a Christian government, that 'tis with regret I transmit it to posterity."

De Foe complained, and with justice too, of these time-serving dissenters, who allowed him to fight this battle of civil and religious liberty—for such was the contest—and receive the enemy's charge single-handed. De Foe's tract has always been held up for a very witty performance; it might be witty, but I cannot see the wit of it, and I never could see the wit of it; but I can conceive a man of De Foe's power of discrimination perceiving the exact position of parties in England; and calculating the effect of a pushing the High-Church principles to their extreme length; he could at once perceive that the Earl of Nottingham's administration must go at once; and he might also calculate upon rousing the whole dissenting power, and producing a money crisis; for the dissenters were the moneyed interest of the kingdom at this time. A crisis at this time would have seriously interfered with the French war; and this, with the removal of the Earl of Nottingham from the ministry, would have been objects which De Foe would have gone great lengths to accomplish; for he heartily disliked both the one and the other. Besides all this, Harley, though a supporter of the Revolution, was neglected by William, and had in consequence commenced business, as a politician independent of royalty, by making friends for himself, by his hospitality and convivial deport-

ment amongst the members of the House of Commons. He had done this so effectually as to be chosen Speaker in three successive Parliaments. He was talented, intriguing, proud, disappointed, and ambitious; and only waited for one single false step of the haughty, priest-ridden, mistrusted Earl of Nottingham, to take his place. De Foe's tract just named was to effect this; and place Harley as secretary of state in the place of him. De Foe was acting with and for Harley, and probably was paid by Harley for writing this tract; for Harley supplied him with money when in confinement in Newgate for this prosecution; and it has been affirmed on good authority, that the Queen sent money to De Foe's wife and family at the instigation of Harley. Harley was not in the ministry, but yet he had actually more of the personal confidence of the Queen, through back-stairs intriguing, than her own ministers possessed. What was the point to be attained by the Queen through Harley's assistance, I cannot affirm; but probably it had something to do with serving the interest of the family at St. Germain's, at the expense of the interests of the house of Hanover. Queen Anne's position, through the greater part of her reign, was a very anomalous one; she was in the hands of High-Church Tories, her friends and the friends of the Stuarts; she waged war with France against the Pretender and these friends, forced into it by the Whigs; and yet she was intriguing with Harley, St. John, and others, for the Pretender; High-Church bigots were her ministers and her House of Commons; while William Cavendish, the first Duke of Devonshire, the handsomest man in the kingdom, and most liberal man too, in thorough Protestant principles of the Revolution class, was lord steward of the household; and his son, William Cavendish, Marquis of Hartington, a bold, unflinching assertor of the liberty of the people in the House of Commons, was captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. The Duke of Marlborough too, one of the greatest men of his day as a clear-headed statesman, was captain-general; and his duchess was lady of the bedchamber to the Queen when she was Princess of Denmark, for some years; and on the Queen's accession to the throne, was created groom of the stole, and keeper of the privy purse. Now, I believe that to the Duchess of Marlborough a national debt of

gratitude is due for the manner in which she exercised her influence over Queen Anne during the greater portion of her reign ; and when she ceased to have that influence, it was when Harley perceived the church was falling, and the Duchess of Marlborough could not perceive it. She paid the penalty of her blindness—for the church was in danger—and retired from court, to make way for Mrs. Masham, the creature and relative of Harley and St. John, and perhaps the Pretender. The High-Church Tories removed all liberals from the Queen as well, or as fast, as they could ; yet there was some power behind the throne which saved the Queen from speedy destruction, by keeping some of the first men in Europe about her person, either as ministers or friends ; and that power, with reverence I write it, was Sarah Duchess of Marlborough—one of the greatest stateswomen that England has ever known. She saved Queen Anne by her advice ; and is, therefore, entitled to our gratitude. I believe history has wronged this woman, and robbed her of our gratitude. She was a great woman, and saved England from revolution in the reign of Anne ; a weak, bigoted woman, who had but one idea ; and that was—that the church was falling.

And this Sarah Duchess of Marlborough was an adviser and constant companion of the Queen for years ; and with her the Earl of Sunderland, her son-in-law, a man of sense ; and Charles Duke of Somerset, who was master of the horse, and was of the same choice class of clear-headed statesmen. This was a band of men collected about the throne by William III., and left as a legacy of advisers to his successor. The Tory rabblement of the House of Commons displaced as many of William's statesmen as they could ; but these, by some power or other (that referred to above), maintained their places about the Queen, and perhaps were the means of keeping her on the throne ; for if she had succeeded her father, James II., without the intervention of William and these picked men ; and had William's judgment in the choice selection of bishops in the House of Lords been wanting ; the Queen would have been left at the mercy of High-Church and French-interested advisers, with Jack Howe, and others of his stamp, to carry on the government in the House

of Commons; when there would have been a third Stuart revolution, by the Queen running away in disgrace, and placing herself under the protection of France; as another Stuart pensioner of that throne. This I have affirmed before: I repeat it here.

We will now return to Newgate, where De Foe was confined, on Nov. 27, 1703; when there arose the greatest storm of wind ever known in England, on which he wrote a poem, from which I will give an extract or two:—

Think it not strange, I heard it here;
No place is so remote but when *he speaks* they hear.
Besides, though I am dead to fame,
I never told you where I am.
Though I have lost poetic breath,
I'm not in perfect state of death;
From whence this Popish consequence I draw,
I'm in the limbus *of the law*.
Let me be where I will, I heard the storm,
From every blast it echoed thus—REFORM!

Rise, Satire, from thy sleep of legal death,
And reassume satyric breath;
What though to seven years' sleep thou art confin'd,
Thou well may'st wake with such a wind.

They say this was a High-Church storm,
Sent out the nation to reform;
But th' emblem left the moral in the lurch,
For 't blew the steeple down upon the church;
From whence we now inform the people,
The danger of the church is from the steeple;
And we've had many a bitter stroke
From pinnacle and weathercock.
From whence the learned do relate,
That to secure the church and state,
The time will come when all the town,
To save the church, will pull the steeple down.

This church-in-danger prosecution and pillory exhibition, with Newgate confinement for several months, made sad havoc with poor De Foe's mercantile pursuits; especially the pantile business at Tilbury Fort. Pantiles, to be good, should be composed of flint, and clay or alumen; but for the warp of the Thames, from London street deposits of vegetable and animal matter, to be expected to stand the fire, is absurd. De Foe failed, and he blamed the government prosecution for breaking him.

De Foe has stated that he lost £3500 by this confinement, and had to give up his coach too, and dismiss his servants, and go into a smaller house. I am sure Tilbury Fort clay would not stand the fire equal to the pantiles which the Dutch could import for the London market. The speculation was an absurd one, and it failed, as all De Foe's projects failed, through his own imprudence, extravagance, and folly. I believe him to have been a thoughtless, vain man, who did not confine his wants to his circumstances—but started in life, as thousands do, according to his ideas of respectability; and not according to the amount of his income.

About the time of De Foe's imprisonment (July 11, 1703), a curious incident occurred in connection with William Colepeper, Esq., a Kentish gentleman, well known as one of the five renowned Kentish petitioners of the last reign, and legal adviser of Daniel De Foe, when tried for writing his celebrated tract, the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. It was on this man's advice that De Foe pleaded guilty to the indictment, under a promise of pardon from the Earl of Nottingham, the secretary of state; which promise was broken by the said earl; and De Foe was condemned, in fact, to be confined in prison during the Queen's pleasure; which might have been for life, had the Finch family been at the head of state affairs, and longer lived than their prisoner.

Her Majesty being at Windsor at this time, Mr. Colepeper repaired thither to present his petition to the Privy Council, then assembled, on account of that extraordinary genius, beyond which "the world has not in any age produced a man beyond Mr. De Foe, for his miraculous fancy and lively invention in all his writings, both in

verse and prose ;” and it was added by Mr. Colepeper as a reason or justification for his interest taken in the liberation of the prisoner, then confined in Newgate during the Queen’s pleasure, “and to justify his value for Mr. De Foe, that in an age when the heavenly muses have become syrens, and turned low panders to the senses, Mr. De Foe has given vice a stab, and writ up to the test of moral virtue.”

“For these reasons, William Colepeper freely engaged, on Mr. De Foe’s behalf, in an undertaking which, as the case stood, he thought was equally just and charitable.”

Be it understood, that this William Colepeper had stood a contest for the county of Kent at the general election of 1702, and polled upon that occasion thirty gentlemen out of thirty-five, in his own division of the county ; and polled also 1625 freeholders, of whom 1200 were single votes, or what we now term “plumpers” ; a number never yet brought into the field, in that county, by one single gentleman against two united ; and these supporters were, for the most part, signers and abettors of the celebrated *Kentish Petition* of a former period. Well, Mr. Colepeper lost his election, through the canvassing against him of Sir George Rooke, Knight, lord high admiral of England, and his dependants : a class of men convenient for a coward—military or naval—to keep about him, by preferments and promises, for the protection of the imbecile person of a British sailor ; who is too impotent or debased to protect himself ; and also by the “unfair usages put upon him by the sheriff of the county, with relation to a hasty closing of the book, when all the candidates agreed only to adjourn to the next day, William Colepeper having then several hundreds of freeholders to come in.”

While Mr. Colepeper was waiting in the ante-room of the council-chamber, an express arrived from the navy, which caused some attention to the subject among the waiters there ; when Mr. Colepeper asked Colonel Seymour, standing or sitting near to him, whether the admiral was with the fleet (England being then at war with France and Spain), or at Bath ? and Colonel Seymour replied, “He is at Bath, and has been there some time.”—“Is he not well?”

inquired William Colepeper.—“No,” replied the colonel; “if he were, he would not be there; he would be at the fleet.”—“How do the waters agree with him?” inquired William Colepeper.

This conversation was repeated to the admiral and his dependants, waiters on Providence, skilled fencers; captains and colonels about town, better known somewhere—perhaps the hazard-table—than on the battle-field, or by the number of the regiment; for they were, one and all, the paid, promoted, cherished, hired bullies, or street assassins, to the number of twenty-two; emphatically (so far as her Majesty’s service went) unattached; but kept in the pay of Admiral Sir George Rooke, to fight his battles, and protect his reputation by murder and assassination, as occasion might call forth, either in the streets of London by night or by day; or in the county of Kent; to which Sir George Rooke and these hired assassins, for the most part, belonged. This conversation on Bath waters was repeated to the disadvantage of William Colepeper, as though he had laid particular emphasis on Bath waters; perhaps with some mental comparison with the waters of the Bay of Biscay, or Cadiz; or as we might in our day, 1858, understand by Baltic waters or Black-Sea waters. Yes! the lord high admiral of England taking the waters of Bath, while his fleet were taking the waters of the Bay of Balaclava or Cronstadt!

Things took such a turn, that William Colepeper, to save his life from assassination by the paid bullies of the lord high admiral of England, was compelled to bring to trial, before Lord Chief Justice Holt, for conspiracy, Mr. Nathaniel Denew, Mr. Robert Britton, and Mr. John Merriam, all men from Kent; and men skilled in fencing and fighting other people’s battles with the sword, either in town or country, at a moment’s notice.

The following is the record read at the trial:—

“Mid.’ss. The jurors for our Sovereign Lady the Queen present, that Nathaniel Denew, late of the parish of St. Clement’s Dane, in the county aforesaid, gent.; John Merriam, late of that parish, in the said county, gent.; and Richard Britton, late of the same parish, in the same county, gent., being fighters, swordsmen, and

disturbers of the peace, and skilled and verst in fighting duels; on the 21st day of August, in the second year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady Anne, by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, &c., did in the parish of Clement's Dane, in the said county of Middlesex, unlawfully, clandestinely, devilishly, wickedly, and maliciously, under pretence of discord, strife, and contention, between Sir George Rooke, Knt., one of her Majesty's honourable Privy Council, and William Colepeper, Esq., then and before mov'd, had, and being, consult, machinate, propose, and intend, and did among themselves, and others to the jurors unknown, confederate and conspire, and each of them did machinate, propose, and intend to beat, wound, and evilly treat the said William Colepeper; and him, the said William Colepeper, either by duel or assassination, feloniously and maliciously to kill and murder; and that afterwards, that is to say, on the 21st of August, in the year aforesaid, about the hour of ten in the afternoon of the same day, in the parish and county aforesaid; the said William Colepeper being in the peace of God and the Queen; came the said Nathaniel Denew with force and arms, and lying in wait of his malice forethought and assault premeditated, then and there offered himself to fight a mortal duel, in behalf (as he said) of the said Sir George Rooke against the said William Colepeper; and with threatening, spiteful, and opprobrious words, then and there daringly, wickedly, maliciously, and vehemently urged, provoked, and stirred up the said William Colepeper to fight with him the said mortal duel; and that afterwards, that is to say, on the 22nd day of the said month of August, in the time aforesaid, about nine o'clock in the morning, in the parish aforesaid, the said William Colepeper being in the peace of God and the Queen, then came the said Richard Britton with force of arms, malice forethought, and assault premeditated, and then and there offered himself to fight a mortal duel (as he said) on behalf of the said Sir George Rooke; and with threatening words, daringly, wickedly, maliciously, and vehemently urged, provoked, and stirred up the said William Colepeper to fight with him the said mortal duel; and that the said Nathaniel Denew and John Merriam, on the same 22nd of August, in the year

and in the parish aforesaid, with force and arms, with malice forethought, by lying in wait, and premeditated murder, assaulted him, the said William Colepeper; and with drawn swords, sharply, cruelly, and with all their strength, tried, and long contended, to wound, kill, and murder him; and unless the said William had strenuously and with courage defended himself, and had been seasonably rescued by several of her Majesty's subjects, at that time interposing between them, they, the said Nathaniel Denew and John Merriam, had then and there feloniously, voluntarily, and maliciously killed and murdered him; and that the said Nathaniel Denew, John Merriam, and Robert Britton, committed other enormities to the said William Colepeper, to the grievous damage of the said William Colepeper, the danger of bloodshed and murder, to the great scandal and infamy of the said Sir George Rooke, being one of her Majesty's most honourable Privy Council aforesaid; in contempt of the Queen and her laws, to the evil example of all others in the like case offending, and against the peace of the said Queen, her crown, and dignity."

I am sorry I cannot give the whole trial, showing Sir George Rooke, lord high admiral of the British fleet, to have been a coward, and the hirer of assassins, even to the number of twenty, to fight his battles and support his Bath-water-drinking reputation.

I will give an extract or two, as showing the pleasures of an accidental stroll in London streets in 1703:—

"Mr. Colepeper examined.—The same Sunday morning, about two or three hours after I had been with Sir George Rooke: I had my eyes about me, as I thought it concerned me to have, and I often turned about to see who was coming; I saw Mr. Denew running after me; seeing him run, I thought it not worthy of a man to run from him. I stood; he comes up to me: says he, 'Well overtaken;' said I to him again, 'Your business, sir?' Says he, 'I come to demand satisfaction of you;' said I, 'I have been with Sir George Rooke, and I have satisfied him.' 'Well, but' says he, 'you have not satisfied me; and you are a scoundrel and a rascal; and, if you will not draw, I'll cane you.' I thought not fit to return his ill

language again ; and in the next place, I would give no colour to the quarrel, being upon their own accounts. Said I, ' I see you are two to one,' because Mr. Merriam was there. ' No,' said Mr. Denew, ' you are three to two,' for I had this Mr. Cumin and Mr. Bentley, my friends, with me. ' No,' said I, ' I will engage no man in my quarrel, but I will go with you myself;' so I went with him, and as we were going, said I, ' Mr. Denew, what quarrel have you with me?' Says he, ' You spread out your hands thus, and raised your voice.' Said I, ' Mr. Britton hath been with me, and told me thy own consultation ; but Sir George Rooke will not thank you for this, for I have been with him.' Says he, ' I know Sir George Rooke's mind.' Said I, ' I have been with him this morning—have you seen him since?' ' I know his mind better than you,' said he, ' and you must fight with me.' So I went along with him. When I came to the corner of Little Drury Lane, I observed him to have a very great cane in his hand ; said I, ' You have a great cane, which is an advantage, if you have skill to use it ; you must lay down your cane.' Instead of laying it down, he up with it as fast as he could to strike me ; with that, I stepped back, and drew my sword, and he did the same ; but he fumbled, having his cane in his hand, so that I believe my sword was out rather sooner than his. I walked back about the length of this court, and there I stood ; Mr. Denew came to me : though I know something of fencing, I had heard so much of Mr. Denew's skill, that I was not willing to venture my skill against his ; I held my sword close to my body, with the point up, and thrust without parrying, and drew it back again to myself. This was the way of my defence ; and we had, in this manner, about seven or eight passes at each other ; at last, seeing the advantage he had of me with his cane, I threw first my hat at him, which missed him ; afterwards I threw my peruke, which hit upon his shoulder ; I took that opportunity, and made a home pass at him. Says Mr. Denew, ' That is not fair,' and dropt his sword ; ' that is not fair,' said he. ' Fair,' said I, ' anything to an assassin : you are a villain, hired by Sir George Rooke to assassinate me.' This, my lord, was what I said."

Again.—" Counsel for the Queen.—What is this Denew ?

“Mr. Colepeper.—I don’t know that he is a gentleman; I believe he is not. He has, by report, no very good fortune, and is said to have fought in other people’s quarrels pretty frequently.

“Counsel for the Queen.—Is he a soldier, or a fencing-master, or a gentleman? What is he?

“Mr. Colepeper.—He is one that hath great skill in fencing, and I thought him called out for that reason.”

Again.—“Counsel for the Defendants.—I think you say you had a challenge from Sir George Rooke; was it in writing, or by word of mouth?

“Mr. Colepeper.—By word of mouth; by Mr. Denew.

“Counsel for the Defendants.—You say Mr. Denew overtook you by St. Clement’s; do you apprehend that they came thither to meet with you?

“Mr. Colepeper.—I apprehended it wherever I went. I looked to be attacked in the street; and so I told Mr. Bentley, and desired him to be with me, and take notice I was upon the defensive, for there will be swords drawn.

“Counsel for the Defendants.—You say you lodged in Cecill Street; how could you think to meet them there? Did you think they would lye in wait?

“Mr. Colepeper.—Yes; and that they were waiting for me everywhere: when I arose in the morning, and looked from my lodgings, I saw some persons stand at the end of Cecill Street, and bobb and run; these I apprehended were setters.”

The Earl of Winchilsea, lord lieutenant of the county of Kent, came forward to speak for the prisoners, and seemed to fall in with old acquaintances; he considered Mr. Britton to be esteemed a gentleman of such esteem and worth in town and country, that he need say few words upon him. He was an old intimate acquaintance; and Mr. Denew, too, was no fencing-master, no dueller, and no master of fence; he was well known to him; he held commissions both from Prince George of Denmark and also from the Queen; for he had two under the Prince. He was quite an honourable man; and of course well known in high quarters.

The Earl of Winchilsea is quite at home with all these men:

he not only knows them, but esteems them, as fellow-placeholders under Queen Anne's government; for one of these street bullies—one of these assassins—held two places under Prince George of Denmark, and one under the Queen!! These men were government officials at the command of the Privy Council—at this hour for the secretary of state; and at that, for the lord high admiral. At the command, I say, of the government, on that shortest possible notice required for calling a hackney-coach, by day or by night, in town or in country, and squeezing into that coach three, two, or four armed men, to murder, fight, lie, quirk, or assassinate all opponents, as orders from high quarters might require.

“The Earl of Thanet sworn.—He had known Mr. Britton for the last twenty years, and his business-like habits recommended him to the station he now is in, to serve the Queen; he has been employed, or had a place, at Dover for twenty or thirty years; and this before he was made one of the commissioners of the custom-house.

“Lord Winchilsea.—As for Mr. Merriam, hearing his name, I should have said something of him. He is now actually employed under Prince George of Denmark, the Prince Consort, and me.”—Me! Deputy warden of the cinque ports.

These very men—these hired street bullies or assassins—though convicted, and others indicted, in the county of Kent, for being engaged in the villanous machinations and attempts upon the life of William Colepeper, were at once, and immediately after the trial, advanced to places of honour and profit, by the administration of the Earl of Nottingham.

The above was stated on an appeal to all the judges, by William Colepeper, at the bar, defending his own case, dressed in wig and gown, as an English barrister, when the Lord Chief Justice interrupted him, supposing him to reflect upon the government.

“William Colepeper hoped their lordships and the rest of the Queen's judges would inform her Majesty of her admiral, and that he would be made a severe example of her justice; and added, ‘My lord, I desire your lordship and all the court to take notice of what I now say:—Sir George Rooke is the first admiral of England that

ever sent a gentleman a challenge, and after it was accepted, employed others to fight for him.' ”

Here my Lord Chief Justice and the other judges interrupted Mr. Colepeper, on the same grounds as before.

“ My lord,” said William Colepeper, going on, “ I am the most injured gentleman of my country ; the matter of my discourse is true ; perhaps the manner may be more excusable than justifiable. Mr. Denew, from a captain, is made a lieutenant-colonel ; and Mr. Knatchbull (one of the indicted of Kent) has a place of £800 *per annum* : both since their crimes.”

“ Nathaniel Denew fined 200 marks ; Richard Britton £100.”

Soon after this occurrence, the Earl of Nottingham was removed from the ministry ; but yet certain officers of the navy were known to be hovering about William Colepeper, to shed his blood, if possible, in some accidental quarrel, in order to obtain a ship, as the reward of the murder, from Sir George Rooke, the lord high admiral of the British fleet—a coward himself, and the patron and promoter of common street bullies, assassins, and murderers.

These men, Denew, Britton, Merriam, and Knatchbull, and others, to the number of twenty or more, could be easily traced to their connection with the Earl of Nottingham, the secretary of state of Queen Anne ; to show how things were managed by ministers of state in the last reign of the illustrious family of the house of Stuart.

Now, poor De Foe, when he was out of Newgate, was always threatened with personal violence by letter, and even by being way-laid in the streets by hired bullies or assassins. Could we suppose these *especial messengers* of the Privy Council to be employed in his case, or would he be handed over, with a list of others, to some rougher class of hired runners of the Home Office ?

This is fresh ground, and worth ploughing up ; and would afford, no doubt, a good return on the labour bestowed.

Now, suppose we had a Lord Nottingham now in office, what could he do to support *Bath-water-drinking admirals*, if we had any ; since fencing at the bottom of Drury Lane, or near St. Clement's Church, on a Sunday morning, is out of fashion, and the coach-load

of hired villains, cut-throats, fencers, or assassins, sent, with the fashion of street-fighting for hire, to Spain or Italy? What is a minister to do?—can he hire a buffoon to laugh down the man that civilization, in its fashions, forbids to strike down? Is there not the assassin of the pen? Cannot an obnoxious prater be written down? Is there no writing for hire? Cannot the seat of corruption and of fraud in legislation be protected in its injustice by the coach-load of hired villains and assassins of cheap reading and buffoonery? And cannot the battle-field of Little Drury Lane be transferred to the self-complacent readings or actings of verbose emptiness and foppery of the Lyceum and the Mechanics' Institute? Light reading and light actings and light buffooners, fudges, and emptinesses, are the rapiers of our modern street bullies, our assassins of state, paid for throwing dust into the eyes of a people who seem to be born in the sunshine of fun and frolic, for the purpose of disguising the pressure of the yoke which oppresses the national body. In this nineteenth century of ours, we have had our Nottinghams, ah! and the Little Drury Lane rapier encounters too! We have the rapier of the pen, cheap literature, and cheap acting, to support legislative fraud! That man—that scoundrel, if you like—says that pluralities in the Church of England are a fraud—a passing-off of a bad shilling for a good one; and he adds, too, that the minister of state who has dared to do it, is a dishonest, a fraudulent man; and he for one, let consequences be what they may, will cry, *Stop thief!* What says Nottingham to this? Does he invite Mr. Merryman to go and dine with him, to concoct a theatrical tour of Punch-and-Judy exhibition through the provinces—a mountebank display of slack-wire tumbling, conjuring, and antics, on the same plea of folly, fraud, and cunning, as James's *Book of Sunday Sports*, really to keep people from thinking, but under the pretence of encouraging matrimony? Could a minister of state in the nineteenth century procure a buffoon to write and act a book, to hide his own dishonesty?

This is a plain question; but if it can be answered in the affirmative, the days of Admiral Rooke—protected by the assassins of Nottingham, Queen Anne's secretary of state, in shedding the blood

of William Colepeper, for presenting a petition to the House of Commons, in the reign of William III., on the state of the coast of Kent; it being left, purposely left, by a French-bought House of Commons, in a totally unprotected state; for the encouragement of a French invasion under Louis XIV., on behalf of the exiled monarch, James II., a Roman Catholic, degraded tool, and pauper or pensioner of the court of France—have not passed away.

CHAPTER III.

It may be restated here, that there are seven years of De Foe's life unaccounted for : from the time when he left Mr. Morton's academy, to his appearing as a hosier in Cornhill ; and during those years he must have been employed somewhere, probably as an apprentice to the hosiery business ; for no man could take up the trade of hosier without learning it. De Foe was a writer and wit, but not a man of fixed counting-house book-keeping habits ; and this he acknowledges to have been his case ; for, when speaking of his failure in the hosiery business, he says :—

“ Wit, like mercury and quicksilver, is of use to make silver run, and separate the sterling from the dross ; but bring it to the crucible by itself, and it flies up in the air like a true spirit, and is lost at once. A wit turned tradesman, no apron-strings will hold him ; 'tis in vain to lock him in behind the counter ; he's gone in a moment. Instead of journal and ledger, he runs away to Virgil and Horace ; his journal entries are all Pindaricks, and his ledger is all heroicks. He is truly dramatic from one end to the other, through the whole scene of his trade ; and as the first part is all comedy, so the two last acts are always made up with tragedy : a statute of bankruptcy is his *exceunt omnes* ; and he generally speaks the epilogue in the Fleet or the Mint.”

We have seen before, at the chapel prayer, that he was in trouble in 1689 ; and in 1692, he had to run away from his creditors when his hosiery trade gave way ; and now, in 1703, Lord Nottingham's prosecution closed the tileyard, caused his coach to be laid down, and made him change his residence, and go into a small house. There is no doubt but his whole life was a scene of dash and difficulty, bankruptcy and improvidence ; he had great wit, and industry in cultivating that wit ; but he was wanting in common prudence

and stability. Of these latter qualities, indeed, it is to feared he had none. Now, this want of stability would drag him down to dependency; and the dependency would cause him to sell his talent for a morsel of bread or a mess of pottage, and stamp him, in the estimation of a hard-hearted world, as a scoundrel—a man destitute of all worth or principle—a mere hack scribe, who would write or do anything for anybody for a shilling.

Such comes of worshipping Britain's god—Respectability. *Respectable!*—what does it not represent, and what does it not accomplish? How many thousands and millions has not this deity hurled to destruction? Has it not produced more devastation than either war, famine, or pestilence? I believe it has. This false-god worship ruined De Foe, as it has ruined tens of thousands besides. *Respectability*—what is it?—Pride. This was De Foe's ruin; but, poor fellow! with all his innate follies, his improvidences, he was a great man and a good man; and he did more by his pen for the benefit of mankind than almost any English author that ever lived; for his *Complete Tradesman* alone is, perhaps, one of the best books ever printed: a work which did much to form the character of the great American, Benjamin Franklin; and was the very work which Franklin might have been supposed to have written—for it is characteristic of Franklin throughout—it is Franklin all over. This work alone ought to have handed down the name of Daniel De Foe with reverence, to the latest posterity of all true Englishmen. De Foe was a benefactor of mankind; yet Pope, in his *Dunciad*, could speak of him as—

Earless on high stood unabashed De Foe,
And Tutchin, flagrant from the scourge, below:

alluding to poor Tutchin being flogged down Dorchester streets for his participation in the Monmouth invasion. Swift, also, classes De Foe and Tutchin together, and speaks of the former as the fellow whose name he had forgotten, but *he* who had had his ears cut off, and had stood in the pillory—an audacious fellow! Swift and Pope! If nothing but what came through such hands could reach posterity, what would history be? Swift and Pope, the traducers of Daniel De Foe, is the real record of history.

Poor De Foe! he might be improvident, and he certainly was unfortunate; yes! he might die in his country's debt £5000 or £7000; but yet his one work of *Robinson Crusoe* alone might perhaps go far to cancel this deficiency. If all the votes could be taken from his time to ours, a period of one hundred and forty years, how many a tiny hand would offer from its hoarded halfpence the willing offering from a full, a grateful heart, to relieve the author of *Robinson Crusoe* from the imputation of his dying a debtor to his country! When De Foe was in Newgate, and his wife and children destitute, he yet could offer sympathy to the poor wrecked, plundered mariner on the Goodwin Sands, and denounce the vengeance of Heaven on the town of Deal; the great harbour of plunderers on the southern coast.

Those sons of plunder are below my pen,
Because they are below the names of men;
Who from the shores presenting to their eyes
The fatal Goodwin, where the wreck of *navies* lies;
A thousand dying sailors talking to the skies.
From the sad shores they saw the wretches walk,
By signals of distress they talk;
There with one tide of life they 're vexed,
For all were sure to die the next.
The barbarous shores with men and boats abound,
The men more barbarous than the shores are found;
Off to the shattered ships they go,
And for the floating purchase row.
They spare no hazard nor no pain;
But 'tis to save the goods and not the men.
Within the sinking suppliants' reach appear,
As if they 'd mock their dying fear.
Then for some trifle all their hopes supplant;
Which cruelty would make a Turk relent.
If I had any *satire* left to write,
Could I with suited spleen indite,
My verse should blast that fatal town;
No footsteps of it should appear;
And ships no more cast anchor there.

The barbarous, hated name of Deal should die ;
Or be a term of infamy ;
And 'till that 's done, the town will stand,
A just reproach to all the land.

In 1704, the bigoted High-Church Tories, Lord Nottingham, the Queen's secretary of state, with his party in power, carried affairs to so dangerous a pass with their persecution-of-the-dissenters spirit, that the Earl of Nottingham and his friends in the ministry were obliged to resign, to free the throne from the threatening storm produced by the preaching of Sacheverell and others of the fire-and-faggot class ; and by such writers as Leslie, Dunton, Oldmixon, Davenant, Ned Ward, Tom Browne, Burnet, Tutchin, De Foe, and others. The pretence of the Earl of Nottingham's resignation was the royal preference shown to the Whigs ; but the real cause was the impression made on her Majesty's mind by the Whigs, that her throne was in danger from such advisers as the Earl of Nottingham ; and this impression was given to the royal mind by Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, the Queen's groom of the stole and mistress of the robes, who was not yet displaced by Mrs. Masham, Harley's relation. The Earl of Godolphin and the Duke of Marlborough, two men of stable views and common sense, with others, not in place but near the throne, were the real guides or leaders, regulators or drivers, of the royal mind ; which was, as I have said before, a very weak one ; and these two men, with their supporters, saved this tottering reign, again and again, from anarchy and confusion ; for if these men, and such as these, had been removed from the royal counsels, and all left to the Earl of Nottingham, Jack Howe and others in the Commons, with Sacheverell for Archbishop of Canterbury, the poor Queen would have wanted a kingdom in less than a month. Everything must be done to conciliate the dissenters, whom Sacheverell from the pulpit, and De Foe from the press, were at once giving up in a body to hanging and transportation : De Foe very properly arguing, that if Mr. Howe's church members would so far play at bo-peep with God Almighty, as to go to the steeple-house to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper,

in order to be sheriffs or lord mayors, these members would receive forty sacraments under the same circumstances, to save themselves from being hanged. The Duchess of Marlborough in her Vindication, in alluding to the present time and circumstances, writes, "As the trade and money of the nation were chiefly in the hands of those who espoused the cause in which the ministry (the Whig part of it) were then engaged, it is no wonder that my Lord Godolphin began to pay them as much regard as the times and the Queen's prejudices would permit him to do." All was in danger now, from the throne downwards; and something must be done to conciliate the dissenters, the real supporters, as paymasters, of the war then carrying on in Europe; and the first step towards this calming of the elements of discord, was the removal of the Earl of Nottingham from the ministry, and the placing Harley in his place; and as De Foe, the real uncompromising, though disowned, champion of the true dissenting principle, was then a prisoner in Newgate, for writing what Sacheverell preached; and writing, too, with equal force and, if you like, coarseness, with the preacher; something must be done to conciliate the man whom neither pillory nor felon's cell in Newgate could tame; for Newgate confinement to him was but a hermitage—a quiet retreat for him to write in; and the diet, too, would keep his head cool and clear, and tend more to sharpen the wit than mortify the person. The pen of De Foe never was so fertile as at this time; for he wrote more church-defiance sedition during his year of confinement in Newgate, than in any other twelve months of his chequered life.

Amongst other things he wrote the *Shortest Way to Peace and Union*. He also collected his works into one volume; and this he did in self-defence against the low printers of the day, who were constantly printing his books in his name, in all forms of paper and binding, and with mistakes of all kinds, to his great annoyance. He at this time also wrote another satire, entitled *King William's Affection to the Church of England Examined*; and besides this, another pamphlet, *More Short Ways with the Dissenters*, in answer to a pamphlet by the Rev. Mr. Owen, entitled *Moderation a Virtue, &c.*, apologizing for occasional conformity. De Foe replied in another

pamphlet, entitled the *Sincerity of the Dissenters vindicated from the Scandal of Occasional Conformity, &c.* On this subject volumes were written at this time, advocating and repudiating the practice; but De Foe stood alone on this principle, "that to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the table of the Church of England merely as a qualification for civic honours in the city of London, was a scandalous practice, and a playing at bo-peep with God Almighty." This was the ground De Foe stood upon for years, to the great annoyance of the leading, ambitious, wealthy, time-serving Presbyterians of his day. Through this long intricate labyrinth of attempting to serve God and mammon by the leading Presbyterians, for civic honours—the playing at long-spoon and custard on Lord Mayor's day—De Foe appeared to be the only man to stand by a fixed immovable principle on the subject; and this he did, although deserted by the whole body of the time-serving gentility-hunting Presbyterians of his day; and he, too, lying in Newgate at the Queen's pleasure, through the bigoted prosecution of her minister, the narrow-minded, church-ridden Earl of Nottingham.

It would be utterly impossible to do justice to half the pamphlets published at this time on the subject of occasional conformity, by friend or foe; the notorious Sacheverell being the most violent and unscrupulous, though anonymous, writer in favour of the church and against the dissenters; and with him was the nonjuror, Charles Leslie, the author of the *Rehearsal*. Against these, stood forward several good-natured, conciliating dissenting ministers; and De Foe advocating the same side of the question as Sacheverell and Leslie, but from a different motive. Sacheverell, a vain, foolish, empty-headed firebrand, thought to crush the dissenters, and raise himself upon the ruins; but De Foe, like Samson of old, grinding in the prison-house of the Philistines, thought of rousing the dissenters to a state of desperation, and so obtaining by that convulsive effort their perfect liberty, though he should perish in the ruins, by bringing the house about his own ears and those of the church party. Sacheverell was a fool, De Foe was not; yet they both advocated the same principle from opposite motives—Sacheverell to make the church triumphant; and De Foe to rouse the whole body of dissenters,

and make the church of Sacheverell not the church triumphant, but the church repentant.

At the same time, the Presbyterian minister, Owen, who professed more of the milk of human kindness and gentlemanly bearing than fixity of purpose in defending what was at that time a dangerous and unfashionable principle, came to the support of the strongest side, in *Moderation a Virtue; or the Occasional Conformist justified from the Imputation of Hypocrisy*; to whom three parties replied: De Foe, in the *Sincerity of the Dissenters vindicated from the Scandal of Occasional Conformity; with some Considerations on a late Book entitled Moderation a Virtue*; Samuel Grascome, a violent non-juror writer of the Leslie class; and a Mrs. Mary Astell, a disciple of Dr. Davenant.

I have no desire to slip over this period of strife on church and dissent; but space will not allow anything more than a passing comment upon half the pamphlets written on this subject at this time. Dean Swift, happening to be in London at this eventful period, has left on record, that at that time the contention on occasional conformity was so universal, that the dogs in the street took it up, and that the cats, Whig and Tory, were debating the question by night upon the roof of the house; and the ladies, too, were split asunder into High Church and Low Church, and were so zealous in disputes on religion as to have no time to say their prayers.

On the weeding out of the Earl of Nottingham and his party from the ministry, and freeing the country from their dangerous counsels, Harley was appointed secretary of state in his place. Harley had been thrice successively elected Speaker in the House of Commons, and was undoubtedly the most popular man in that heterogeneous mass of political conglomeration. Harley being a cunning beater-up of friends, he, by cultivating conviviality among all such as were fond of good dinners, rendered himself full of parliamentary support. Harley was not truly a real hearty good fellow, fond of good company and good fare for their own inherent qualities; but he was tricky, ambitious, and a good judge of the ordinary quality of man, so as to be able to raise himself to power by pandering to the foibles, tastes, and ambitions of others. He climbed into the Speaker's chair

in three successive Parliaments, and into the ministry too, and into the House of Lords as the Earl of Oxford, through the stomach (I wish to use polite words) of the House of Commons. Soon after De Foe's commitment to Newgate, the Earl of Nottingham, the Queen's secretary of state, had offered him a free pardon at once, on the condition that the name of the individual who had put him up to writing the obnoxious pamphlet should be disclosed to the government; for it was considered that there was more in that production than appeared upon the surface, and more of statecraft in it than the government could suppose a mere hack political writer could possess. The government would insist upon the fact, that some one of great political sagacity was behind the scene prompting De Foe in this work. Would De Foe reveal the name? *No.*

On the tampering with him by the government for the divulging the name of his coadjutor, he wrote the following lines in his *Review* :—

What are thy terrors, that, for fear of thee,
Mankind can dare to sink their honesty?
He's bold to impudence that dare turn knave,
The scandal of thy company to save;
He that will crimes he never knew confess,
Does more than if he knew those crimes, transgress;
And he that fears thee, more than to be base,
May want a heart, but does not want a face.

Sacheverell preached, and De Foe wrote, and both from one text: yet the preacher was lauded to the skies as one inspired, to be classed with prophets and apostles; while the writer was cursed to the lowest hell, ruined by a government prosecution, and a twelvemonth's confinement in Newgate, or longer if the Queen should think fit; for his fine was such as he could never pay; and, besides these, he had been degraded by a three-days' exhibition in the pillory. De Foe was not prosecuted for his book-writing, but for his connection with some one dreaded by the Earl of Nottingham. De Foe wrote his book to overturn the Earl of Nottingham; the book did overturn the Earl of Nottingham, who was succeeded by Harley; who, on coming to place and power, paid De Foe's fine from the Queen's

privy purse, and set him at liberty in the beginning of August, 1704. The Queen also sent money to De Foe's wife and children through the Lord Treasurer Godolphin. De Foe, writing on this subject, observes:—"Being delivered from the distress I was in, her Majesty, who was not satisfied to do me good by a single act of her bounty, had the goodness to think of taking me into her service; and I had the honour to be employed in several honourable, though secret, services, by the interposition of my first benefactor (Harley); who then appeared as a member in the public administration. I had the happiness to discharge myself in all those trusts, so much to the satisfaction of those who employed me, though oftentimes with difficulty and danger, that my Lord Treasurer Godolphin, whose memory I have always honoured, was pleased to continue his favour to me, and to do me all good offices with her Majesty, even after an unhappy breach had separated him from my first benefactor."

We will now look back a little into the last twelve months, during De Foe's confinement, and survey the political contentions of that stirring period—an age in its outpourings from a prolific press, from the prose of Leslie to the poetry of Ned Ward. The first production, *A Hymn to Tyburn*, was written as a satire on De Foe's *Hymn to the Pillory*. Then succeeded the *True-born Hugonot, or Daniel De Foe; a satire*, 1703. Then, *An Equivalent for Daniel De Foe*. Then, *A Pleasant Dialogue between the Pillory and Daniel De Foe*, by Thomas Browne. Then, Ned Ward enters the lists against the chained lion, of which the *Dissenting Hypocrite* was the title; and of which the following characteristic lines will afford a fair specimen of the poet:—

The pillory was but a hook
To make him write another book;
This lofty hymn to th' wooden ruff,
Was to the law a counter-cuff;
And truly, without Whiggish flattery,
A plain assault and downright battery.

Leslie, in his *Rehearsal*, charges De Foe with offering to make any submission to be excused the pillory exhibition; which imputation De Foe as flatly denies, as a scandalous slander, in one of his

*Reviews*¹. Another pamphlet on another, was thrown upon the public by friend and foe. One writes the *Shortest Way with Whores and Rogues; or, a New Project for Reformation*; dedicated to Mr. Daniel De Foe, author of the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. Another writes the *Fox with his Firebrand Unkennelled and Ensnared; or, a Short Answer to Mr. Daniel Foe's Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. This author very sagely remarks, that "these crimes had cost us too dear in England; and we don't desire such dialogues, or playing the fool betwixt jest and earnest, to bring us back again into the same circumstances." This writer might have been the Earl of Nottingham himself, for he clearly perceives the power of such a book to produce a revolution in this country. The writer was right: it had a tendency to produce a revolution; and, if the Earl of Nottingham had not retired from place, it would have produced a revolution; but if it had, who was to blame? Did De Foe set Sacheverell on preaching? No. Sacheverell preached sermons, while De Foe wrote them; and the text was, "Down with the bigoted secretary of state, the Earl of Nottingham." It is utterly impossible to follow Leslie, Tom Browne, Ned Ward, Tutchin, De Foe, Sacheverell, Burnet, Davenant, and others too numerous to mention. The press poured out its volumes of contention in all forms of pamphlet and broad-sheet; and De Foe added to the amount by bringing out thirty pages of satire and six of preface, under the title of *More Reformation*, a satire upon HIMSELF.

In this preface De Foe states, that in future he should write nothing without a long preface; as people cannot understand anything without a lengthened explanation, so as to comprehend what is meant by the writer, and what is not meant. All this refers to the dissenters, who had misunderstood his book of the *Shortest Way* with them; for if he had wished to hang, banish, or destroy the whole body, and that the gallows and the galleys should be the penalty of going to the conventicle, he must have forgotten that his father, wife, and six children, with himself, must be placed in the

¹ A newspaper commenced on Saturday, Feb. 19, 1704, and continued weekly for eight numbers; and then twice a week on Tuesdays and Saturdays for several years, under all circumstances and without intermission, up to nine volumes.

same condition, and subjected to the same penalties. He regrets that he had not followed the example of the Dutch artist, who, when he had drawn a man and a bear, wrote in large letters under the man, "THIS IS A MAN"; and under the bear, "THIS IS A BEAR." He did this in order to prevent mistakes on the part of the public as to the meaning of the drawing. De Foe had not done this; and in the neglect, he felt that he had paid a compliment to the judgment of his readers at the expense of his own; he had given them credit for possessing a quality which they did not possess. He complains of his usage from the world, in being charged with all sorts of crimes and faults, even to ten thousand more than he ever had committed; and all this was done to him when £50 was offered by government for his apprehension, when he had run away, on the first discovery of his being the writer of the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*.

Now, all this apology on the part of De Foe I consider to be quite uncalled for. De Foe pushed Lord Nottingham's own cherished principles to their full extent; till his lordship had to retire from the administration, and make way for another. His lordship felt just indignation at being displaced from the ministry by his own principles being used against him to their utmost and absurd limits; and, in his anger against the man who had injured him, he inflicted all the injury in his power. Harley succeeded Lord Nottingham as secretary of state; and, as De Foe had acted with him and for him in this business, Harley very justly showed his gratitude by releasing De Foe from gaol, paying his fine, supporting his wife and children in their destitution by the royal bounty, and taking De Foe into the public service, where he, no doubt, performed many confidential and important services for his country; as when in Edinburgh, advocating the union of the two kingdoms, he had to sit in his bedroom, when all his sitting-room windows had been broken by an enraged Scotch-interested street mob, some years, though, after the period we are now engaged upon. All writers, I think, without exception, have looked upon De Foe's *Shortest Way with the Dissenters* as one of the most witty productions that ever emanated from the head of man; but I must confess, I never could see any

wit in it. Lord Nottingham appeared anxious to hang himself; and De Foe was determined he should have plenty of string; which Lord Nottingham perceiving, he considered that such hearty goodwill and willing service foreboded danger and treachery; and in his terror he punished De Foe as severely as he possibly could. He punished De Foe; but yet, all too late! Lord Nottingham did hang himself with his own rope; and Daniel De Foe furnished the hand to supply that rope faster than was required. Lord Nottingham was forced from power by De Foe, and De Foe was punished severely for the offence; this is the fact, and all apology is worse than useless.

Having touched upon the Preface of *More Reformation*, and disposed of De Foe's apology for his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, I will now turn to this work, and give a short quotation as a specimen of the whole; for nothing more can be done with a volume of thirty pages:—

He that in satire dips his angry pen,
To lash the manners and the crimes of men,
Pretends to bring their vices on the stage,
And draw the proper picture of the age:
If he be mortal, if he be a man,
They'll make a devil of him if they can.
The meanest slip shall in a glass be shown,
That by his faults they may excuse their own:
So guided by their passions, pride, or fate,
That they who should reform, recriminate;
And he that first reforms a vicious town,
Prevents their ruin, but completes his own;
For, if he were an angel from on high,
He cannot 'scape the general infamy.

Again:

For Pride's the native regent of the mind,
And where it rules it ruins all mankind;
He that pretends to storm it, may as well
Assault the very counterscarp of hell:
Ten thousand lesser devils stand within,
To garrison their frontier town of sin:

Whom e'er this swelling vapour does possess,
 It never fails their reason to suppress ;
 To struggle with it is a vain pretence,
 It masters all the manners and the sense.
 Shame, Pride's young sister, and herself a vice,
 Prompts Nature next, repentance to despise ;
 She talks of honour, scandal of the times,
 Blushes at reformation, not at crimes.
 Men must be vicious when they have begun ;
 The scandal of acknowledgment to shun,
 They must go on in vice, because they're in,
 Asham'd t' repent, but not asham'd to sin.
 These arguments the latent cause contain,
 Why mankind are so oft reprov'd in vain.
 Their modesty 's the now uncommon evil ;
 'Tis bad to sin, but to repent 's the devil.
 He that offends may ha' been vice's tool,
 But to acknowledge makes a man a fool ;
 Puts him quite out of fashion in the town ;
 And he that *once* reforms is *twice undone*.
 Satire, while men upon such maxims move,
 Expect no quarter, if thou wilt reprove ;
 If e'er, unhappily, thou step'st awry,
 Thy general virtue 's all condemn'd to die ;
 With a full cry they 'll join to hunt thee down
 By th' universal clamour of the town.

Again :

And wouldst thou now describe a *modern tool*,
 To wit, to parties, and himself a fool ;
 Embroil'd with state to do his friends no good,
 And by his friends themselves misunderstood ;
 Misconstru'd first in every word he said,
 By those unpitied, and by these unpaid ;
 All men would say the picture was thy own,
 No gazette mark were half so quickly known.
 Thou that for *party interest* didst indite,
 And thought'st to be excused for *meaning right*,

This comfort will thy want of wit afford,
That now thou 'rt left a coxcomb on record.
England had always this one happiness,
Never to look at service, but success ;
And he 's a fool that differing judgment makes,
And thinks to be rewarded for mistakes.
Kneel, then, upon the *penitential stool*,
And freely tell the world that thou 'rt a fool ;
Which, from thy mouth if they will not believe,
Thy verse shall *lasting testimonies* give ;
A fool, indeed, to advocate for such
As load thee daily with unjust reproach ;
A fool, as by the consequence appears,
To put thy own eyes out *to open theirs* ;
A fool, to tell the nation of their crimes,
And knock thy brains out, to instruct the times.
Before thee stands the power of punishment,
In an exasperated government ;
Behind, the vacant carpet fairly spread,
From whence thy *too-well-serv'd allies are fled*.
At a remoter distance there they stand,
And mark thy *folly*, but thy *fault* commend ;
Freely thy former services disown,
And slyly laugh to see thee *first undone*.
Of thy plain *action* would invert the sense,
And rail, and counterfeit an *ignorance* ;
As if 'twas possible thou should'st intend,
In one point-blank two opposites offend ;
These seem'd provok'd, because they will not know
Thy easy sense ; and those because they do.
Satire, 'twould certainly appear a crime,
Not to applaud their policy in rhyme ;
Who, when poor authors in their quarrel write,
Can to their safety sacrifice their wit ;
Wait for the *safe event*, and wisely try,
Whether with truth or int'rest to comply.
As prospects govern, and success directs,
Their cunning this *approves*, or that *rejects*.

Blush for them, Satire, who thy name abuse,
And by reproach would *gratitude excuse*;
And tell them, as thou may'st be understood,
Their temper's wicked, though their cause is good;
Yet never thy just principles forsake,
For that would be to sin because thy friends mistake.
But bid 'em tell thee, if they can tell how,
What are the crimes for which they treat thee so;
What horrid fact, what capital offence,
Could bar thee from the priests' benevolence,
That they their benediction should deny,
And let thee live unblessed—unpray'd for die.
Thieves, highwaymen, and murderers are sent
To Newgate for their future punishment;
But all men pity them when they repent:
Religious charity extorts a prayer,
And Howe shall freely visit Whitney there.
Yet three petitioned priests have said thee nay,
And vilely scorn'd so much as but to pray;
Refus'd the weighty talent of the tribe,
And let their heat their piety prescribe;
Strange power of fear upon the minds of men,
Which neither sense nor honour can restrain.

Ask them why they're exasperated so,
To baulk the cheapest gift they can bestow.
Satire, it must ha' been some mortal sin,
Some strange apostacy of thy unhappy pen,
That has the reverend fathers so perplex'd;
And disoblig'd the masters of the text.

What, though the scurvy humours of thy head,
In house of tribulation made thy bed,
And Fate, which long thine enemy was known,
Had cloth'd thy tenement in walls of stone!
I know the learned orthodoxly say,
That after death there is no room to pray;
But yet no article I ever read
Has counted men in Newgate with the dead.

Satire, look back, and former days review ;
 How stood it once betwixt the tribe and you ?
 In prosperous days, their conscious pride must know,
 You fed those priests that scorn to own you now ;
 With constant charity reliev'd their poor ;
 For which they 'll stone thee, now 'tis in their power.
 With just contempt look back upon their pride,
 And now despise the gift which they deny'd ;
 But let thy charity their crime outlive,
 And, what *they seldom practise*, now forgive ;
 For Heaven, without their help, upholds thee here :
 He only claims thy thanks who hears thy prayer.
 He can the royal clemency incline ;
 For human grace is centred in divine.

I have given a much longer quotation from the above poem than I had intended, because, as it was written when De Foe was in confinement in Newgate, before his trial and conviction, and when his wife and family were in straits and difficulties ; I think it throws an interesting light upon De Foe's mind, when a prisoner in Newgate under such circumstances.

It would appear, on a careful perusal of this poem, that an inference may be drawn favourable to Lord Nottingham's judgment, in the supposition of some party as well as De Foe being concerned in the plot ; for the lines,

“ And wouldst thou now describe a *modern tool*,
 To wit, to parties, and himself, a fool,” &c. &c.,

would indicate a connection with one party who did not pity him, and another party who did not pay him. Who could these parties be ? The Whigs ? No, certainly ; though their true policy would lie in this direction, I feel sure it would not be the Whigs who would do this. The dissenters would not do it ; for they were all right, as they could dissent to the end of the chapter, and conform too, when civic honours presented prizes sufficiently valuable for them to conform for ; and besides, De Foe and they had quarrelled long ago ; and three ministers actually refused to pray, either with him or for

him, when he lay in Newgate, though one of them came to pray with Whitney the horse-stealer. The dissenters had not used De Foe as a tool in this business, though some one had. I could fancy the Rev. Mr. Howe's correct, well-fed, well-brushed, and well-importanced deacon, bustling forward among the first on 'Change, but utterly confounded at being mixed up in any conspiracy with Foe the writer—how shocked he would be!—yes—he would not stop at a point or two with God Almighty, to play at long-spoon and custard, as my lord mayor—but to be mixed up with Foe!

Mr. Howe's congregation were too correct to be mixed up with De Foe in his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. Again—

Before thee stands the power of punishment,
In an exasperated government;
Behind, the vacant carpet fairly spread,
From whence thy *too-well-serv'd allies* are fled.

Here again we have allusions to allies and desertion; and indeed the whole poem would convey the idea of a man entrapped by the designing, who dare not assist him in his difficulty. Now, if Harley were De Foe's ally, he, as Speaker of the House of Commons, could not afford to fly in the face of government, so far as to make common cause with a seditious writer confined in Newgate, for writing a pamphlet capable of disturbing the peace of the nation, and overturning the ministry; one of whom was now commencing a prosecution against the delinquent, then in confinement. Harley could not do this; he could not move, till the Earl of Nottingham was, twelve months afterwards, removed from power; when Harley, succeeding as secretary of state, made what reparation he could to De Foe, by releasing him from prison, and employing him under the government.

I believe Harley to have been the man to encourage De Foe to write the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, in order to root out the bigoted, High-Church, narrow-minded Tory from the ministry; though, at the time the encouragement was given, it never was supposed that De Foe was likely to get into Newgate through a government prosecution.

At this time of Tory supremacy, when De Foe was in gaol, and Whigs and dissenters were a byword or term of reproach for the high-priests and rabble ; when every clerical adventurer thought of making his fortune by pandering to the taste of the Queen and the High-Church party, the especially appointed supporters or, rather, protectors of the church militant, in this realm of Great Britain ; the Rev. Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, must try his chance at fortune-making, by traducing the dissenters and their academies.

This Wesley was related to Dr. Annesley, and to some of the leading dissenters of the day ; and by them he had been reared, clothed, and educated, as an object of charity ; for his father having died when Samuel was young, and having died poor too, young Wesley was thrown a legacy upon his mother's relations for food and education. He was at Mr. Morton's academy about the same time with De Foe ; but on leaving that he went to Oxford, and made his way by flattering royalty ; he could write either prose or poetry, and dedicate his work to the Queen for the time being, and then ask for a living as the reward of his services ; the rectory of Epworth was one produce of his pen, Queen Mary being the patron ; the neighbouring living of Wroot he obtained for bedaubing with poetic flattery the Duke of Marlborough, after his victory of Blenheim ; and this traducing of the dissenters in the eventful year of 1703 was intended, through the royal patronage, to send this time-serving flatterer into the archbishopric of Canterbury, upon the back of that unprincipled miscreant Dr. Sacheverell. This Wesley would have worked his way up by his pen, had it not happened that there was a power about the throne superior to the throne itself, and all the Tory courtiers assembled by the prospect of the dividing of the loaves and fishes of royalty : and that power was the legacy of the Whigs, left by King William III. to his prejudiced sister ; for Queen Anne was emphatically the prejudiced daughter of James II. These Whigs, at the head of whom stood Lord Godolphin, overruled both the pretensions of Wesley and Sacheverell, at this time, and saved the throne. These men did this again and again, with the assistance of the bishops sitting in the House of Lords, during the reign of Queen Anne.

To render the dissenters as obnoxious as possible in the sight of all parties possessing the least particle of humanity or honesty of feeling, Ned Ward, who kept a public-house, and wrote coarse poetry in the Hudibrastic style for his customers, together with writers and wits equally coarse and unprincipled with himself, raised the slander of the Calves' Head Club: a club said to be formed for the purpose of commemorating the beheading of the unfortunate monarch Charles I.; and the annual dinner came off on the 30th day of January in each year; when the members (*dissenters*) ate calves' heads and sung *anthems*; which *anthems* Ned Ward, and other low wits of the time, professed to be so thoroughly acquainted with, as to publish them along with their traducing poetic slanders. These latter were the men who, at their midnight revelries, drank to the mole and the horse—"the two animals." Poor William III. met his death by his horse stumbling at a molehill; and this circumstance afforded mirth to the High-Church wits of Queen Anne's reign; and these wits invented the malignant slander of the Calves' Head Club.

At this eventful period another attempt was made to introduce a bill against Occasional Conformity; which bill was carried through the Commons, but thrown out in the Lords by the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, his Whig supporters, and—the bench of bishops. Poor Dr. Burnet, one of them, and the most active of the bench, had to support, through the whole reign, the whole weight of the national High-Church slander and malignity: Charles Leslie, the nonjuror clergyman, taking the lead as a church-and-state champion, and his coadjutors, Tom Browne and Ned Ward, bringing up the rear-guard and camp-followers—such an assemblage of unscrupulous writers as England never saw, before or since.

At this time of approaching anarchy, the whole weight of the national virtue, responsibility, and safety, rested upon the integrity of the House of Lords; for the Commons were utterly abandoned to party strife and Tory subserviency, the effect of the preaching in the national church pulpits; for the church had been falling ever since the day that the Queen came to the throne, and Tory prospects brightened for restoring the Pretender and destroying the dissenters.

What could the people, the masses of England, care for the Pretender?—what was the house of Stuart to them?—what had the Stuart family done for the nation, but involve it in difficulty and ruin?—what? These are the questions which may be asked, but to which no satisfactory answer can be given. The truth is, that the people, the masses, the crowd, the mob, are led by impulse, and influenced by the gilded glitter and jingling music of wealthy power. Church and King! What glory does it not convey to a hero in his cups—ambition drunk! Ten thousand parishes in England, with the ten thousand influences always at work upon the national mind, in sickness and in health, in life and in death. The drum-ecclesiastic beaten every seventh day by ten thousand hands, what noise should there not be raised—what not accomplished by sound in running down dissent; or propping up the vested interest of an endowed priesthood!

The church threatened by designing infidel men! What means it?—Priestcraft and statecraft shaking hands across the hiccoughing, prostrated bodies of besotted ignorance; for the church is in danger. Well; without going into the growth of national enlightenment, or national darkness, we may state that, in 1704, the national position was become truly serious, from the excitement produced by the national-church preaching; and a full stop had to be made in the onward movement of Toryism, for the salvation of the throne and church too. For the dissenters held the money of the nation, and the excitement then raging seriously threatened the supplies required for carrying on the war against France; and as Oldmixon (an authority I always like to quote), the historian of the time, and spiteful traducer of De Foe, observes, in his *History of England* (vol. iii. p. 330), “These great ministers (Marlborough and Godolphin), supported by the encouragement of Prince George of Denmark, and the continual insinuations of a lady, then nearest the Queen’s person and heart (Sarah Duchess of Marlborough), overcame her Majesty’s strong inclination to the cause for which she had so often heard it said in the pulpit, *her royal grandfather was a martyr*; and prevailed with her to put her affairs into such hands as her allies and her best subjects could confide in.” This is what

I have said before, again and again; and only repeat it here to bring in Oldmixon, the living British historian of the time, the bitter antagonist of De Foe, and slanderer of the dissenters on all occasions.

It may be observed here, that Sarah Duchess of Marlborough was the instrument for good in the hands of Lord Cowper, Lord Godolphin, Lords Somers, Newcastle, Devonshire, Marlborough, Halifax, &c., and was one of the greatest women that England ever knew; and that to her a debt of gratitude is due from this nation, for the exercise of her influence over Queen Anne, who was a very narrow-minded, weak woman, the daughter of a narrow-minded, bigoted father. For twenty-seven years, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough exercised a controlling influence over the mind of her weak mistress; which influence held in the narrow religious influences of her sovereign so far, as to cause her to pass through her reign of twelve years without a revolution and an ignominious flight to Saint Germain; where she might have ended her life an outcast from her dominions, and a pensioner on the bounty of the court of France, as her fathers had been.

At this time some one wrote a pamphlet under the title of *Legion's Humble Address to the Lords*, and urged the necessity of dissolving or abolishing the Commons—for the term used does not appear very definite—so that they be got rid of, as betrayers of the people. He complains also of Maidstone being disfranchised illegally; and of the partial proceedings on the Aylesbury election; and of the great partiality shown by the Commons in prosecuting public defaulters, and in reassuming the grants made by the late King William, while all other royal grants were allowed to pass undisputed; and also of their complimenting the Queen on her hereditary right, at the expense, or to the disadvantage, of her parliamentary title; and of their addressing her to extend her royal prerogative, in order to embroil her with the House of Lords. On the other hand, the Lords are applauded for their patriotism in standing by the rights of the people; and an intimation is given to their Lordships that the freeholders of England would defend their Lordships in all their privileges; and this they would do with their properties and lives.

This address was subscribed "Our name is *Million*, and we are more."

Of course, this ungentlemanly production caused great annoyance to the Tories; and the wide circulation, too, of so obnoxious and unconstitutional a document, by thousands of copies, through the country, caused great alarm to these Tories, who represented their fears and the danger to the country to be such as to demand the immediate attention of the secretary of state, and a government prosecution; when the government, to soothe and conciliate these poor frightened tools of the French interest, issued a royal proclamation, offering a reward of £100 for the apprehension of the author, and £50 for the apprehension of the printer; but this movement on the part of government availed nothing, for neither author nor printer was arrested. Probably the twelve months' confinement in Newgate had sharpened the wit as well as the pen of De Foe; but, be that as it may, no information was given to the government as to either the one or the other—author or printer.

A Tory writer answered this *Legion Memorial*; and he pointed to a *little lord*, and a Whiggish crew he entertained as his associates, as the authors of the *Legion Memorial*. This was evidently an allusion to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, the head of the ministry; who was a very little man, and leader of the Whigs. Although this writer might wish to annoy the head of the government by his insinuations that the high-minded Lord Godolphin was connected with placard or pamphlet writing, this could only be done as a malignant insult on the government, and an insult offered by but one writer only—a Tory.

As for the generality of writers, lampooners, or political speculators—the quidnuncs of the day—they had but one opinion as to the writer, and he was universally named by them as De Foe; for it was well known that he had written the *Memorial to the Commons*, and this *Memorial to the Lords* corresponded with his principles, and the style also betrayed the writer; for De Foe's vigorous epithets, and resolute use of vigorous healthy language, to represent firm, vigorous, and healthy ideas, could not be mistaken by the constant readers of the *Review*, De Foe's newspaper, which was

published twice in each week, and was made instrumental to advertise De Foe's pamphlets; and also to elucidate the doctrines enunciated in those pamphlets. Whenever De Foe wrote an important pamphlet, his *Review* was never to seek to back the principle, but was always, I believe, involved as a partisan, in support of the doctrine advanced in the pamphlet.

The Tories could not rest satisfied with the mere spreading the report of his being the author of the *Memorial to the Lords*; but they must give out, too, that he had run away immediately upon the £100 reward appearing in the *London Gazette* for the apprehension of somebody for the secretary of state. Poor De Foe was living quietly, writing his books, at Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk; and, of course, he would be very much annoyed to find his name in every Tory trashy paper of the day, as a runaway author—writer—pamphleteer.

Poor fellow! his credit was so involved in these reports that he had to declare the place of his abode, where he was willing to show himself to all comers at the price usually paid for seeing a monkey; namely, twopence a head; or, if that was too much, he might be seen like a quack-doctor, for nothing, at his own house, from eight to twelve, and from two till nine.

Whether De Foe wrote this second *Memorial* has never been proved; but if he did, certainly the prime minister, Godolphin, could have had no concern in the matter, for he was no placard or pamphlet writer; but if a hint had been hazarded that one of the secretaries of state, Harley, had had a hand in such a production, from some state reason or other, known to no mortal but himself, some credence might have been afforded to such a report, for Harley was very tricky, intriguing, and, to mortal eyes, very erratic, in his course as a politician. The whole course of this man's career was a sinister, intriguing, suspicious one; giving good dinners to fools, and using them, when filled with gratitude, for the serving his private interests and views, was the very lifeblood of Harley's existence; for he was, emphatically, a tricky, quirking man.

De Foe was of opinion that his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters* was the cause of the break-up of the administration consequent upon

the national religious excitement of the time; this, De Foe writes many times in his several works, particularly in his *Review*; and there is no doubt but De Foe's prosecution, and confinement in Newgate for twelve months, did break up the Nottingham-Buckingham-Seymour part of the administration, for the clearing the way for the more liberal men, and, consequently, more liberal measures.

This tight-laced High-Church party retired from the ministry to give place to better men in April 1704, while De Foe was a prisoner in Newgate for writing that pamphlet which caused the excitement that broke up this ministry. By Lord Nottingham was De Foe prosecuted, and condemned to confinement in Newgate during the Queen's pleasure (for such really was the sentence); and De Foe's confinement was the cause of the Earl of Nottingham's removal from the ministry; this De Foe affirms, and he was right in his affirmation. The Earl of Nottingham was a cipher in the course of the national career; and had he not been known as the prosecutor of Daniel De Foe, no one would have heard of such an insignificant being; but, insignificant as he was, he was a narrow-minded, bigoted secretary of state, who involved himself in a foolish government prosecution of Daniel De Foe, which caused his removal from office to make way for a more liberal minister, and more liberal measures for the Protestant dissenters of Great Britain. This is what De Foe's *Shortest Way with the Dissenters* did for the dissenters; though the publication of that book ruined De Foe's family, and sent him to a pillory and a gaol.

In April 1704, De Foe published his pamphlet entitled *More Short Ways with the Dissenters*, in answer to the malignities of the rector of Epworth, Samuel Wesley, and Dr. Sacheverell: two pamphleteers who expected to steer their course to the archbishopric of Canterbury, through the dishonest malignities of pamphleteering; and they, when seated in the House of Lords, would not have been the only clergymen, before that time or since, elevated to the peerage by writing the political slang of party pamphlets. But, fortunately for this country, the Lord Treasurer was too honest a man, and too great a statesman, to make up a bench of bishops

by party slang writers, or unprincipled religious persecutors; so both these writers found themselves neglected by the minister.

In 1704, also, De Foe published the *Dissenters Misrepresented and Represented*; in which he says that the church party are so hot and bitter, that they cannot hold their persecuting spirit in check till the Occasional Bill is passed, but they want to deprive dissenters from voting for parliament-men as freeholders; and he even recommends the taking the freeholds themselves away, as being equally just with taking away the rights and privileges which the freeholds give; and that another late author had found out the way to crush the dissenters, by having all their children educated in the principles of the Church of England—a policy copied from the court of Louis XIV. of France, who tried every method to extirpate dissenters in France, and this method the last, when all other plans appeared to fail. I wish we could say that this policy of Louis XIV. had never been imported into this country since that period; but, alas! the Privy-Council system of education is only a revival of the same principle, for the attaining the same end, the crushing the dissenters; and this, too, one hundred and thirty years after the death of Daniel De Foe. Dissenters there were, and dissenters there are, and will be, so long as there remain injustice in religious matters; dishonest legislation on church matters; pluralities legalized by my Lord John Russell, on the principle that a man, an Englishman, may be robbed, provided you can prove by legal evidence that he is only a poor man. Dissenter-extirpating plots have been common. It is not for me to go into all these several schemes for deluding and debasing the people, or conspiracies, if you will pardon the term, under the pretence of guiding or educating the people; for such they are; but merely to make a remark or two on them in passing, when reviewing the chequered life of Daniel De Foe, and occasionally comparing his times with our own.

In July of this year, 1704, De Foe published *A New Test of the Church of England's Honesty*. In this pamphlet he regrets that he did not on his trial take a decisive stand, and, by way of defence, show to the jury that the shortest way with the dissenters was the sedition preached constantly from the pulpits of the Church of

England, printed, too, in a Church-of-England University; and officially licensed and owned by the Church-of-England authority. He only printed what Sacheverell preached and wrote in his *Political Union*, licensed by the vice-chancellor of Oxford. De Foe affirms that whatever others might do, he was sure no English jury would have brought him in guilty; he felt sure of an acquittal if he had appealed to a British jury. If he had so appealed, he might have been acquitted; but the times were so corrupt, and the tide of popular opinion running so quickly and counter to common sense, justice, or honesty, that the result of an appeal to a jury could not have been predicted with any certainty.

People at this time (1704) were mad for the Church of England, Toryism, and Stuart or Pretender ascendancy; with as deadly a hatred of all Presbyterians, Whigs, or Dutchmen. Such is the power of preaching, church-endowed preaching, backed by a knowledge that the sovereign at the time filling the throne has views on all matters descanted on, in hearty union with the text. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" was a hearty, a loyal shout, backed as it was by the high-priests and master shrine-makers, the whole wealth and respectability of Ephesus, lay and clerical; while Paul, a stranger, a poor low fellow, who had not five shillings in his pocket, and knew nobody—who was he?

Leslie, the High-Church champion, complains of De Foe's two pamphlets, the *New Test of the Church of England's Loyalty*, and the *New Test of the Church of England's Honesty*, "as full of scurrility, and calculated for mob understandings; and that for peace's sake no answer has hitherto been given by any of the church to either of these invidious pamphlets, though they have been trumpeted up and down both town and country more than any other since the Revolution, and are boasted of as unanswerable by all the dissenters, who triumph in them." Leslie blustered and complained, and threatened to answer; since every Whig, Dissenter, or Low-Churchman was asking the question, why the Highflyers did not answer De Foe?

Leslie complained and threatened, but answered nothing by pamphlet; but in his paper, started at this time, and named the

Rehearsal, published in opposition to De Foe's *Review*, and Tutchin's *Observer*, made, from time to time, occasional reflections on De Foe, and these his "pernicious" writings.

De Foe's writings had such an extensive sale, that all sorts of mean devices were resorted to, to cheat the author. Mean, low printers, who wanted bread, hawked in the streets any trash of composition, in prose and verse; and in order to excite attention, and force a sale for such trash, they attached the signature of "Daniel De Foe, author of the *True-Born Englishman*." This dishonourable and injurious practice was carried to so great an extent, that he had to apply to the magistrate occasionally for protection. His own "Scandal Club," forming one division of his *Review*, was employed as an advertisement of such abuse, as follows:—

"July 25. The author of the *True-Born Englishman* was summoned before the club, upon the complaint of a poor hawker, who was sent to Bridewell lately. The poor woman had cried abundance of scoundrel papers—*Trip to the Devil's Summer-house*; *High Flyer*; *Low Flyer*, and the like; all as written by the author of the *True-Born Englishman*; for which he made complaint to the magistrate, and had laid hold of this one by way of example. The woman insisted that he was the author of it, and summoned in a crowd of printers to justify it, they having ordered her to cry it so, and told her it was true; but when the poor woman wanted her vouchers, none of them would appear. The author, to prove the negative in the particular paper which the woman was taken with, viz., the *Picture of a High Flyer*, produced the very paper, varied only in a few proper names, printed above twenty years ago; being written by Henry Care, and called the *Character of a Tory*. The society pitied the poor woman, and let her go; but resolved that the printers should stand convicted of petty forgery, and be bound once a week to repeat the following lines *à la penitent*, as a further satisfaction to the author:—

"The mob of wretched writers stand,
With storms of wit in every hand;
They bait my mem'ry in the street,
And charge me with the credit of their wit.

I bear the scandal of their crimes ;
 My name 's the hackney title of the times.
 Hymn, song, lampoon, ballad, and pasquinade,
 My recent memory invade :
 My muse must be the whore of poetry,
 And all Apollo's bastards laid to me."

Besides the common street hawkers of penny trash using his name to sell their worthless broad-sheets and penny ballads, authors of more apparent respectability either stole his name to set off their trash, or attacked him by name, in what were termed the Hudibrastic verse. This poetry was written by Ned Ward, the great ale-house poet and wit of the time, who worked in the ranks of the strongest side, as all such characters always do; and at this time Church and King would be the grand sheet-anchor of this fellow's existence; for his slanderous attacks were generally levelled at De Foe and Tutchin, the representatives of the dissenting or liberal party; poor De Foe having stood three times in the pillory; and Tutchin having been flogged once at least, tied to a cart-tail, down Dorchester streets.

The Comical History of the Life and Death of Mumper, Generalissimo of King Charles II.'s Dogs, by Heliostrapolis, secretary to the Emperor of the Moon, was written by De Foe about this time; and also a *Dictionary of Religions, Ancient and Modern, whether Jewish, Pagan, Christian, or Mahometan*. This was the first general Dictionary of Religions published in the English language.

On Aug. 29, 1704, De Foe published his *Hymn to Victory*, in compliment to the Duke of Marlborough, with five pages of poetic preface to the Queen, and thirty pages of poetic congratulation to the Duke; the preface commencing thus:—

Madam, the glories of your happy reign
 Are sealed from heaven, and hell resists in vain;
 You're doubly blest with strange exalted joy:
 At home with peace—abroad with victory.
 If this is but the earnest of your fame,
 To what strange height will Heaven exalt your name;
 And what seraphick thoughts must fill your mind,
 When you reflect on glories still behind.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER his release from Newgate, De Foe took up his residence at Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, as we have seen, where he resided in quietness, writing his books; but remained so long, that the Tory scamps of the day (for such were the paid scribes of that party for the most part) had to invent the slander, that he had run away from justice; in short, that he had not been seen since the £100 reward had been offered in the *London Gazette* for the apprehension of the writer of the *Memorial to the Lords*; and also that a government warrant was out against him as the author of this *Memorial*. This slander having so constantly appeared in the *Tory Rehearsals*, *Observers*, *Craftsmen*, *True Britons*, *Examiners*, *Corn-cutters' Journal*, and other newspapers or pamphlets, from Leslie down to Browne and Ward, that poor De Foe's credit was completely impaired; at least he intimates as much in his *Review* at the time; so that he had to advertise himself in his own *Review* as living at large at Bury St. Edmund's, where he could be found at any time; and, as government had been mixed up with his retirement, and the slander of his having absconded, he wrote to the secretary of state to inform him that, if a government warrant was really out against him, he might be found living at Bury St. Edmund's; to which notification he received a friendly reply, that the government were not in search of him.

On Nov. 4 he thus writes in his *Review*, page 291:—

“Whereas, in several written news-letters dispersed about the country, and supposed to be written by one Dyer, a news-writer, and by Mr. Fox, bookseller in Westminster Hall, it has falsely, and of mere malice, been scandalously asserted that Daniel De Foe was absconded and fled from justice; that he had been searched for by

messengers, could not be found, and more the like scoundrel expressions; the said Daniel De Foe hereby desires all people who are willing not to be imposed upon by the like villanous practices, to take notice, that the whole story is a mere genuine forgery, industriously and maliciously contrived, if possible, to bring him into trouble; that the said Daniel De Foe, being at St. Edmund's Bury, in Suffolk, when the first of these papers appeared, immediately wrote to both her Majesty's secretaries of state, to acquaint them with his being in the country on his lawful occasions; and to let them know that, on the least intimation from them, he would come up by post, and put himself into their hands, to answer any charge that should be brought against him. That, as soon as his business was over in the country, he made his humble complaint of this unprecedented usage to the secretary of state; and had the honour to understand, that no officer, messenger, or other person had received any order, warrant, or other direction to search for, apprehend, or otherwise disturb the said Daniel De Foe, or that there was any complaint or charges brought against him. And further, having been informed that Mr. Robert Stephens, the messenger, had reported that he had an order or power from the secretaries of state to stop and detain the said Daniel De Foe, and that he made several inquiries after him to that purpose; the said Daniel De Foe hereby gives notice, that as soon as he came to town, and before his application to the secretary of state, he went, and in the presence of sufficient witnesses, spoke with the said Robert Stephens, the messenger, as he calls himself, of the press; and, offering himself into his custody, demanded of him if he had received any order to detain him; and he denied that he had any such order, notwithstanding he had most openly, and in villanous terms, repeated before that he would detain him if he could find him, and had, in a scandalous manner, made inquiries after him. The said Daniel De Foe, having no other remedy against such barbarous treatment but by setting the matter in a true light, thinks he could do no less, in justice to the government and himself, than make this publication; and further, he hereby offers the reward of £20 to any person that shall discover to him, so as to prove it, the author and publisher of any of those news-

letters in which those reports were published; which shall be paid immediately, upon such proof made, at the publishers of this paper.

“Witness my hand,

“DANIEL DE FOE.”

At this time (1704), De Foe wrote his celebrated pamphlet, *Giving Alms no Charity*. It was intended as an answer to Sir Humphrey Mackworth's bill, then introduced into the Commons, for employing the poor, by establishing houses of industry or, properly, workhouses, in the original meaning of the term—houses for employing the parish poor in working. This publication appeared as an *Address to the House of Commons from an English Freeholder*; for as such he claimed a right to be concerned in the good of that community of which he was an unworthy member; and that this honourable House is the representative of all the freeholders of England; for he says, “You are assembled for their good; you study their interest; you possess their hearts, and you hold the strings of the general purse.” In this address he attributes to Queen Elizabeth the importation of Dutch and Flemish manufactures, for

“The Queen [Elizabeth] who knew the wealth and vast numbers of people which the said manufactures had brought to the neighbouring countries, then under the King of Spain, the Dutch being not yet revolted, never left off endeavouring, what she happily brought to pass, viz., the transplanting into England those springs of riches and people. She saw the fountain of all this wealth and workmanship—I mean the wool—was in her own hands; and Flanders became the seat of all these manufactures, not because it was naturally richer and more populous than other countries, but because it lay near England; and the staple of English wool, which was the foundation of all the wealth, was at Antwerp, in the heart of that country.

“From hence it may be said of Flanders: It was not the riches and the number of people brought the manufactures into the Low Countries, but it was the manufactures brought the people thither; and multitudes of people make trade; trade makes wealth; wealth builds cities; cities enrich the land round them; land enrich'd, rises in value; and the value of lands enriches the government.

“Many projects were set on foot in England to erect the woollen

manufacture here ; and in some places it had found encouragement, before the days of this Queen, especially as to making of cloth ; but stuffs, bays, says, serges, and such-like wares, were yet wholly the work of the Flemings.

“ At last an opportunity offered, perfectly unlooked for, viz., the persecution of the Protestants, and introducing the Spanish Inquisition into Flanders, with the tyranny of the Duke d’Alva.

“ It cannot be an ungrateful observation here to take notice how tyranny and persecution—the one an oppression of property, the other of conscience—always ruin trade, impoverish nations, depopulate countries, dethrone princes, and destroy peace.

“ When an Englishman reflects on it, he cannot without infinite satisfaction look up to Heaven, and to this honourable House, *that* as the spring, *this* as the stream, *from* and *by* which the felicity of this nation has obtained a pitch of glory superior to all the people in the world.

“ Your councils especially, when blest from Heaven, *as now we trust they are*, with the principles of unanimity and concord, can never fail to make trade flourish, war successful, peace certain, wealth flowing, blessings probable, the Queen glorious, and the people happy. Our unhappy neighbours of the Low Countries were the very reverse of what we bless ourselves for in you. Their kings were tyrants, their governments persecutors, their armies thieves and bloodhounds; their people divided, their councils confused, and their miseries innumerable.

“ D’Alva, the Spanish governor, besieged their cities, decimated the inhabitants, murdered the nobility, proscribed their princes, and executed 18,000 men by the hand of the hangman. Conscience was trampled under foot, religion and reformation hunted like a hare upon the mountains ; the Inquisition threatened, and foreign armies introduced.

“ Property fell a sacrifice to absolute power ; the country was ravaged, the towns plundered, the rich confiscated, the poor starved, trade interrupted, and the tenth penny demanded.

“ The consequence of this was, *as in all tyrannies and persecutions it is*, the people fled and scattered themselves in their neighbours’

countries, trade languished, manufactures went abroad and never returned, confusion reigned, and poverty succeeded. The multitude that remained, pushed to all extremities, were forced to obey the voice of Nature, and in their own just defence to take arms against their governors.

“Destruction itself has its uses in the world: the ashes of one city rebuild another; and God Almighty, who never acts in vain, brought the wealth of England and the power of Holland into the world from the ruin of the Flemish liberty.

“The Dutch in defence of their liberty revolted, renounced their tyrant prince, and, prospered by Heaven and the assistance of England, erected the greatest commonwealth in the world.

“As D’Alva worried the poor Flemings, the Queen of England entertained them, cherished them, invited them, encouraged them.

“Thousands of innocent people fled from all parts, from the fury of this merciless man; and as England, to her honour, has always been the sanctuary of her distressed neighbours, so now she was so, to her special and particular profit.

“The Queen [Elizabeth] who saw the opportunity put into her hands which she had so long wished for, not only received kindly the exiled Flemings, but invited over all that would come, promising them all possible encouragement, privileges, and freedom of her ports and the like. This brought over a vast multitude of Flemings, Walloons, and Dutch, who, with their whole families, settled at Norwich, at Ipswich, Colchester, Canterbury, Exeter, and the like. From these came the Walloon Church at Canterbury, and the Dutch Churches in Norwich, Colchester, and Yarmouth; from hence came the true-born English families in those places with foreign names; as the De Vinks at Norwich, the Rebows at Colchester, the Papilons &c. at Canterbury: families to whom this nation are much in debt, for the first planting those manufactures from which we have since raised the greatest trades in the world.

“This wise Queen [Elizabeth] knew that numbers of inhabitants are the wealth and strength of a nation; she was far from that opinion, we have of late shown too much of, in complaining that foreigners came to take the bread out of our mouths, and ill treating

on that account the French Protestants who fled hither for refuge in the late persecutions.

“Some have said that above 50,000 of them settled here, and would have made it a grievance, though, without doubt, 'tis easy to make it appear that 500,000 more would be both useful and profitable to this nation.

“Upon the settling of these foreigners, the scale of trade visibly turned both here and in Flanders. The Flemings taught our women and children to spin, the youth to weave; the men entered the loom to labour, instead of going abroad to seek their fortunes by the war; the several trades of bayes at Colchester, sayes and perpets at Sudbury, Ipswich, &c., stuffs at Norwich, serges at Exeter, silks at Canterbury, and the like, began to flourish. All the countries round felt the profit; the poor were set to work, the traders gained wealth, and multitudes of people flocked to the several parts where these manufactures were erected, for employment and the growth of England, both in trade, wealth, and people, since that time, as is well known to this honourable House; so the causes of it appear to be plainly the introducing of these manufactures, and nothing else.”

The above is the substance of the introduction to this valuable essay on employing the poor, without inflicting a sensible injury on the community by the employment. De Foe, in 1704, was thoroughly master of this branch of political economy, and was far in advance of the age in which he lived; for he states that every session of every Parliament since the Restoration, had had its act for employing the poor in workhouses, at the expense of the rest of the community, of tax-payers, and sellers of labour for what we term wages. In De Foe's time and in ours, there has always been a full supply of weak-minded philanthropists who would rob the community to have the credit of making a rogue-and-vagabond into an honest man. De Foe knew this fully, and has written well upon the subject; and a clear principle of political economy in 1704 is rather a curiosity. I will go into the subject more fully, to show my hero in this character.

“1. There is in England more labour than hands to perform it; and, consequently, a want of people, not of employment.

"2. No man in England, of sound limbs and senses, can be poor merely for want of work.

"3. All our workhouses, corporations, and charities, for employing the poor, and setting them to work, as now they are employed, or any acts of Parliament to empower overseers of parishes, or parishes themselves, to employ the poor, except as shall be hereafter excepted, are and will be public nuisances; mischiefs to the nation, which serve to the ruin of families and the increase of the poor.

"That 'tis a regulation of the poor that is wanted in England, not a setting them to work.

"If after these things are made out, I am inquired of what this regulation should be, I am no more at a loss to lay it down, than I am to affirm what is above; and shall always be ready, when called to it, to make such a proposal to this honourable House, as with their concurrence shall for ever put a stop to poverty and beggary, parish charges, assessments, and the like, in this nation.

"If such offers as these shall be slighted and rejected, I have the satisfaction of having discharged my duty; and the consequence must be, that complaining will be continued in our streets.

"'Tis my misfortune, that, while I study to make every head so concise, as becomes me in things to be brought before so honourable and august an assembly, I am obliged to be short upon heads that in their own nature would very well admit of particular volumes to explain them.

"First, I affirm that in England there is more labour than hands to perform it. This I prove:—

"1. From the dearness of wages, which in England outgoes all nations in the world; and I know no greater demonstration in trade. Wages, like exchanges, rise and fall as the remitters and drawers, the employers and the workmen, balance one another.

"The employers are the remitters, the workmen are the drawers. If there are more employers than workmen, the price of wages must rise, because the employer wants that work to be done more than the poor man wants to do it; if there are more workmen than employers, the price of labour falls, because the poor man wants his wages more than the employer wants to have his business done.

“Trade, like all nature, most obsequiously obeys the great law of cause and consequence; and this is the occasion why even all the greatest articles of trade follow, and as it were pay homage to, this seemingly minute and inconsiderable thing—the poor man’s labour.

“I omit, with some pain, the many very useful thoughts that occur on this head, to preserve the brevity I owe to the dignity of that assembly I am writing to. But I cannot but note how from hence it appears, that the glory, the strength, the riches, the trade, and all that’s valuable in a nation, as to its figure in the world, depend upon the number of its people, be they never so mean or poor; the consumption of manufactures increases the manufactures; the number of manufacturers increases the consumption; provisions are consumed to feed them; land improved, and more hands employed, to furnish provisions. All the wealth of the nation, and all the trade, is produced by numbers of people; but of this by the way.

“The price of wages not only determines the difference between the employer and the workman, but it rules the rates of every market. If wages grow high, provisions rise in proportion; and I humbly conceive it to be a mistake in those people, who say labour in such parts of England is cheap because provisions are cheap; but ’tis plain, provisions are cheap there, because labour is cheap, and labour is cheaper in those parts than in others; because, being remoter from London, there is not that extraordinary disproportion between the work and the number of hands; there are more hands, and, consequently, labour is cheaper.

“Tis plain to any observing eye, that there is an equal plenty of provisions in several of our south and western counties, as in Yorkshire, and rather a greater; and I believe I could make it out, that a poor labouring man may live as cheap in Kent or Sussex as in the bishopric of Durham; and yet, in Kent, a poor man shall earn 7s., 10s., 9s., a week, and in the North, 4s., or perhaps less. The difference is plain in this, that in Kent there is a greater want of people, in proportion to the work there, than in the North. And this, on the other hand, makes the people of our northern counties spread themselves so much to the south, where trade, war, and the sea, carrying off so many, there is a greater want of hands. And

yet 'tis plain there is labour for the hands which remain in the North, or else the country would be depopulated, and the people come all away to the South to seek work; and even in Yorkshire,¹ where labour is cheapest, the people can gain more by their labour than in any of the manufacturing countries of Germany, Italy, or France, and live much better. If there was one poor man in England more than there was work to employ, either some body else must stand still for him, or he must be starved; if another man stands still for him, he wants a day's work, and goes to seek it, and by consequence supplants another, and this a third; and this contention brings it to this:—'No,' says a poor man, that is like to be put out of his work, 'rather than that man shall come in, I'll do it cheaper.'—'Nay,' says the other, 'but I'll do it cheaper than you.' And thus one poor man wanting but a day's work would bring down the price of labour in a whole nation; for the man cannot starve, and will work for anything rather than want it.

"It may be objected here: this is contradicted by our number of beggars.

"I am sorry to say I am obliged here to call begging an employment, since 'tis plain, if there is more work than hands to perform it, no man that has his limbs and his senses need to beg, and those that have not, ought to be put into a condition not to want it. So that begging is a mere scandal in the general; in the able 'tis a scandal upon their industry; and in the impotent, 'tis a scandal upon the country. Nay, the begging, as now practised, is a scandal upon our charity, and perhaps the foundation of all our present grievances. How can it be possible that any man or woman, who, being sound in body and mind, may, as 'tis apparent they may, have wages for their work, should be so base, so meanly spirited, as to

¹ Probably, by Yorkshire is meant the extreme north of England—Durham, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. At this time (1704), it is highly probable, that De Foe had never been in Yorkshire, and knew nothing about it, but from books, written at all periods before his time; his wages estimates, too, belong, probably, to an age or period antecedent by a century to the date given. This certainly is the case in his tour through England, written twenty years after this period; many events in which are taken, without acknowledgment, from Thoresby's *History of Leeds*, and there recorded only as a state of things which had existed in history, but not as the visible object for the eye of a passing tourist.

beg an alms for God's sake ! Truly, the scandal lies on our charity ; and people have such a notion in England of being pitiful and charitable, that they encourage vagrants, and, by mistaken zeal, do more harm than good.

“ This is a large scene, and much might be said upon it ; I shall abridge it as much as possible.

“ The poverty of England does not lie among the craving beggars, but among poor families, where the children are numerous, and where death or sickness has deprived them of the labour of the father. These are the houses that the sons and daughters of charity, if they would order it well, should seek out and relieve. An alms ill directed, may be charity to the particular person, but becomes an injury to the publick, and no charity to the nation. As for the craving poor, I am persuaded I do them no wrong when I say, that if they were incorporated, they would be the richest society in the nation ; and the reason why so many pretend to want work is, that they can live so well with the pretence of wanting work, they would be mad to leave it and work in earnest ; and I affirm of my own knowledge, when I have wanted a man for labouring work, and offered 9s. a week to strolling fellows at my door, they have frequently told me to my face, they could get more a-begging ; and I once set a lusty fellow in the stocks for making the experiment.”

The paper extends to some further pages, on relieving tramps or sturdy beggars, and the injustice done to honest poverty, and the nation at large, by the pernicious practice ; for the begging trade affords a less return upon the capital invested than any other, the operative consuming the whole product of his labour, and nothing left for the return on the capital advanced.

De Foe remarks on parish or county or national workshops for the employment of beggars or felons at the public expense, as most injurious to the community, and only tending to disarrange the labour market, by taxing the public for the disarrangement. He says, that “ every session since the restoration of Charles II., has produced a bill for supplying the poor with work in workhouses, and tampering with the natural supply of labour in the market.” This was written in 1704 ; and since that time, up to 1858, how many

of these injurious schemes have been inflicted upon the working classes; for all the injury falls unmitigated upon them, while the credit of the mischief is given to some half-dozen enthusiasts, who wish to set the world all right by a little prating in Parliament, a little newspaper bribing, and a little pamphleteering: a process cheap in the gross for obtaining the credit of their being the most feeling men in the community, for the dear starving poor.

In order to illustrate this tampering with labour, and this tampering with philanthropy, suppose, in a small confined community, a few philanthropists set up for regulating the evils of their neighbours, and extirpating poverty. This little club of benevolents determine to make every tramp, beggar, or thief, into a shoemaker, what would the result be in the shoe trade; how would wages run after such a supply of labour? Well, after a while, poor shoemakers would be starving; so an act of Parliament must be obtained to relieve the oppressed shoemakers; and how their little village Exeter Hall would ring with depreciated remuneration for the poor shoemakers; and their hard taskmasters, the master shoemakers!¹ Government tampering with trades or education is always injurious to the community; for the attempt to get rid of crime, idleness, and poverty, by public taxation, is absurd; and injurious to the honest, industrious, and rich. A drunken man has six ragged children; is the industrious, sober, thrifty man, with six children, to be fined for the support of the drunken family? and are twelve children to be educated, the sober man being taxed for the support of the whole?

This question of workhouses was well understood by De Foe; and, as it is a most important one, I have quoted freely from him; for Daniel De Foe, as a political economist, is a new character in which to study our hero; and, of course, justice must be done to him in it: my only regret being, that I could not follow him through his valuable remarks on government employing labour out of the taxes.

¹ What outcries have we not had about the remuneration paid in London to shirt-makers! How comes this? I know not. Is there some disease in the natural supply or demand in the market of labour here? Who are the shirtmakers of London; how are they produced; how comes supply so far to exceed demand? Is it plain sewing in charity schools which is employed to the bringing down the wages of all poor women employed in sewing in London? If so, what do charity schools effect here?

In the early part of 1705, De Foe again returns to the attack upon Sir Humphrey Mackworth's bill for philanthropizing the poor by deceiving and robbing the rich—a bill which passed through the Commons with great applause; but was rejected at once by the House of Lords. Here, again, the Lords save their country once more from the ignorant tampering of the most corrupt, worthless Parliament that ever was returned by English freeholders; and the bench of bishops too were the main instruments of this salvation of their country—bishops appointed by William III.

De Foe manfully defends his course of action in his *Review*, lamenting that he “must be forced to erect his own opinion, and advance his private judgment, against the capitals of the nation; and must stand the test of public censure for his arrogance, only from the magnitude of his opposers, not at all from their reasons or the force of their judgments. Be it so. Truth and demonstration are the weapons; and I am only to be answered by the irrefragable arguments of reason.

“When these are against me, I submit and pay homage to truth in the mouth of the meanest; but with these, I am a match for the greatest, and boldly take upon me to say, that bill is an undigested chaos, a mass of inconsistency, big with monsters of amphibious generation, brooding needless and fatal errors, and numberless irreparable mischiefs, absolutely destructive of trade, ruinous to the poor, tending to the confusion of our home trade, stopping the circulation of our manufactures, and increasing both the number and misery of the poor.”—*Review*, vol. ii. pp. 37, 38. Bravo! Daniel De Foe; political economist on workhouses for the poor!

Having given long and dry, and perhaps uninteresting quotations on political economy—on a very important subject, one which, even down to our day, has not had due consideration afforded to it; namely, the whining, canting, tampering with labour and capital, in order to gain a character for a benevolence which is hypocritical and dishonest—dishonest to the poor themselves, who are to be whined or canted into a Muggletonian character of recipients of charity; instead of being an independent, free, sturdy descendant race of a free, erect, Saxon ancestry. I do not want to flatter the poor; all

I say is, 18s. a week, and no favour; neither do I wish to say one word on poverty, remembering that "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." But I do not want to see a people legislated into poverty; and then see poverty smothered down into broken-souled dependency by the soothing balm of Gilead—red herrings and soup-tickets; legislated starvation healed by a plaster of philanthropy and cant. I maintain that one half of the philanthropy of the present day is a fabric of cant, built upon a concrete groundwork of dishonesty—proceeding in a great measure from placemen and pensioners sitting as legislators in the Houses of Parliament.

There is not a street fight can be kicked up in the habitable globe, but the poor inhabitant of Great Britain has to find the stakes from his breadloaf. This is true, and will remain true, till placemen and pensioners are removed from the House of Commons. Only look at the Government Privy Council system of education, which is a trap; a conspiracy extracted from the pressure of exorbitant taxation. Church and dissent are two parties in the state, upon which exorbitant taxation presses with unequal violence; the church party, from social habits, feelings, or principles, feeling the greater amount of the pressure; therefore a counteracting influence—a borrowing power from the national exchequer, for the benefit of the church side of the contest, to make the combatants equal. This scheme is a conspiracy to ruin Protestant dissenters with their own money; it is only the old game of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin and the Protestants of France, played over again; it is a conspiracy, and no canting meetings at Exeter Hall can blot out the word: conspiracy by a profession of philanthropy.

But, to return to De Foe and his tract on finding work out of the public funds, national or parochial, for thieves, tramps, scoundrels, and sturdy beggars: I say again, rejoicingly, Bravo! Daniel De Foe, the political economist, and precursor of Franklin, Adam Smith, Hume, Ricardo, Colonel Thompson; and poor Elliott, who never felt so happy in his work of feeding the poor with their own bread, as when the scamps and street lads were shouting after him as a fool broken loose. Poor Elliott! who always worked on Dean Swift's principle, of judging of the quality of a philosopher or a

statesman by the number of boobies, fools, or scoundrels, following in his rear. De Foe! political economist! But mind, when I write the term *political economist*, I do not mean that De Foe, who lived sixty years before the author of the *Wealth of Nations*, was thoroughly master of the science of political economy. No! neither was Adam Smith, the honoured father of the science, embodied as a science, distinct and separate from all other sciences—the *science of political economy*; although he lived sixty years after De Foe, the latter being born A.D. 1662.

As for this very treatise which I admire so much, as being so far in advance of the year 1704, in which it was written—this *Giving Alms no Charity*—one half of it, the latter half, which I have studiously kept back on account of the errors in it, in my quotation, is incorrect; for it is all based upon the false principle of giving employment to the poor as the first moving acting influence or power for attaining national prosperity; whereas the first power is high return of profit on capital; for the *surplus* above the cost of production; the *surplus* of profit being the future bread of the operative—his future store of wage-fund. Be prepared with your wage-fund before you start your operative at his work; have a heavy supply of that fund, and the workman will be prosperous, as dividing a larger share; but diminish that store, and the share of each operative will be less.

Towards the close of 1704 the Duke of Marlborough returned to England a victorious general, when all national parties vied with each other in showering blessings and honours upon the distinguished hero, and amongst the crowd Daniel De Foe contributed his mite of well-earned praise, in a congratulatory poem entitled the *Double Welcome to the Duke of Marlborough*.

The muse that by your victory's inspired,
First sung those conquests all the world admir'd,
 Now sings the triumphs of your native land,
 When you *our hearts* as well as *troops* command;
 Adapted thus to sacred truth and fame,
 She never sung but they were both her theme.

Stranger to penegyrick and to praise,
 It must be *some sublime*, must her just fancy raise,
 To *truth* and *merit* she was always true,
 And never praised but *William*, sir, and *you*.

Bravo, Daniel! you never praised in verse but two men in your life: William III. of glorious memory, the best of kings and truest of patriots; and the victorious Duke of Marlborough.

The Duke of Marlborough was one great prop to the throne; for he was a great man as a man, independent of his generalship; and I feel glad at De Foe's selecting him, and him only, from the great mob standing around.

You're welcome, sir, to this unthankful shore,
 Where men of worth were never owned before.
 A steady glory ever has entailed
 The grin of envy; envy never failed
 To act the high refined extreme of hell;
 How *William* found it, *blush, my muse, to tell*.
 Shall any foreign bard desire to know
 Why Britain can so few like *William* show?
 Say, angry poet, tell 'em 'tis because
 Ungrateful devils grudge their due applause.

Although the British nation greatly rejoiced at the victories of the Duke of Marlborough, yet the Tory High-Church party were more afflicted with disappointment than with any other feeling, on account of the influence afforded by the Duke to Lord Godolphin and others about the court, for the removal of the Earl of Nottingham and his High-Church coadjutors from the ministry; for after this removal the greatest hatred was manifested towards the Duke of Marlborough, his victories, and all belonging to him; his very victories over the French at Blenheim were, indeed, represented to be endangering the Church of England; for the French party was the Church-of-England party; and the Duke of Marlborough conquering the French, was conquering Toryism, Churchism, and Pretend-erism, at home; since these were really one in spirit during the whole twelve years of the reign of Queen Anne. To such a pitch

was church-in-danger carried during the whole reign of this weak-minded woman; for De Foe in his *Review*, vol. ii. page 233, says—

“I have been told of a certain worthy *tacker*, who, being a candidate for Parliament, caused a flag to be carried before him, with this device—a *church leaning*, and ready to fall; and himself under it, holding it up. When he had been at the place, and was chosen again, he comes back with another flag which he had reserved *in petto*; and then the church was represented *standing upright*, and his worship walking before it. This was a wrong device; for, were the church really falling, I must needs say, few of these gentlemen would stand under to hold her up, for fear they should be crushed in the fall. But these are all said to be defenders of the church: I must confess I think not. Woe be to the church if Jacobites, nonjurors, and *tackers* must hold her up!

“We have seen these hot men out [of Parliament] a great while, some of them a year, some two; and pray, gentlemen, tell us, what has the church lost by their being turned out?

“Among the many enemies of the church, whose being put into other people’s stead, in the royal favour, gives a sad prospect to the church, and who have been suggested to bring the Church of England into danger, one of the principal is, his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.

“Why, really, gentlemen, these are some of the remarkable instances in which Nature gallops faster than the understanding can follow. As these people are angry at being thought fools, they ought not to expect that the people of England will be pleased to be called fools, and made fools too at the same time.

“I hear people say that the Duke of Marlborough is pulling down the Church of England; why, our common people would be ready to laugh at these gentlemen. How! Beat the French *to ruin the church*! How can this be? What! are the French the supporters of the church? Is the Duke of Bavaria a friend to the church? Really, gentlemen, you must have most scoundrel thoughts of the people’s senses that read your papers, to think of prevailing upon them to believe this stuff.

“I confess there are some incoherences in the matter suitable in

their kind to this ; and, upon examination, would appear so absurd as this ; such as charging the Bishops, the Queen, the Lords, and the like, with pulling down the church ; but nothing could be so strangely adapted to the genius of common banter, to the capacity of every mean understanding.

“ That the Duke of Marlborough should attack the French lines ; should push their armies to all extremities ; baulk their councils, take their generals ; pursue them over rivers, towns, fortifications, and all the precautions of the highest art of war, and—all this to pull down the church !

“ Well, gentlemen, if this be to put the church in danger, here’s strange doings in the world ; for here the church keeps holyday ; the Queen makes processions to St. Paul’s ; the clergy sing anthems ; and all the people give thanks on these occasions ; and blessed, congratulated, rewarded, even by the House of Commons. What, gentlemen ! all this for joining in confederacy with a gang of courtiers to pull down the church ?

“ Pray, gentlemen, go back again ; let the Duke of Marlborough be called home, and a churchman be put in his room, that may let the French beat him for *propagation of the faith* ; and run away for the safety of the church.

“ These are the inconsistencies of the party, this is their memorial argument, their High-Church consequences. I cannot but think it a duty of every Englishman, as much as in him lies, to inform the people, who are thus imposed upon, and to let them see a little, the way our church is to be secured by those people, that cry out so much of her present distress.

“ Next to my Lord Treasurer [Godolphin], no man is worse in their esteem, or has more of their ill language, than the Duke of Marlborough, that is fighting for the safety of England, against Popery, tyranny, universal monarchy, and all the complication of devils that has pushed so far at the destruction of Europe’s liberty ; and has drove all the Protestant powers of Christendom to an absolute necessity of leaguings together for their common security. This is the same cause for which the late glorious King William so often fought, so long struggled, and so bravely hazarded his life ; and now

an English duke, fired with the same zeal, and filled with the same desire of the general prosperity, pushes at our safety and establishment, runs down all before him. This is the man that is brauded by this unhappy party with the scandal of ruining and destroying the Church of England.

“And this nation, among all the blessings attending the glorious victory obtained by the Duke of Marlborough, has this, as none of the least—that the vile notion raised by a yet more vile party, that this hero, or this ministry, with whom he acts in concert, are not, nor can be, instrumental to injure the church; all their fighting, conquering, and struggling, both abroad and at home, being a plain and just indication of their true zeal for the Church of England, and the prosperity of the Protestant religion in general.

“May the church never want such guardians; and let the mal-contented party bring out their seditious memorials every day, till they expose themselves more and more, become justly odious to all the world, and particularly contemptible to all good men.”

After the removal of the Earl of Nottingham, Sir E. Seymour,¹ and others from the ministry in 1704, nothing could be done in this kingdom, but the High-Church party industriously gave out, that it was done for the destruction of the Church of England; and even the victory of Blenheim, obtained August 2, 1704, scarcely received the usual compliment of the thanks of the House of Commons; because the general, the Duke of Marlborough, would not sacrifice every principle and every feeling to the grand ruling passion of poor Queen Anne: the fostering of the vested rights and exclusive privileges of an endowed priesthood, the fraternity of the Church

¹ Who was Speaker in the House of Commons in the reign of Charles II.; he was always suspected of being in the French interest; and was impeached by the Commons in consequence. He opposed King William at the Revolution; but that king endeavoured to bring him over by making him a privy councillor and lord of the Treasury; but all to no purpose: he had to be discarded, when he became the head of the opposition in the Commons. On the death of William, this man was made comptroller of the household, and a privy councillor. This man, and such as he, would have Sacheverellled this kingdom into open rebellion again and again, had it not been for a power—a national power—superior in strength to the throne itself; and that power may be found enrolled in the Kit-cat Club.

of England ; nourished by royal favour, for a purpose—the succession of the Pretender to the throne of these realms ; to the exclusion of the house of Hanover.

We will give another instance of the dishonesty of the Church-and-Pretender spirit which occurred at this time, on the building of the Haymarket Theatre, which was opened May 3, 1705. This undertaking came out under the patronage of the Kit-cat Club, an association of noblemen, forty-eight in number, whose names are worthy of being handed down to posterity ; not as a literary club, that founded the Augustan age of English literature ; no, nor as the builders of the Haymarket Theatre ; no—but as that power which William III. placed around the throne, and which in power was superior to the throne ; for the throne never could shake off this power during the Queen's reign ; a power of aristocracy which could override the French or Pretender interest, then mad and rampant in the House of Commons—mad to that degree, that De Foe advocated the abrogation of the Commons' House, root and branch, as a nuisance planted on British soil, for the serving of French interests, by the sacrifice of British interests. All this occurred in the unfortunate reign of Anne, when British nobility was a pattern for the world, and at a time when rottenness in the bone, with idiocy of the mind, was the disease of the stockjobbing, priest-ridden, Stuart-worshipping House of Commons—the byword of civilized Europe.

These high-minded noblemen, the Kit-cat Club, shall go through the muster-call, to show what William III. left to Britain for the protection of the throne, and the institutions of the country :—William Cavendish, first Duke of Devonshire ; John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough ; Thomas Wharton, Marquis of Wharton ; Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle ; Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington ; Richard Lumley, Earl of Scarborough ; Francis Godolphin, Earl of Godolphin ; Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset ; Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond ; John Montagu, Duke of Montagu ; John Sommers, Baron of Evesham ; Charles Cornwallis, Lord Cornwallis ; with others, patriots and wits.

These men built a theatre ; they founded the Augustan age of

English literature; they saved the crown through a very weak reign, and kept poor Anne's church from falling on the gravestones in the churchyard; they kept the institutions of this nation together for twelve years, and saved poor Anne from an ignominious flight to the hospital of the exiled Stuarts at St. Germain. I have mentioned these gentlemen again and again, but never had the opportunity of bringing them together till now, when slandered as the destroyers of the church, by building a theatre. Not that Leslie cared anything about the church-destroying building. No; he cared not if five hundred theatres had been built, provided Dan Burgess's Mercers' Hall Chapel, in Cheapside, had been closed by the building of them. It was not the theatre, but its being a Whig theatre, that affected him; and its being called the Queen's Theatre, threw all the spires out of the perpendicular, and endangered the gravestones. The Dan Burgess of Charles Leslie, the nonjuring pamphleteer, was Dr. Burgess, the Presbyterian minister; the most persecuted man in his day, not excepting Dr. Burnet, the Bishop of Salisbury, or Daniel De Foe, our political economist. I should have felt delighted if De Foe had been traduced, maligned, and slandered in this forty-first number of the *Rehearsal*. I should have liked De Foe to have been office-bearer for this one day, to the illustrious, high-minded collection, the Kit-cat Club, along with Dr. Daniel Burgess; for a better collection of patriots, patrician or plebeian, could not have been made in this Isle of Great Britain.

William III. was the real designer of the Augustan age of Britain, although Queen Anne had always had the credit of it. William III. created, or brought together and kept together, these accomplished noblemen; and they formed the Augustan age of English literature by their taste, their writings, and their patronage.

Charles Leslie is much offended at this theatre being a Whig theatre—the production of “the Kit-cat Club, which is now grown *famous* and *notorious* all over the kingdom; and they have built a temple for their Dagon, the new playhouse in the Hay Market. The foundation was laid with great solemnity by a noble babe of grace. And over or under the foundation-stone is a plate of silver, on which

is engraven *Kit-cat* on the one side, and *little Whig* on the other. This is *in futuram rei memoriam*, that after-ages may know by what *worthy hands*, and for what good *ends*, this stately fabrick was erected. And there was such zeal shewn, and all purses open to carry on this work, that it was almost as soon finished as begun, while Paul's-work is become a proverb; and the greatest part of our communicants cannot come to our churches for want of room; and there is no zeal or money to be found to build others; while Dan Burgess and other dissenters can rear cathedrals with as much expedition as that in the Hay Market."

I need not quote Leslie's *Rehearsal* for information further, for one of De Foe's *Reviews* is full of it, vol. ii. page 101:—

"We have lately erected, at the cost and charges of several pious, charitably disposed Christians, a noble and magnificent fabrick near the Hay Market, in the liberties of Westminster. The name of the thing (for by its outside it is not to be distinguished from a French church or a hall, or a meeting-house, or any such usual public building) is a theatre, or, in English, a playhouse. The use and design of this, is for the encouragement of wit, the entertainment of the ladies, &c., for the representations, or misrepresentations, of vice; for the encouragement of virtue; and, in short, to contribute to the exceeding reformation of our manners.

"The dimensions of this noble pile, its beauty, its stupendous height, the ornament and magnificence of its building, are demonstrations of the great zeal of our nobility and gentry, to the encouragement of learning, and the suppressing of vice and immorality.

"What, though the founders of this structure may complain of deficient funds for the completing the building, and that some gentlemen's names stand to the roll whose money has not yet increased the bank; and that there may be some ground for the following notes:—

"The fabrick's finished, and the builder's part
Has shewn the reformation of his art;
Bless'd with success, thus have their first essays
Reform'd their *buildings*, not reformed their *plays*.

The donor's bounty may be well designed,
But who can guess the model of the mind?
Never was charity so ill employed,
Vice so discouraged, virtue so destroyed;
Never foundation so abruptly laid,
So much subscribed, and yet so little paid.
On public faith the fabrick they begin,
And vice itself is run in debt to sin.

“After all, the author has nothing to say to the crime of a play; nor am I so narrow in my opinion as to think it an unlawful action, either in the player's acting or the person's seeing a play, if it could be abstracted from all the unhappy circumstances that attend our theatres. Nor am I so angry at the gentlemen concerned in our theatres, either as poets or actors: I know 'tis the taste of the town that will have everything mix'd with something vicious; or will not be pleased with it. ‘D—n a sober dog; a serious play is like a game at nothing,’ and away they go; so that, in short, to reform the stage would be, not to build it up, but to pull it down; and if nothing but representations of virtue, and decrying vice, should be the dull subject, the wit would be lost, and the labour too, and all the players and poets would be starved. But, gentlemen and ladies, if you would have a reformation in the playhouse, you must reform your taste of wit: and let the poet see you can relish a play, though there be neither bawdy nor blasphemy in it.

“In short, the errors of the stage lie all in the auditory; the actors and the poets are their humble servants, and, being good judges of what will please, are forced to write and act with all the aggravations and excesses possible, that they may not be undone and ruined, lose both their reputation and their employments.

“So easy a thing would it be to reform the stage; so soon would a mode of virtue ruin all the manufacture of vice in the nation.”

A prologue was spoken on the occasion of the opening, written by Dr. Garth, a man who was, according to the unscrupulous, scurrilous Leslie, a professed atheist, and chaplain of the Kit-cat

Club. The following verses are selected as a fair specimen of the whole:—

More sure presages from these walls we find
 By Beauty founded, and by Wit designed;
 In the good age of ghostly ignorance,
 How did cathedrals rise, and zeal advance!
 The merry monks said *orisons* at ease,
 Large were their meals, and light their penances;
 Pardon for sins was purchased with estates,
 And none but rogues in rags died reprobates.
 But now that pious pageantry's no more,
 And stages thrive, as churches did before,
 Your own magnificence you here survey,
 Majestic columns stand where dunghills lay,
 And cars triumphant rise from carts of hay.
 Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear;
 And big Almanza's fight, mock-Blenheim's here.
 Descending goddesses adorn our scenes,
 And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.

We have gone fully into the *church-is-falling* spirit of the times, to show the absurdity of the cry—a cry raised by a bribed French interest, in order to bring in the Pretender upon the shoulders of a besotted populace, influenced by an interested priesthood; who intended to crush dissent, that they and vested interests in rates and tithes might be hand-and-glove through all time; whatever might become of the trick through the boundless expanse of eternity.

Huzza, boys!—throw up your hats for religion and the Pretender, and down with the Dutch Presbyterians, and psalm-anthem-singing Hogan-mogans!¹ That was the trick; but—but—it could not be played. No; the talent was all on the other side, backed by the new titles of the monastic estates; enjoyed by parties who had power, and who exercised it: it was too late! The church might fall upon the gravestones; but NO PRETENDER—no re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion within these realms. Some of these great patriots may have descendants, who would not scruple to palm a church lie for a church truth upon a confiding, credulous British

¹ *i. e.* Hugger-muggers—Dutchmen.

public ; but who would tremble in their shoes at the very idea of the re-establishment of Popery ; lest the cabbage-stalls of Covent Garden Market might be made to give way to the rebuilding of chapel, cells, dormitory, and cloisters, to some religious order of nuns, or sisters of mercy ; under the important appellation of the CONVENT. No ! legislative lying is not so dangerous as the re-establishment of Popery—for them.

But to our dissenting playhouse and Dan Burgess, the Presbyterian minister, or his deacon, Daniel De Foe ; for De Foe wrote a prologue as well as Dr. Garth, and here it is :—

Here whores in hogsties vilely blended lay,
 Just as in boxes at our lewder play ;
 The stables have been cleansed, the jakes made clear,
Herculean labours ne'er will purge us here.
 Some call this metamorphosis a jest,
 And say, " We 're but a dunghill still at best :
 The nastiness of all your common shores,
 Being far less nauseous than our *beaux* and *whores*."
 Bless us ! (said I) what monstrous beast 's a man !
 Whom rules can never guide, nor art make clean ;
 View but our stately pile, the columns stand
 Like some great council-chamber of the land ;
 When strangers view the beauty and the state,
 As they pass by, they ask—" What church is that ?"
 Thinking a nation as devout as we,
 Ne'er build such domes but to some deity.
 But when the *salt assembly* once they view,
 What gods they worship, how blaspheme the true ;
 How Vice's champions, uncontrolled within,
 Roll in the very excrements of sin ;
 The horrid emblems so exact appear,
 That hell 's an ass to what 's transacted here.

Having done with church in danger in the battle-field of Blenheim, and having viewed the tottering fabric in the Presbyterian conventicle, the Haymarket Theatre ; we will turn to the colonies, and see whether graves and gravestones lie unencumbered with

wreck of chancel, tower, or steeple; for at home there never was a church but the tower was on the leads of the chancel; or the steeple had fallen, and very nearly killed the parson in the rectory.

Charles II. had laid claim to the so-called *deserted* colony of Carolina, and had granted a patent of occupation on March 24, 1663, to eight noblemen and gentlemen, "who, being excited with a laudable and pious zeal for the propagation of the gospel"—the gospel!—ten *per cent.* dividend, and a bonus! This is hanging Indian Sepoys by thousands, thanking the Lord for throwing his enlightening face on heathen lands, and doubling the subscription to the Bible Society! We may rob the Sepoys of their fatherland; hang them for resisting; but, never let us insult Heaven by charging the Lord of it with imbecility or folly; for God is not a fool, to be mocked by our cant; for the hangman's rope and cheap editions look very like insult and mockery. Well, this converting-the-heathen scheme took with the government; it, I suppose, being, along with the grantees, "excited by a laudable and pious zeal for the propagation of the gospel among a *barbarous people*, who had no knowledge of God."

The religious persecution against the dissenters at home soon stocked this new colony with these oppressed religionists, persecuted from Britain by test acts, and constant threats of occasional-conformity bills. In process of time, as the colony advanced in numbers and prosperity, the Church of England laid claim to all the honours and emoluments in the colony, through test acts, and other legal instruments, made to keep all places of profit or honour in the hands of the select few; so that church and dissent, steeple-house and conventicle, threatened its destruction in 1705: the resident proprietors being dissenters for the most part; but the proprietors in England being Church-of-England-men, backed by the poor, narrow government of Queen Anne.

During this agitation, De Foe published a pamphlet on the subject, entitled *Party Tyranny; or, an Occasional Bill in Miniature, as now practised in Carolina; humbly offered to the Consideration of both Houses of Parliament*, 1705.

The constitution of Carolina was drawn up by John Locke, and,

as might have been expected, was worthy of its author; but time, prosperity, and innovation, had superseded the original spirit of the constitution: Church and Queen being as much a party-triumphant cry in connection with the colony, as in the mother country.

In 1705, De Foe also wrote or published *Advice to all Parties*: a tract which had been written in 1703, and seized, with his other papers, by the vigilant High-Church champion, the Earl of Nottingham, the Queen's secretary of state; but returned with all his other voluminous papers, perhaps in mistake. In this tract De Foe writes—

“Popery and slavery will never go down with this nation. Popery is so formidable a thing, that the very name of it would set the whole nation in an uproar. Those who do not understand it, hate it by tradition; and I believe there are a hundred thousand plain country fellows in England, who would spend their blood against Popery, that do not know whether it be a man or a horse.”

In the early part of this year, De Foe collected his remaining tracts into a second volume, the first volume being printed in 1703. This will account for the title-pages of volumes one and two being so dissimilar, as to make a buyer of the work believe that he had purchased odd volumes. The same occurs, but with a more marked difference, in the *Complete Tradesman*, and in other works of his, from the same cause: the volumes being printed at separate times, with long intervening periods of time.

The reason De Foe gives for collecting his tracts into one volume is, “the scandalous liberty of the press, which no man more than myself covets to see rectified, is such that all manner of property seems prostrated to the avarice of some people; and if it goes on, even reading itself will in time grow intolerable. No author is now capable of preserving the purity of his style—no, nor the natural product of his thought to posterity; since, after the first edition of his work has shown itself, and perhaps sinks into a few hands, piratic printers or hackney abridgers fill the world: the first with spurious and incorrect copies; and the latter with imperfect and absurd representations, both in fact, style, and design. 'Tis in vain to exclaim at the villany of these practices, while no law is left to

punish them. To let it go on thus, will in time discourage all manner of learning."

On March 26th in this year, De Foe published the *Consolidator; or, Memoirs of sundry Transactions from the World in the Moon*.

This work of 360 pages would, in all probability, be written when De Foe was a prisoner in Newgate during the Queen's pleasure; for such was the sentence passed upon him in 1703, for writing the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. This book is a valuable history of the circumlocution principles of passive obedience and non-resistance in theory, with active resistance in practice, by the clergy of the Established Church of England during the reign of James II. The book is valuable, but encumbered with the disguise of being written in the moon, and in moon-like terms and language; but, although the moon is a long way off, yet with the assistance of De Foe's moon-vocabulary we may stumble out the sense into pretty intelligible English. Take the following as a sample of this lunar book:—

"These great masters of distinction (the clergy of the Church of England) have learnt to distinguish between *active* swearing and *passive* swearing; between *de-facto* loyalty and *de-jure* loyalty; and by this decent acquirement they obtained the art of reconciling *swearing allegiance without loyalty*, and *loyalty without swearing*; so that native and original loyalty may be preserved pure and uninterrupted, in spite of all subsequent oaths to prevailing usurpations. Many are the mysteries, and vast the advantages, of this new-invented method; mental reservations, inuendoes, and double meanings, are toys to this; for they may be provided for in the little terms of an oath; but no provision can be made against this; for these men, after they have taken the oath, make no scruple to declare they only swear to be quiet, as long as they can make no disturbance; that they are left at liberty still to espouse the interest and cause of their former prince, they nicely distinguish between *obedience* and *submission*; and tell you a slave taken into captivity, though he swears to live peaceably, does not thereby renounce his allegiance to his natural prince, nor abridge himself of a right to attempt his own liberty, *if ever opportunity present*.

“ And this method of circumstantiating matters of fact into truth or falsehood, suited to the occasion, is found admirably useful to the solving the most difficult phenomena of state ; for by this art the Church of England made persecution be against their principles at one time, and reducible to practice at another. They made taking up arms, and calling in a foreign power to depose their prince, consistent with non-resistance and passive obedience ; nay, they went further, they distinguished between a dissenter’s taking arms and a Church-of-England man ; and fairly proved this to be *rebellion*, and that to be *non-resistance*.

“ Nay, and which exceeded all the power of human art in the highest degree of attainment that ever it arrived to, on our side the moon ; they turned the tables so dexterously as to argument, upon one sort of dissenters called Presbyterians, that, though they repented of the war they had raised in former times, and protested against the violence offered their prince ; and, after another party had, in spite of them, beheaded him, took arms against the other party, and never left contriving their ruin, till they had brought in his son, and set him upon the throne again.”

“ Thus the Presbyterians were called the murderers of the father, though they restored the son ; and all the testimonials of their sufferings and protests signified nothing ; for this method of distinguishing has that powerful charm in it, that all those trifles we call proofs and demonstration were of no use in this case. Custom brought the story up to a truth, and in an instant all the dissenters were hooked in under the general name of *Presbyterians* ; at the same time to hook all parties in the crime. Now, as it happened, at last these Church-of-England gentlemen found it necessary to do the same thing themselves, viz., to lay aside their loyalty, depose, fight against, shoot bullets at, and throw bombs at their King, till they frightened him away, and sent him abroad to beg his bread. The dissenters began to take heart, and tell them now they ought to be friends with them, and tell them no more of rebellion and disloyalty ; nay, they carried it so far as to challenge them to bring their loyalty to the test, and compare Dissenting loyalty and Church-of-England loyalty together, and see who had raised more wars,

taken up arms oftenest, or appeared in most rebellions against their kings; nay, who had killed most kings, the Dissenters or the Church-of-England men; for there having been then newly fought a great battle (Boyne) between the Church-of-England men under their new Prince, and the armies of foreign succours under their old King, in which their old King was beaten, and forced to fly a second time; the Dissenters told them that every bullet they shot at the battle (of the Boyne) was as much a murdering their King as cutting off the head with a hatchet was a killing his father."

I might go on, page after page, to good purpose, on the parties, principles, and deceptions of the reign of James II., but space will not allow; suffice to say, that the people, the masses, the gentry, with the clergy, were in such a state of subserviency and general want of self-relying principle, that James II. might have substituted the Roman Catholic religion in England for the Protestant, if he had only taken due caution. This was De Foe's fixed opinion; he lived at the time, and devoted his life to studies of this nature; and was fully competent to give an opinion of what was passing around him, in the religious or political world.

Bishop Burnet fully bears out De Foe's view of the utter prostration of all vitality of political independency in the first year of James II. On the calling together his first Parliament, every art was practised upon the independency of the elector in the borough constituencies; and scores of boroughs were disfranchised by the mere King's will or order, and the powers of voting restricted to the self-elected corporations of those boroughs; and these corporations, too, weeded out as to objectionable or independent burgesses, and the gentry of their neighbourhoods substituted for them; so that the King had a complete packed House of Commons, to his heart's content; with the nice sprinkling of appearance of opposition or independency of forty members. This House was more corrupt than any previous House of Commons that ever existed; for they even voted more money than the King required. With such tools a skilful workman could have accomplished any oppression, with due prudence; but James being forced forward by his Italian Queen and her confessors, and by his priests, made an attack upon the en-

dowments of the Church of England, when the drum-ecclesiastic was struck, when the church was in danger; and then away flew this pretended or lick-the-dust-for-bread subserviency; for this loyalty was of this class. Yes; a lick-the-dust class for bread! It flew as soon as self-interest found itself in danger of being superseded by a competing or adverse sect of religionists. Our endowments in danger! Governments have great powers for mischief, if they only exercise them with due caution, select safe tools, and mind what they are about; but princes and rulers are so apt to make a short cut at the desired object, that they excite alarm by their haste, and rouse the principle of resistance, almost lulled to sleep by kind nursing, flattery, and gentle usage. Education of the people was James II.'s grand project; but he was only a poor schoolmaster; he was too hasty and passionate; for he went upon the butcher-boy-and-shepherd-dog principle, which does not suit the English national temper. I have heard of the little lad telling his master that he could do anything but knuckle; but *knuckle he could not*; and so it is with men in England—*anything but knuckle*. Now, James II. tried to make the people of England knuckle, and he failed; for *knuckle they couldn't*. Coercion could not drive Presbyterians, Independents, or Hogan-mogans, into a Roman Catholic chapel. No; British blood *would not knuckle*!

Ignatius Loyola tried this game in Italy, but by educating the children into state-priesthood principles; for he began with the cradle. Louis XIV. tried this scheme with some success. And Catherine de Medici carried this condition of education into state-priesthood religion, from Florence to France, as her marriage settlement.

Educating the children out of the religion of their fathers may be done; but it requires a very steady hand to play the game. The game may be learnt; but is it worth learning? No; never! but to make some tricky expert hand, knave or fool, Archbishop of Canterbury, as the reward of his dexterity in throwing the balls. The whole trick is a game; and the archbishopric of Canterbury, the stakes to be played for.

James II. surrendered his judgment to the influence of priests,

and it was his ruin. As King of England, he could have no interest in the matter. Suppose all his subjects had wished to have been Primitive Methodists, what could that have been to him, so long as they were honest Methodists, and honest subjects? It is a mistake to suppose that a sovereign can have the least interest in closing a Methodist chapel. A priest may rave, stickle, lament, and bluster; yes, and be paid for raving, for stickling, for lamenting, and for blustering. It is his speculation; and, if he be rewarded by a rich bishopric, it is a paying speculation. But, pay or not—the Derby stake, or a butcher's cart—no matter—an ambitious parson is not a king; and God's Almighty name be praised—yes! be praised for civil liberty and free religion. Down with all tampering with the education of the people; which is only a pretence for priestly tyranny. Suppose a neglected, mortgaged, bankrupt village—a village standing as a byword in its neighbourhood for total neglect and depravity; suppose, I say, this neglected spot of earth could have a little unpretending building erected on it, called by what name you like—Ranter, Christian, Culamite, or Muggletonian—for the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch—yes! ranters there! Yes! they were the ranters there; for there was neither dean nor chapter, nor lord bishop, with all the circumstance of place, pride, and importance; no pluralities under £400 *per annum* each, then; no shuffling honest parishioners out of their rights, to pamper a priesthood, then; no shuffling the cards of law, in the Lords or in the Commons! No, all poverty and meanness; and, consequently, none of the quips or quirks of dishonest or one-sided legislation, then. They were first called Christians at Antioch, in derision; *for they had no endowments.*

Well; but to return to our own little Anabaptist conventicle erected upon the village-green, for the gathering together all the outside Hogan-mogan-conventicle-mongers of the district. The gospel is preached there, on the sabbath and on the week-day, to the poacher, and idle man-of-all-work in the hours of darkness, the pigeon-stealer, the midnight burglar, or highway-lounger of the night: what is the consequence? A reclaiming of the whole fraternity; and this, too, outside the churchyard consecrated croft.

The whole party never enter a church, and never intend to enter one; the drunkard becomes a sober man, who spends his time in the bosom of his family instead of the pheasant preserve, the alehouse, the beer-shop, or the king's highway; he becomes a reformed character, a comfort instead of a nuisance and a curse to his neighbourhood and his family; he becomes a respectable honest member of society; but shut up his conventicle—tell this man he shall no longer be Hogan-mogan, but he shall be church, what will be the result? Ask the wife, the children, the neighbours. John shall be church, for the parson says so; but John won't be church, for *he* says so. Is he church?—No! *John can't knuckle*—John won't be done; he'll return to the alehouse first—he never was done by a church parson; and he never will. He can't *consait* church; he never could—and he won't go! What is to be done? In England there are thousands of families which the Church of England never did touch, and never will—never! The church has £6,000,000 *per annum* for the religious instruction of the people; and you may, by bribing the members, as Harley did when in power, by warming their insides with victuals; and flattering the vanity of their outsides, through my Lord Chamberlain's Ticket Office, for the mother and daughters, and that puppy-lad who wears hair on his upper lip, unattached!—to look either like fool or swindler. I say, by flattering all these at royal drawing-rooms and royal concert-rooms, Parliament might be induced to grant another £6,000,000 *per annum* for state instruction; but they never will shut up the conventicle.

Suppose every child in England was taught to read and write, from the public taxes; what would be the result upon the taxpayer, but a diminution of the power of employing the body, by the amount taken for cultivating the mind. There would be an increased pressure upon the vitality of the nation, with a decreased power of living, and an increased power of perception of the difficulty. Would this empty the conventicle? Would it stop the mouth of the Muggletonian preacher? Would the Dutch-Presbyterian shepherd drop his anthem? Stickling parson might reap his deanery or his bishopric—school inspector might reap his rectory—school monitor might be elevated to the post of supervisor; but injustice would remain:

injustice,—millions would be paid to schoolmasters for teaching; good books might be suppressed; and *slang*, under the patronage of the Harley of the day, might be promulgated by all his bribed talent. Some half-dozen writers and thinkers might be ruined in their reputations, by all this bribed talent for ribaldry and slang; but would the conventicle be laughed down by the church? No! No! The Anabaptist conventicled hut upon the green cries “No!” and points at the two £400 *per annum*, as the wages of the pluralist. Kings fancy that they can legislate a nation into leading-strings, by bamboozling them. James I. tried it, and organized dissent. His son Charles tried it, and that dissent, organized by his father, cut off his head. His sons, Charles and James, worked in Spain as soldiers of fortune for years, under Turenne, for bread, instead of being seated upon a throne; and this said James, afterwards trying the bamboozling scheme, failed and ran, to live a pauper on the bounty of France. Queen Anne—poor weak woman!—tried the same, and would have had to run like her father, but for William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, and others; who had been left as a legacy of trustees, by the good King William III. of glorious memory, *who prevented the flight*. Poor George III. tried this; and, poor mumbling old man! a pretty mess he made of it; as the loss of the United States of America, and the vast increase of the national debt, fully testify.

Let princes beware how they tamper with the education of the people, for the people of England *will not knuckle*. Let rulers take off the tax on paper, and all taxes on knowledge; and let them leave the rest; for the people of England have a *consait*, and a will of their own; and, what is more—they never did, and they never will, *knuckle either to kings or parsons*.

The *Consolidator* professes to be a machine something like a modern railway locomotive engine—filled with fire and steam, but fitted with wings instead of wheels; and the feathers of these wings were made from the members of the House of Commons, some for ornament, others for use; each member constituting one feather. This *Consolidator* book records passing events in England; but, for the safety of the writer, England is called the Moon; and in other

respects the book carries such an amount of caution in it, as to show that speaking or writing out fully on parliamentary parties, events, or contests, was not safe for the writer at the time he wrote. This great caution induces me to suppose that the work was written when Daniel De Foe was a prisoner in Newgate, in 1704, and confined there during the Queen's pleasure; for such was his punishment for writing the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*; for the fine of 200 marks imposed upon a man who had nothing, was placing him prisoner for life, if the Queen or her ministers had desired it. This *Consolidator* book was printed in 1705; and as it contains 360 pages, and much political information of those times, and the times preceding by some years, as the Kentish petitioners' imprisonment, which occurred in the reign of William III.; his own incarceration in Newgate, for writing the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, in the reign of Anne, in 1703; and, what I like to find, this prosecution for writing, connected with the break-up of the ministry of the Earl of Nottingham. I have brought these two events together more than once, as two parts of one *complete* whole; and I am glad to find De Foe brings them also together here—his prosecution and confinement in Newgate, and the break-up of Lord Nottingham's position as secretary of state. All these considerations taken together, induce me to believe that the work occupied considerable time in getting up, and was, besides, the product of great pains and industry; and it is, moreover, a work worthy the reputation of Daniel De Foe as a writer. As a work of fiction it is curious, as being the model upon which Swift moulded his *Gulliver's Travels*; and also, as showing very forcibly his own views on many subjects and parties, by his contrasts and comparisons made between the inhabitants of this Earth and those of the Moon; as in the case of the dissenters, who are represented in the Moon as never thinking without first using a thinking-machine, called there a *cogitator*; while the English dissenters never used such a machine in England; but, on the contrary, made great use of a machine called an *elevator*.

Here we have a glance at John Howe and his deacons playing at long-spoon and custard on lord mayor's day, through a prostitution of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, to foster pride. The dis-

senters in 1705 did not stand high in the opinion of Daniel De Foe; for they possessed at the time more of the principle of raising themselves than searching after the truth. This applies emphatically, if not altogether, to the Presbyterian dissenters of that day.

It would almost appear that a flight to the Moon was through China; for our voyager is landed in the grand library of the Chinese empire, at Tonquin; to which library the meanest Chinese had admittance, to learn the laws of his country; for there were no *fools* there: for the emperors always observe the laws by observing the *pacta conventa* of the government; which *pacta conventa* show *natural right* to be superior to *temporal power*; while we in Europe prove from *pacta conventa*, that kings and emperors come down from heaven with crowns on their heads; and all their subjects are born with saddles on their backs.

This book on the sovereignty of the people was thought safest on the shelf of the royal library, unread, and, of course, unquoted; lest our tract-writers in England on passive obedience, divine right, &c.—as Lesley, Sacheverell, and others—should be blasphemed by the mob, and brought into contempt of the people; so far as to be questioned for the blood of Algernon Sidney and Argyle.

De Foe considers the doctrine of passive obedience among statesmen to be like the Copernican system of the earth's motion among philosophers; which, though contrary to knowledge, and incapable of demonstration, yet is adhered to in general, because by it they can solve the dark phenomena in nature better than they could without it; the dark obscurity of the doctrine being useful in the dark obscure of philosophy, for purposes of delusion. Modern statesmen approve of passive obedience; not that it admits either a rational defence, or a demonstration; but because by it they can better explain, as well as defend, all coercion in cases of invasion of natural rights than they could without it.

In this library our voyager found a tract on Wind, which outdoes even the sacred text, which makes us suppose it could not be written for the Jews; for this book tells whence it cometh and whither it goeth. This book turns all our philosophers into fools; and their transactions a parcel of empty stuff, even down to the

experiments of the Royal Society of this country. In this book you have the receipt for making glasses of hogs' eyes for seeing the wind, its regular and irregular motions, compositions, and quantities; and by their algebra they can cast up its duration, violence, and extent. These calculators can state the revolutions of storms, and how many shall happen in any period of time, with as much precision and truth as could be done by any philosopher in England.

This wonderful book, although in the royal library at Tonquin, was written not by a native of this world, but by an author born in the Moon; but brought to China by our voyager on one of his return passages, and deposited there with other volumes: one, on Tides, being written two thousand years before the deluge.

One work on the Brain shows how that organ is divided into two large warehouses, of which Conscience has one, and the Devil the other. The first is very seldom opened, but has a till in which all the follies and crimes of life are dropped; but the locks are very rusty, for they are never or seldom opened, but on extraordinary occasions, as sickness, afflictions, gaols, casualties, and deaths. But as for the Devil's warehouse, he has always two constant warehouse-keepers—Pride and Conceit; and these are always at the door, showing their wares, and exposing the pretended virtues and accomplishments of the man, by way of ostentation. In this former work on the Brain we have a long essay on Memory; and the most wonderful part is, the power of *wilful forgetfulness*. It is fully proved that there is no such power in nature; and that all pretenders to it are impostors, who put a banter upon the world; for it is impossible for a man to oblige himself to forget a thing; since he that can remember to forget, and at the same time forget to remember, possesses an art more than the Devil.

The composition of a *wit* takes a trifling place in the pages of this lunar essay, showing how effluxions, vapours, deliriums, giddiness of the brain, and looseness of the tongue, form the principal ingredients of the character. The humours of a wit expose him to all kinds of disasters, as loss of property; for Waller, Denham, Dryden, and others, were obliged to condemn their races to lunacy

and blockheadism, only to prevent the fatal destruction of their families by entailing *wit* upon their posterity.

Wit contains *beauism*, *dogmaticality*, *whimsisication*, *impudensity*, and other *fopperosities*, which, issuing from the brain, descend into all the faculties, and branch themselves by infinite varieties into all the actions of life. These beggar the head, the tail, the purse, and the whole man, till he becomes as poor and despicable as negative nature can leave him; abandoned by sense, manners, modesty, and—what's worse—money; having nothing left but poetry, dies in a ditch, or a garret, *à-la-mode de Tom Browne* (*Doctor Browne*), uttering rhymes and nonsense to the last moment.

These poor creatures (*wits*) are not to be reproached, since Nature has formed them to act coxcombs by organic agencies, and compelled them, by the necessity of the laws of reproduction, to be what they are—*wits*.

The discovery is wonderful, and edifying, and such as our side of the world could not produce; but Wit and Folly have been made out by a lunar philosopher to be near akin.

It is here stated that Addison would not write the poem called the *Campaign*, for the minister lord, without having £200 *per annum* settled upon him; “since 'tis known they have but one author in the nation who writes for them for nothing, and he is labouring very hard to obtain the title of blockhead, and not be paid for it.” Who was this author—for we have him repeatedly alluded to, as working for nothing but ingratitude and abuse? His name was Daniel De Foe.

“Denny had to write twenty-two plays to show he was a coxcomb; but the Chinese bookshelf would have given the information without this book-writing; and Dryden, too, might have told his fate, having his genius slung upon a swivel, to turn round as fast as the times; for he wrote elegies on Oliver Cromwell and Charles II., with all the coherence imaginable; he wrote *Religio Laici*, and the *Hind and Panther*; and yet remained the same man: to change his religion, change his coat, change his master, but yet—never change his nature.

“How useful a thing it would be for most sorts of our people,

especially statesmen, parliament-men, convocation-men, philosophers, physicians, quacks, mountebanks, stockjobbers, and all the mob of the nation's civil or ecclesiastical *bone-setters* together, with some men of the law, some of the sword, and all of the pen: I say, how useful and improving a thing it must be to them, to take a journey up to the world in the Moon; but, above all, how much more beneficial it would be to them that stayed behind!"

De Foe expresses "great desire to go up to the world in the Moon, having heard of such extraordinary knowledge to be obtained there; since, in the pursuit of knowledge, wiser men than he had taken as unwarrantable flights, and gone a great deal higher than the Moon, into the strange abyss of dark phenomena, which they neither could make other people understand, or even understand themselves; witness Malbranch, Locke, Hobbes, Boyle, Norris, Asgil, Coward, and Dean Swift's *Tale of a Tub*."

This great lunar searcher into Nature has left wonderful discoveries behind him, in various engines and contrivances, to go from China to the Moon.

"As for Bishop Wilkins's mechanical motions, or the artificial wings of the learned Spaniard, they are fools to this gentleman. As for his telescopes, too, they are of such power that both moon and planets will afford the time of day to this earth by their dials, just as plainly as, from London, a clock-face might be read at Windsor Castle; and his speaking-trumpet, too, unfinished when he died, would have done wonders in conveying earthly sounds to the moon, and bringing their acquired knowledge, with their daily improvements in science, back in return."

De Foe had the notion that a presentation of one of these telescopes to the Royal Society, might have raised its reputation for science to such a pitch, as to preserve the vitality of the reputation of that learned body for at least forty years; "and thus the reputation of the So-So's might be recovered in England."

"In this philosopher's first voyage to the Moon, he found there, men, women, beasts, birds, fishes, and insects, of the same species as our own. The men no wiser, better, nor bigger than here; the women no handsomer or honester than ours. There were knaves

and honest men, honest women, and prostitutes, of all sorts, countries, nations, and kindred, as on this side the skies; and they were all flocking about him, to see the man who had come from their moon; and one of their savans cultivated Daniel's acquaintance so far as to borrow his diary, journal, or note-book, from which to publish a few extracts for the information of his people." Poor fellow! he was called before his betters for writing De-Foe pamphlets in the Moon, and he was told, by the Sir Simon Harcourt, solicitor-general of the Moon, as poor Daniel had been told at the Old Bailey, by the same earthly individual, that they could not bear the reflections of "this damned satirical way of writing; and so they put the poor scribe, astrologer, almanac-man, or what he might be, into prison, ruined his family, and not only fined him *ultra-contenementum*, but exposed him in the high places of their capital city, for the mob to laugh at him for a fool. This erection was like our pillory, and was appointed for *mean criminals*—fellows who cheat and cozen people, forge writings, forswear themselves, and the like. But the people pitied the poor writer; and, instead of hooting at the victim of tyranny, only showed their sympathy with him by loud shouts of affection when he was taken down."

Writing on lunar mechanics, De Foe says of the engine called a *cogitator*, that "had our unhappy monarch James II. been screwed up in a *cogitator*, he never would have trusted the English clergy when they preached up that non-resistance, which he must needs see they could never practise; for he would have reflected that it was against nature to expect they should stand still, and let him tread upon them; that they should, whatever they had preached or pretended to, hold open their throats to have them be cut, and tie their own hands from resisting the Lord's anointed."

"And the clergy, too—had they been screwed in this *cogitator*, they had never turned martyrs for their allegiance to the late King James II., only for the sake of having Dr. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, in their company."

Our lunar traveller found one nation very wealthy, populous, potent, and terrible; but generally at war with one of the greatest monarchs of that world; and with any other monarchs, great or

little, with whom a quarrel could be picked; and when not at war abroad, always quarrelling with one another at home. They were all very religious, but not two of them could agree to worship God in the same manner: some being high-worship men, and some low; but most of them screwed as to their principles in the *elevator*; working, I suppose, on the principle of "Glory be to God—but well done I."

Our voyager could not understand how a kingdom divided against itself could stand; or how a kingdom fighting with all the world could stand—running into debt to find employment for certain members of the community, who were brought up to the fighting trade, and who must be maintained in their calling. "But," said I, "if this people go on fighting and snarling at all the world, and one among another, in this manner, they will certainly be ruined and undone, either subdued by some more powerful neighbour, whilst one party will stand still and see the other's throat cut, though their own turn immediately follow; or else they will destroy one another."

The danger here from foreign foes is not so great as would at first sight appear; for no sooner does a foreign enemy appear, than they all fall in together as loving as brothers, and all turn their utmost energies to work to fight that common enemy; no matter the cause of dispute, whether just or unjust—right or wrong—fight, fight, fight; and run into debt for materials with which to fight; and not one word heard about their religion, so long as the contest abroad lasts; but, only proclaim peace abroad, and you proclaim discord amongst brethren at home; fighting done with, then keep up the spirit of contention about religion. Yes; my religion is better than yours—mine is a pet religion, and enjoys the loaves and fishes; we have the endowments; we have pluralities; we have the riches, and consequently the power; while you are poor, poverty-stricken Muggletonians; you don't use the *elevator*, we do; you are poor, scabbed Lazarus, and we are Dives. We use the *elevator*, and you make what use of the *cogitator* you like; give me the loaves and the fishes! Bread's the stuff!

The real difference in religion is not so great, but all might kneel side by side, and worship their common Creator according to the

light that was in them ; but this would not do for the ruling power ; for if there were no religion to quarrel, spar, or fight about, there might be other causes of quarrel arise, which might be more inconvenient to the ruling powers. The court politicians of the Moon, like certain court politicians nearer home, always liked plenty of religious strife to work upon ; for it kept the people fully and harmlessly employed, and prevented “ their more narrow inspection into depredations and encroachments on their liberties, which was always making on them by the court.”

Whatever the court might do, there was naturally in the breed of these people a contentious spirit, produced by the very nature of their existence as a people ; they were a breed sprung from the gloomy, foreboding, suspicious malignants of all the nations of the earth : a sort of what I might call blowers-through-the-nose breed of men—I ’m-as-good-as-you class of mortal beings !

What a strange thing that people should be so blind to their own interests as to allow the court to play at battledoor and shuttlecock with them as churchmen and dissenters ! It is thoroughly deplorable ; but so it was in the Moon, where the court could jolt the people’s heads together over trifles ; and so rule and overreach them when divided. All this proceeds from a constitutional pride, which despises the *cogitator*, but worships the *elevator*.

“ Pride cometh before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall,” has been a maxim both of earth and moon for a hundred generations, and will continue, I fear, through all time, as the main instrument of courtly oppressors, for the destruction of liberty. I may be wrong, but I believe that no instrument is so powerful in the hands of the rulers of a people, for the destruction of civil and religious liberty, as pride. Oh ! shade of Andrew Marvell !—the man who could live four days upon a shoulder of mutton, and fearlessly and publicly despise the offered patronage of Charles II. !

This work was attacked by Dr. Browne, Tutchin, and others, in sundry tracts, as the *Moon-Calf* ; or, *accurate Reflections on the Consolidator* ; and *A Journey to the World in the Moon* ; and also in *A Second and more strange Journey to the World in the Moon* : “ containing a comical Description of that remarkable Country, with the Character and Humours of the Inhabitants ;” with the

promise in an advertisement of "A Letter from the Man in the Moon to the Author of the *True-Born Englishman*, containing a variety of diverting news and comical intrigues relating to the present posture of affairs in Europe." All the above were pamphlets pirated from De Foe's *Consolidator*, wretchedly got up, curtailed, mutilated, and sold in the streets as the last work of Daniel De Foe, by the common street-hawkers, criers, or ballad-sellers. Such was De Foe's reputation as a writer; and such was the compliment—a rough one no doubt, but yet a compliment—to the man, and his talent for writing.

De Foe next wrote "The Experiment; or, the Shorter Way with the Dissenters exemplified: being the Case of Mr. Abraham Gill, a Dissenting Minister in the Isle of Ely; and a full Account of his being sent for a Soldier by Mr. Fern (an Ecclesiastical Justice of the Peace) and other Conspirators. To the Eternal Honour of the Temper and Moderation of High-Church Principles. Humbly dedicated to the Queen." 1705: London.

The subject of this pamphlet, Abraham Gill, was born at Rivington, in Lancashire, in 1665; and was partly educated by the dissenters, but afterwards went to Brazenose College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A.; from which place he went to Parham, the family residence of Lord Willoughby, as a tutor, where he remained two years; and after that he took orders in the Church of England in 1692. He was ordained to the curacy of Maney, near Wisbeach, where he remained two years, preaching twice each Sunday, contrary to the practice of the neighbourhood. In 1695 he went to Wilney, in the same county, a chapelry in the gift of the inhabitants, where he remained seven years, to the satisfaction of his flock. He soon became dissatisfied with the Liturgy, in certain of its parts, and presently in the whole of them. On this the rector of Upwell, the mother church, Dr. Gregg, remonstrated, and threatened to place another curate at Wilney, to supersede Mr. Gill; but, he showing the rector that this chapel was extra-parochial, so far as discipline went, the rector was satisfied, and, as a gentleman, very properly desisted from giving any further trouble on the occasion.

Some time after this, Dr. Gregg was succeeded in the rectory by

Mr. Hugh James, a man fond of making something important of himself as an official in the parish; and he attempted to remove Mr. Gill from his chapelry. By a series of persecutions he succeeded, whereupon Mr. Gill retired into Lincolnshire, where persecuting malice followed him, and brought charges—fictitious ones though—which caused this poor man to be thrown into prison; but released on the failure of the appearance of the prosecutors at the trial. This treatment excited such an interest among the people of his former chapelry in Upwell parish, where we have shown he resided seven years to the satisfaction of his flock, that many of them invited him to settle there again, but—as a dissenting minister. With this request he complied, and a chapel was legally licensed. Here his enemies closed upon him, and, by legal process of writs and legal fictions, committed him by writ of *habeas corpus* to Norwich gaol, on the serious charges of felony, trespass, contempt, and other crimes, which not being proved on the trial, he was of course discharged.

Mr. Gill, returning to his people in Upwell parish, was threatened by James the rector, and his curate, Lateward, with a committal to prison again, if he preached in their parish. He did preach, and was arrested shortly afterwards for holding a conventicle, and was committed to Wisbeach gaol for the offence.

The quarter sessions passed over, and the assizes coming on, and he still in prison and untried, these two clergymen conspired with other justices to impress him as a soldier, before the assizes should come on. This was done, notwithstanding Gill's standing on his rights as a freeholder of Lancashire, and a freeman of Wigan. After enlistment, Gill was marched forty miles to Cambridge; where he was arrested for debt and locked up in the gaol; and, being locked up, he could not attend the muster roll among the soldiers; when Fern the justice—the clerical justice—issued a warrant for his apprehension as a deserter. By these several persecutions he was driven to seek the shelter of the law, when he moved for a writ of *habeas corpus* to discharge him from the enlistment; and, a rule of court against the conspirators being granted, things were made up with his creditors; and after seven weeks' imprisonment, he returned to

Wilney, where he found his poor wife and children in the greatest distress from destitution.

Early in the summer of 1705, a pamphlet, entitled *Advice to the Ladies*, by the author of the *True-Born Englishman*, was cried about the streets by the news-hawkers, and, as usual, brought a ready sale; for anything would sell if sold as the latest production of Daniel De Foe, whose name was constantly stolen in this way, for the sale of worthless, nameless trash, which never could have obtained a sale but by this artificial forcing. De Foe had to advertise in his *Review*, that all this hawked trash was stolen, even if the work cried was his; for he never employed street-hawkers to cry his own books; and that in future he should publish no book without his name being properly affixed to it.

The next production from the fertile pen of De Foe was the *Diet of Poland*, 1705; in which William III. is named *Sobieski*; and most of the political characters of his reign, and that of his successor, are drawn to the life—the Earl of Halifax, Russell, and Somers, being especially and favourably portrayed; and Nottingham, Rochester, Seymour, Rooke, and others, are drawn by way of contrast, to show off his better portraits, his heroes of the national legacy left by William the Patrotic of glorious memory, to this country, to keep it from anarchy; and preserve his poor weak sister-in-law in her inheritance, in spite of herself.

In this poem he reviews the opposition of the High-Church-Pretender-serving clergy, to the Occasional Bill, and their general bigotry and intolerance, where French interests could be served; for they were French and Pretender all over; in short, they were anything but Dutch-Presbyterian, or Dan-Burgess-psalm-singing Muggletonian.

When once the pulpit plague infects the land,
And sermon-readers get the upper hand,
The nation's ruined—all the town's undone,
And tongue-pad evils through the vitals run:
Reason submits its captivated head,
And raging nonsense governs in its stead.

CHAPTER V.

At this time, De Foe was appointed by Harley, the secretary of state, to some important and secret mission on the continent of Europe; but whether in France or Spain, is uncertain; but certainly in one of these countries; for the service was a dangerous one, requiring some considerable Downing-Street modesty of face in passport, and credential papers; as bulwarks against prying country justices, and jack-in-office officials of the landing-stage. On this business there is a letter extant in Birch's Manuscripts (No. 4291) in the British Museum; and this letter is addressed by De Foe to Harley, the minister; though De Foe's name is not appended to it, (F.) being the only signature. Harley, in this letter, is requested to address his answer to *Mr. Christopher Hurt*. The papers enclosed in the letter sent to Harley were expressly written for him, being observations on public opinion, on the affair of the Fleet (1705),—an unhappy subject; and the intelligence sent to the minister on public opinion is much below the excitement on the subject. What was it? He assures the minister that he has “no personal design” as to Sir George Rooke, the admiral: “I neither know him, nor am concerned with him, or with any that does know him, directly or indirectly; I have not the least disrespect for him, or any personal prejudice, on any account whatever. I hope you will please to give full credit to me in this, otherwise it would be very rude and presuming to offer you the paper.” He is preparing with joy to execute the minister's commands on Thursday next, and furnishing “myself with horses, &c.” Furnishing himself *with horses, &c.*: what does this mean? Scotland? A secret trip to Scotland, for Harley the tricky minister, and friend of the Queen? Horses would not be required to ride to France. No! nor yet to Spain. But for Scotland, if De Foe had to visit the Scottish lairds or chieftains

in their strongholds or castles, he would require horses, *et cetera*; and the *Diet of Poland*, the satire on the English nobility, he wants returning, from Harley, to whom it had been lent, to carry into the country with him; "and, as I am sure of its being very useful, I cannot but importune you to let me perfect it, and turn it abroad into the world."

"The other papers which I purposed to furnish, I prefer, with your (Harley's) license, to send you *per post*." Why this *per post*? Dare he not trust the bearer with the parcel? No; but *per post*, and signed, of course, as agreed upon beforehand, *Christopher Hurt*. Yes! and, if you like, the parcel endorsed *Notes on Scotch Intrigue*. Yes!—hand-and-glove: Harley and De Foe, Queen Anne, Doctor Sacheverell, the parsons, and—James VIII. of our court at St. Germain. Is this possible? Harley was a back-stair adviser before he was minister of state; he was related to Mrs. Masham, the superseder of the Duchess of Marlborough in the Queen's confidence; he was tricky and unscrupulous, but the Queen's implicit *confidential*, and she—poor woman!—was all church, steeple, and Pretender, at heart; whatever she might appear to be under the shadow of the birchen rod of William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, and his coexecutors or guardians for Britain's commonwealth. Harley had the entire support of the French interest of the most corrupt House of Commons that England ever knew; and by these men was Harley created Speaker in three successive Parliaments; and this command of the Commons, attained through the *bowels* of the House; for Harley was a great feeder of the members; placed him secretary of state by Lord Godolphin and his Whig friends, in order to lead, feed, or drive that House, which they had neither the power, nor the inclination to purchase power (*for it was a belly power*), of leading, or driving, or feeding.

But, to return to De Foe's letter to the Queen's secretary of state. "*By post*," he will send "some notes relating to the Parliament, and a scheme of an office for secret intelligence, at home and abroad." Some detective-police business; for secret intelligence—*secret intelligence!*—what could it be in 1705, at home and abroad?—when De Foe is buying horses for a journey to Scotland, and he,

when there, requiring Downing-Street modesty for protection; and he, too, to be addressed as "*Mr. Christopher Hurt*," *per post*; for the service was a dangerous one, requiring protection from the meddling, prying gossip of Scotch whisky-drinking justices. In this letter De Foe writes on *going abroad*; but it must be considered that a journey from London to the Highlands of Scotland in 1705, would be considered and termed going abroad; for the trip from one central English county to another would cause a man to make his will before he set out on his travels "to foreign parts."

In reading De Foe's works, there is one circumstance which has excited my attention, and that is, the proud, commanding, sacred office of *freeholder*; he was a freeholder in more than one county; and he was a *freeman* of London; and this feeling in De Foe is really infectious, from the poetic association of ideas from other quarters; particularly Paul objecting to be punished before trial, on the ground of his being a freeman of Rome: the centurion stating, that with a great sum he had purchased the privilege or honour; but Paul could reply triumphantly, "*but I was born free*,"—yes, the son of a freeman! How he would stand erect on the declaration, before the honour-buying Roman officer!

I could almost wish that the old title of *freeholder* of England could have been preserved in all its illusive importance of antiquity; for the antiquity is illusory, as going no further back than the eighth and tenth of Henry VI., A.D. 1429-31; when £2 *per annum* was equal in value to £12 *per annum* in the reign of Queen Anne; and equal to £20 *per annum* in the early part of the reign of George III., when Sir William Blackstone, who wrote the *Commentaries*, remarked upon the fact. The keeping up the illusion of veneration for the forty-shilling freehold franchise is impossible, so mixed up as it is in practice with freemen, potwallopers, and scot-and-lot tax and rate payers, as borough voters; and then the Duke of Buckingham's £50 tenant-at-will qualification, and the ten-pound *per annum* borough voter; all these weaken or break up the charm of antiquity, illusory as it was. The old qualifications must follow

the course of time, and give way to modern innovations of terms and usages. The antiquity of the English forty-shilling freeholder is illusory altogether; for before the breaking-up of the monastic institutions by Henry VIII., the character of an ordinary English freeholder did not exist as a working party in the state. The act for creating a forty-shilling-freeholder qualification was not an expansive move, but a restrictive one; for previous to this restriction on the polling-day at elections, and scot-and-lot show of hands, the true old Gothic mode of election of knights and burgesses to serve in Parliaments, exercised no doubt for centuries through the whole of Germany and along the shores of the Baltic: I say, on the breaking-up of the old Gothic system of scot-and-lot *poll-day* muster, when heads were counted, not acres—heads, not rent-rolls, the baron or barons, alone or in combination, who could carry most heads or *polls* to the hustings, would stand the best chance of the sheriff's verdict as to the show of hands, if each of those hands was well furnished with a good workable hedging-bill, hayfork, halberd, or even salmon-laister. Before the restrictive act of the forty-shilling freeholder—an act worthy of a Duke of Buckingham, the last of the Plantagenets!—scot-and-lot show of hands was the turning-point of elections; and this, without the modern innovations of lawyers, poll-clerks, bill-stickers, or vote-corruptors by drink, influence of money, or intimidation by layman or parson.

De Foe was proud of the poetic feeling of respectability, of the antiquity of the order—his order—of freeholders; but if De Foe had been an antiquary in these matters, he would have taken a more poetic flight than that of freeholder; he must have gone to potwalloper or potboiler—house or hearth holder, taking his share, or *scot and lot*, in all incomings and outgoings, with the other inhabitants of the borough. De Foe would have found that *freeholder* was a debasing, restricting device of interested rulers, for curtailing the liberties of the people; and he would have found, on a thorough investigation of the subject, that polling the people by a show of hands, will carry the point of antiquity, against the limitation of a land-tenure, by twenty centuries of Gothic usage.

The people *must* the person first create,
And so the man became a *magistrate*.
If any right directed in this choice,
'*Twas property* obtained the general voice;
He had the justest title to command,
Whose property prevail'd, *and own'd the land*;
And so elective power *commenced its reign*,
Where *equal right* of property began.
The land divided, right to rule divides,
And universal suffrage then provides;
The government lay in the general voice,
They only had the power *that had the choice*.
The undisputed right is plainly trac'd,
Where Nature first had due possession plac'd;
Thus the collective body of a land,
In right of property, had power contain'd,
And all original right *with them* remain'd.
They had the right, because *the land's their own*,
And property's the basis of a throne:
He that had all the land, had all the power,
The property, the title must secure;
If he enjoy'd in common with the rest,
While right remains in common, title must.
No man can claim a power of government,
Where they *that own the land* will not consent.
If any single man possess this land,
And had the right, he must have the command;
If once he was but *landlord of the isle*,
He *must be king*, because he own'd the soil;
No man his just succession could dispute;
He must both make the laws, and execute;
No laws could ever be on him impos'd,
His claim of right the people's claim *foreclos'd*;
And he that would not to his rule submit,
Must quit the place, the place was all his right.
When any thus by force or fraud obtain
Power, not deputed right, *that power's in vain*;
The people only true, first power could show,
What *only they* enjoy'd, they *only* could bestow;

Their Maker *taught them* tyrants to prevent,
 And trusted them with their own government :
 No rules of management were e'er set down ;
 Nature *was furnish'd* to direct her own :
 The *high unerring light* of Providence,
 Left that to latent cause and consequence ;
 Hardly suspecting men would be *such fools*,
 To let their monarchs tread down Nature's rules ;
 No nat'ral fence of power supreme prepar'd,
 But left *the crime* to be *its own reward* ;
 Left men to be *by their own follies* curst,
 And he or they that will be ruin'd, *must*.
 He left them *masters of themselves*, and free,
 And trusted them with their own liberty ;
 For Providence, *which never works by halves*,
 Would ne'er ha' made mankind to make 'em slaves :
 It quite destroys *the meaning* of the thing,
 To make a nation *only for a king* ;
 To make *one life* to forty thousand heads,
 And give *one wretch the knife* to cut the threads.
 Heaven gave them *sense* and reason to direct,
 The liberty he gave them to protect ;
 But as they have that liberty betray'd,
 And so defac'd the *glorious thing* he made ;
 They that are willing to be thus oppress'd,
 He lets them *live unpitied*, die *unblest*.
Satire, give off the search of sovereign right ;
 'Tis *found* ; the ancient secret's *come to light* ;
 Not in the flaming crimes of barbarous men,
 Who conquer nations merely to obtain
 The name of tyrant, and the power to reign :
 But *wheresoe'er the property* appears,
 The *true regalia's* there—the kingdom's theirs :
 Whether in all the people it remains,
 'Tis PROPERTY the right of power contains.
 From *this just title* men might fairly plead,
Divine succession has a sacred head ;
 For right of property's a sacred law ;
 Nature consents, and reason's kept in awe.

All the just bonds of government in man,
 In this *foundation principle* began :
 Here only right hereditary lies,
 Succession's born of this, and *with it dies* ;
 This is *divine*, and from the first of time,
 By this one title God himself lays claim.
 He rules the world, *because the world's his own*,
 And by this claim first government begun ;
 By this the power descends ; by this 'tis just ;
 For were the lands our own, *the kingdom must* :
 Wherever Providence *transplants a nation*,
 The government *goes always* with possession.
 If governments have since *swell'd up* too high,
 Assum'd on life, and vanquished property ;
 The error in the governors appears ;
 'T has gain'd *on time*, and swell'd its powers by years ;
 But all's encroachment still, and usurpation,
 And time can never bless the alteration.

Here, again, we have De Foe's partiality for his freehold qualification—a *freeman* of Britain, and that freedom based upon a property qualification, was almost a romantic passion with him, and constituted him poet as well as patriot ; and I must confess the feeling becomes infectious ; for I feel the romance of the feeling myself.

We talk of reforming the House of Commons ; let us go back at once to the real origin of the House—the Gothic origin ; not the Norman importation of Danish tyranny under Norman banners : no ; but to the real usage of Gothic ancestry ; and we land at the Poll-booth of Universal Suffrage ; for we can find no resting-place short of that ; that is antiquity—that is truth. *Polling* the people on the day of election ; the scot-and-lot pot-wallopers of this nation !

The forty-shilling restriction bill of Henry VI. of 1429, was a plundering of the people of rights which they and their ancestors had exercised for centuries, many centuries, in Britain and Germany ; and it was done on the principle that poor people had no right to

exercise the same electoral privileges as rich people. Poverty, or humble circumstances of the people, was the plea or excuse for plundering them of their rights: this was the plea in 1429; and I regret to say it has been a plea for an act of injustice at a later period in church matters.

Poverty in the people was the plea of Henry VI. for robbing them of their privileges; and let poverty of the people be the plea used for a restitution of those privileges—the electoral privileges of voting for members to represent them in Parliament—privileges of twenty centuries of black-lettered respectability of antiquity. This must be done by claiming a right for manhood suffrage, household suffrage, or head-of-family suffrage, hearth-and-fire suffrage; or potwalloping, or pot-on-the-fire-boiling suffrage.¹ This is what the people must demand from Whigs and Tories; and they must take no less. But the danger—what danger? Widen the electoral districts, if you fear danger; and shorten the duration of Parliaments, if you fear danger. Increased numbers, wider districts, with shorter time for M.P. to bargain away the rights of his constituents, for dinner or concert or drawing room, or levee tickets—tickets for Mr., Mrs., and five daughters!

But to return to De Foe, who was about to write a book on Bribery and Corruption—drunkenness, feasting, &c., at elections; but when he entered upon his task “he found such an ocean of villany, such a depth of corruption, that it was endless to finish it, having no leisure to write large volumes in folio, upon so unpleasant a subject.”—*Review*, vol. ii. p. 125.

Coventry election was the main influence on him at this time for undertaking his task; for five hundred or one thousand on a side might be seen fighting in the streets under the influence of the greatest fury and animosity. The consequences were disastrous to the fighters, and injurious to the freedom of election; for many of

¹ The election of members of Parliament by the potwalloping franchise is this:—That every inhabitant, whether housekeeper or lodger, who has a fire to dress his own victuals, shall, some short time before the election, bring out their pots, and place them upon fires made in the street, and there boil their victuals in the sight of their neighbours, and so establish their votes by accustomed usage. This used to take place at Taunton, in Somersetshire.

the voters were prevented coming to the poll through terror and club-law. From the account given, all appears to have been riot and disorder: those voted who liked, for there were no poll-books, consequently no power of checking the votes. De Foe wrote so freely on the bribery and treating practised by the interested, on the freeholders, that Tutchin and others took him to task for his free remarks; and he was even threatened with parliamentary interference, for meddling with what they chose to term the "Freedom of Election."

The powers in being, Whig or Tory, who had the ambition to represent Coventry, and the spirit or ability to find the drink or sinews of war for the street fights which were to carry the election, might soon have been cured of their generosity by a three weeks' confinement in the common town gaol, on common gaol diet, with common gaol companions, and a few hours' exhibition on the pillory platform, a heavy pecuniary mulct for the county fund, and a brand of the letter B on the right cheek for bribery; or a slitting of one or both ears, by way of ear-mark, with a pair of common shears or scissors. This is the protection for household suffrage. Well, but the committee—committee, what? Paid for the drink; paid for the intimidation; paid for the corruption; the bribery—what committee? All the better!—ten!—hundred!—or thousand!—commit them all!—all, by the blessing or the curse of God!—all!—to the common gaol, for gaol diet, and gaol company, for three weeks; and a three hours' each exhibition on the pillory platform; and if pillory could not hold corruptors, lawyers, committee, or candidate, from the Reform, Crockford's, or the Carlton, single out the ringleaders in this bond of villany, strip him or them naked to the waist; tie him or them, thus stripped, to the tail of a cart; and by the assistance of that laced gentleman who walks at the head of the Grenadier Guards with his gold-headed walking-staff, let this culprit, this or these debasers of the people with drink, for the betrayal of their country, be placed by the half-dozen together, if you like, under the scourge of this gentleman, for a good exercising round Trafalgar Square, down the Strand, or up Cheapside; or, if you like, down that open space in front of Buckingham Palace; I

care not where, so long as mid-day be the time ; for the protection of the rights and privileges of the potwallopers of England.

How would a pillory stand in Palace Yard, or on the ground where the equestrian statue of George always proclaims *United States of America*, in Cockspur Street—how would a pillory for bribing candidates for parliamentary honours stand there? Or near the statue of Dr. Jenner in Trafalgar Square: Jenner looking after the preservation of the body, and our obelisk doing a little towards the mind? Palace Yard, Westminster—would that do? Or has Tyburn Gate more poetry about it, and more orthodox recollections of City institutions? What can be said against Marble Arch being turned to the account of protecting the voters, by having a pillory erected upon the top of it, for parliamentary candidates convicted of treating, bribing, intimidating, or corrupting? Would it not make a good pillory? Three hours on the top of it, and both ears slit, or cheek branded, would soon stop the beer-tap at elections. A good B, branded on the right cheek, would set off the black hair of the upper lip of either Whig or Tory. What a change for royalty! What a deliverance to the captives of Buckingham Palace! What with Whig stools, gold stools, and silver stools, and sticks too, and then the eternal nuisance to royalty of having to hold the farthing-dip of party subserviency to half the snobs in Europe—the Clarkies and Jubbies, and the Tonisies (once Thompson), with all their sons and all their daughters, because they claim some fifth cousinship of some flippant cowardly speculator in mouth—of a privy councillor.

But to return from the capability of making a household suffrage, a free, honest, safe, thoughtful, patriotic constituency; I will return to the Coventry election, from which these homely and indignant thoughts have been elicited; for it is stated, you could not trust the people with the franchise. Not trust the people? Who says this?—is it Whig or Tory? Is it I, my brother, our two nephews, and a cousin, who, like the Three Tailors in Tooley Street, are to be—what?—what, indeed?—but *the People of England!*

Well, the fighting in the streets at Coventry election disgusted De Foe greatly, at the powers of the town supporting, conniving at,

or abetting the disorders of a turbulent, drunken rabble. This to him, making a tour of inspection, or persuasion to peace and moderation, of 1100 miles, through the west of England, before the elections came off, or at the time; for he was at Coventry during the election, and saw the disorders of the town supported by the authorities.

“In vain,” says he, “we talk of peace; if the mob must prevail over the magistracy, and the club oppress the halbert; no more let us talk of the freedom of elections, if they must be carried by strength of hands, and not by number of voices; but, if nothing but troops of horse will keep them quiet, they must thank themselves: the peace must be maintained.” Yes! Daniel, the peace must be maintained, and household suffrage must be demanded, and maintained too; till every drummer in the Scotch Fusileer Guards can flog a scoundrel down the Strand or Fleet Street, both to the tune of drum and bagpipe.

On the subject of inculcating peace and union among the freeholders, De Foe takes much credit to himself—really, though not in words; for his labours and troubles in this patriotic cause had been great and dangerous, as will be seen when we come to the treatment he received on this tour, not only from the magistrates, but also from my lord judge, in his charge to the grand jury at Exeter assizes; of great danger to the peace of the realm, because—what? Daniel De Foe was in the county, endangering the peace of the community!—when, poor fellow, he had travelled 1100 miles on horseback, to inculcate peace and quietness among his dear, enfranchised, privileged class—a class romantically and poetically and enthusiastically dear to him—the English *freeholders*.

“I have not the vanity to say I have had a hand in opening their eyes; but I can tell you who has: even the *tackers* themselves. That one action (*tacking*) has given the greatest blow to the party that ever was given; but if a parliament of devils were to meet, he resolved to hold his face to it, let the consequence be what it might.”

The reader must understand, that the most corrupt, dishonest House of Commons had existed for some years previous to the

summer of 1705, that England had ever known—so thoroughly demoralized that De Foe, in his *Review*, advocated its entire abrogation. This I have said before; but, as De Foe advocated the abrogation of the Commons so fixedly, I may repeat the circumstance; for it was so completely in the interest of James III., the exile of St. Germain, the High Church wedded to the Stuart-family interest, in opposition to the house of Hanover; and this, too, when Britain was blessed by the peerage legacy in the Lords, of William the Third of blessed memory—a legacy of patriotism, as I have said—a legacy of worth and truth, which kept the state together, for the whole tumble-down-church-tower-tottering reign of that poor, weak, though honest-minded woman, Queen Anne; and kept her from an ignominious flight, an outcast, and a pauper to a foreign land. This I have said; and this I repeat—the House of Lords saved this kingdom from anarchy in the reign of Anne; and William III., the most patriotic of kings, made, adjusted, balanced, regulated, educated, or *created* that House of Lords.

Well, to overcome the patriotism of the Lords, the rascaldom in the Commons, which was the scoundrelism of the French-Stuart interest, tried every means to upset the constitution of the state; and as no fair legislation—no fair, honest bills—passed legitimately through the House by the majority of the votes of the Commons, money bills were resorted to; and every kind of rascality was attempted to be passed through the Lords by its being *tacked* to a money bill, and by its being called a money bill; whence the term *tacker*.

I consider it a duty to De Foe, to quote at length from the *Review*, vol. ii. pp. 213-215, to show what he went through in his election tour:—

“’Twould even reflect upon the nation in general, if I should give the particulars of about twenty or thirty letters, most of which threaten my life; and the world might think England coming into the mode of Italy. Indeed, we have seen too much of this method lately; and justice seems to wait but a few weeks to take the sad example from a set of assassins; the murderers of the Scotchman of Queenborough. To all the gentlemen who are so exceedingly

angry at me for inviting them to peace, as to threaten my throat and the like, I make this serious request: Let them step to Maidstone gaol, and there discourse a little with their brother murderers; and, if their condition please them, let them follow their steps, if they can.

“Indeed, gentlemen, the mean, despicable author of this paper is not worth your attempting his correction at the price: gaols, fetters, and gibbets, are odd melancholy things; for a gentleman to *dangle out of the world in a string*, has something so ugly, so awkward, and so disagreeable in it, that you cannot think of it without some regret; and then the reflection will be very harsh, that this was for killing a poor mortified author, one that the government had killed before.”

“I move about the world unguarded and unarmed; a little stick, not strong enough to correct a dog, supplies the place of Mr. *Observer's* (Tutchin's) great oaken towel; a sword sometimes, perhaps, for decency; but it is all harmless to a mere nothing; can do no hurt anywhere, but just at the tip of it, called the point. And what's that in the hand of a feeble author?”

“And yet this bullying method is not the only treatment the author of this has to complain of. But, now he has had a storm of a more scandalous assassination, studying to ruin and embroil him; crowds of sham actions, arrests; sleeping debts in trade of seventeen years' standing revived; debts put in suit after contracts and agreements under hand and seal; and, which is worse, writs taken out for debts without the knowledge of the creditor, and some after the creditor has been paid; diligent solicitations of persons not inclined to sue, pressing them to give him trouble; others offering to buy assignments of debts that they might be sued; for others to turn setters and informers, to betray him into the hands of trouble; collateral bonds sued where the securities have been resigned and accepted.

“It would take up too much of the reader's time to trouble the world with the barbarous treatment shown a man just stripped naked by the government; 'tis like a man just ransomed from Algiers; and, could I descend to particulars, would be too moving

to be read. That this is all for the party; that this is a pique at the subject as well as the author—speak, conscience, and tell us—why were none of these things done before?”

At this time a report was industriously circulated that De Foe had been committed to Newgate, and that some of his friends had visited him there.

“*Ill tongues may do much*; but I cannot but tell a certain gentleman, who has offered £100 to have it so, that it will hardly be in his power to effect it. Pardon me, gentlemen, to inquire into the importance of this malice. A GAOL WOULD NOT CHECK THIS PAPER. Perhaps, if you could bring it to pass, it might furnish me with leisure to perform it better.” Bravo, De Foe! a gaol would give you more time and retirement for writing! Poor fellow! he appeals to his enemies for compassion “on a man whose house has been burnt down or plundered. Will you have no compassion? Neither will all this restrain his pen from writing; the truth depending upon it, that the author of that truth will, one time or other, own at *least the work*, if not the unworthy author. Suits at law, gaol, murder, assassinations, and all that malice can contrive, are, therefore, without influence on me: I avoid the first, and I condemn the last; the law, I trust, will protect me from the first, and I freely run the venture of the last.”

Review, vol. ii. p. 377 :—

“I have been a long journey into the country, chiefly, indeed, to be out of the reach of implacable and unreasonable men; which may serve for an answer to an impertinent vilifier, who, in print, had the impudence to demand *what business I had in Devonshire?*”

“In all my perambulations, my constant endeavour, my whole discourse has been, *like my writing*, nothing but peace; entreating and persuading all men, of what persuasion, and of what opinion soever, to lay aside their party prejudices, to bury former animosities, to remember they are all Protestants, all Englishmen, embarked in the same vessel, environed and attacked by the same enemies; that have no friends but one another to stand by them. I frankly appeal for the truth of this, to all the several towns and

counties I have gone through, in near 1100 miles' riding. I have made no private gain, I have been raising no contributions, as another author has been busy about; I have dispersed no libels, as Mr. Justice S——d says his informer alleged; I have poisoned nobody's principles with anything but the infection of peace. I have, indeed, carried the *Memorial* with me, and on all occasions have shown it as a thing which carries its own evidence along with it; and which, as I have often said, I think wants nothing to move the people of England to a suitable abhorrence of it, but to have it be seen.

“I can testify that the principles discovered in that book have, in all places that I have shewn it in, opened the eyes of the people to an equal detestation of it, with the grand jury at the Old Bailey; not a man but, without the help of spectacles, can see there, the Church of England dressed up like a Merry Andrew, to be laughed at, represented *à la mode camisar*, with the sword in her hand against her sovereign; and, in short, personated to principles which her soul abhors.” He here goes on to say, “that his *Memorial* has done more to rouse the nation, to treat them as they deserve, than all the declarations the government could have put out, in vindication of their proceedings.” He congratulates his readers that the eastern parts of the nation had that “blessed article of peace and union much further advanced, and the people of all sorts, as well church as dissenter, living in more neighbourhood and society; their clergy going on, hand-in-hand, in the heavenly work of doing good to souls; and more like Christians and men, conversing with one another, than can be easily seen in these parts.”

He observes, that “the circulating through the length and breadth of the land pernicious pamphlets, wrangling papers, news-letters, *Rehearsals*, *Observers*, and *Journals*, so far as these papers encourage discord and prevent peace, is most pernicious to the prosperity of the nation; and that all men of sense, men of manners, men of piety, and men who have most to lose, are the men of peace; for these listen to the invitations of the Queen, and are moved at the pressing persuasions of the royal eloquence; while the loose-headed, the drunken, the lewd, the dissolute, the immoral, the ravenous, the haughty, the ignorant, the idle, the conceited, the dull,

the dogmatick, and the bigot: these, added very unhappily to a too strong party of the inferior clergy, and gentry led away by the said clergy, are the maintainers of this unhappy temper; these, and their rabble, whom they possess with notions ridiculous as themselves, are the firebrands of this nation, the enemies of its peace, and the destroyers of the church."

"When this paper (the *Review*) comes among these, 'tis cursed *without bell, book, and candle*; many times it is thrown into the fire, *instead of its author*, who, in the mean time, has such a character given him, and so suited to the temper of the givers, that truly, when I shewed myself in some places, and the people knew who it was, they began to look for the *cloven-foot*, the heads, and the horns, and all the demonstrations of *devilism*, which our common people have learned from the painters, old women, and the like; and I have had the honour, with small difficulty, of convincing some gentlemen, over a bottle of wine, that the author of the *Review* was really no monster, but a conversable, sociable creature."

As peacemaking is such a dangerous thing, he advises his reader to beware,—

"1st. How he come near the town of Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, lest the worshipful Mr. Mayor cries out 'A Presbyterian plot'; and, not daring to meddle with him personally, shall put all his hearsays, supposes, and drunken evidences together, and carry all the honest people he can find that converse with him to Dorchester, before a judge; where accusing this peacemaker of a phanatick plot, and a bloody design, to persuade folks to a peaceable rebellion, he comes home with a flea in his ear, much about as wise as he went.

"2ndly. Let him have a special care how he comes to Exeter, particularly in time of the assizes, lest Mr. Alderman B——, Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, should consult about sending an English freeholder and liveryman of the city of London for a soldier, according to the laudable example of Abraham Gill; but, finding their power weaker than their malice, should afterwards apply themselves to somebody in scarlet, informing that there are a great party of *two men* gone forth into the country, to raise rebellion against the High Church, by earnestly pressing all the well-meaning people of Eng-

land to adhere to the Queen's sober and healing admonitions and exhortations to peace and union.

“4thly. But, above all, let him have a care of Justice S——, near Crediton; for if ever he comes, with his *peacemaking* sedition, into his parts, an information *in nubibus*, with an oath, or without an oath, shall procure a warrant from his worship, to take him up, &c.”

All this occurred to De Foe when he was in Devonshire, on his errand of peace—an endeavour to sow peace and union amongst the freeholders at the time of the elections; “for that the author [De Foe], with but one friend and his friend's servant, being in the western counties of England, on a journey about his lawful occasions, met with several unmanlike and unreasonable insults upon the road; that at Weymouth, his letters, being delivered to a wrong person by mistake, were shown about the town. That a friend having wrote in one of them, *as a piece of news, and too true*, that a certain person had the impudence to say, in defence of the High-Churchmen, that the ‘Queen had broken her coronation oath,’ and the like; the wise mayor of the town examines all the people he found had conversed with him, and officiously carries them to Dorchester, before the judges, the assizes being then at the place; where the impertinence being discovered, the mayor was sent back, the gentlemen dismissed, and a wise magistrate thought it his duty to send up a letter to the court, to inform her Majesty's secretary of state what an officious booby was trusted with the government of that corporation.”

At Exeter, this story being magnified, certain parties—justices no doubt—procured the judge, in his charge to the grand jury, to direct them to apprehend certain seditious persons (De Foe and his friend), and to tell them, that a great many such were come into the country, to stir up the people and disturb the peace. “That the party would have the judge to mean this author (De Foe), reports were immediately spread, and industriously carried all over the county (Devonshire), that he had named the author of this in particular, and that he should be apprehended wherever he should be found.”

“That the author being then at Bideford, in Devonshire, and

being told of what news was come into the town from the assizes, applied himself to the mayor of the town: but, he being absent in the country, he applied himself to the next principal magistrate, to offer himself to justice, if any man had anything to inform of, and to show him his face, if occasion required.

“That being dismissed, as reason good, he travelled on as his business required, to Tiverton; and hearing that one Justice Stafford, near Crediton, had granted a warrant for him to be apprehended and brought before him, though without any information upon oath, or mentioning to have him brought before any other justice of the peace, he sent him a letter to acquaint him where he was, and which way he was going; and the names of the towns he would be at, if his worship thought fit to send for him.

“He cannot but laugh at the wisdom and courage of a country justice, the wise Esquire S——, who, having carefully issued out his warrant for the author, after he could not but know he was gone, and searched every house but that where he lodged, showed his folly and his temper both at a time. Had these wise gentlemen designed really to have *come to hand*, as they call it, with the author of this, nothing was more easy than to have done it; and a small difficulty would have made it out, that they knew which road he was gone, and to what towns; but, like the famed hero that always looked for his enemy when he knew he could not be found, they sent their warrants just the contrary way; having more desire to have it said, they granted a warrant, than that they had executed it.”

Now that the elections were over, De Foe turned his attention to the duties of the elected M.P.'s, as to their attending or not attending the House of Commons at pleasure; and the serious consequences that may attend an habitual inattention to this duty of punctuality on this momentous question. He strenuously insists upon an early and constant attendance of the members, and gives a melancholy instance of the mischief that may be done by a neglect of vigilance on the part of members, in the case of Lord Holland, beheaded in the time of the Civil Wars, by the casting vote of the Speaker, when one of his friends was absent on some trivial business, which caused the loss of the life of this noble lord. The friend took

the circumstance so fully to heart, as to die shortly afterwards of grief and mental upbraidings. De Foe makes use of this incident, to show the necessity of constant vigilance and attendance, early and constantly.

On the change of the ministry, and the throwing out the more prejudiced portion, the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Nottingham, Sir Edward Seymour, and their spies—spies? Yes, spies!—their dependants of stools and sticks, set as a watch or restraining power upon the action, mental and corporeal, of fettered royalty; I say, when these men were removed in April, 1704, to make room for more liberal and less dangerous men, Lord Haversham joined the Tories, although brought up a dissenter, and raised to the peerage by the late monarch, William III.

On Nov. 15, this Lord Haversham introduced a motion into the House of Commons on the state of the nation; and, like a disappointed man, made all the noise he could against the peace-and-union principles advocated by De Foe at this time. The speech of this lord was printed, and De Foe replied to it, he charging his lordship with ingratitude to his late benefactor; and his lordship charging De Foe with being a mercenary writer, which imputation De Foe as indignantly repels. This dispute between our hero of the pen, and a disappointed place-hunting lord, made a great noise at the time, so much so that I cannot well slip over this page of De Foe's history without a passing notice; as for Lord Haversham's turning Tory, because his pretensions to power, place, profit, and pension, were not appreciated in high diplomatic circles, I should treat with a neglect due to a spoiled child, who cries because—*it rains*. On this lord, De Foe writes with manly self-reliance and defiance, which I could quote at length; but the subject—Lord Haversham—is too contemptible for me to waste space upon; for space in pages is now becoming a subject of anxiety with me; I must clip all down, if possible, at any sacrifice of quotation, to one readable volume. How often do we hear—"That is a heavy, scarcely readable book!" and "What a pity! No one to revise and curtail. Oh! dear beyond expression—three shillings for the volume! Why, there is not a tenpenny-worth of ideas in it—so prosy, so long, so

tiresome; and such a style!—read it! why, I will defy any one to read it, with profit; they talk of light reading, of which we all complain; but this prosy stuff is reading with a vengeance; for there is weight enough here.”

What a recompense for a poor writer, who has spent weeks—yea! months, in reading greasy old itchy pamphlets or broadsheets, to bring before the reader some half-dozen ideas or secrets, which have been laid upon the dusty shelves of some bankrupt hall, which has been let furnished to some racing or fox-hunting squires for the better part of a century; in short, ever since the old boy who embarrassed the estate by representing the neighbouring borough on true Old English principles—“*for he was a jolly good fellow*”—died—yes! died, and left things not all square at the hall.

About this time, a poor unfortunate author of the name of Drelincourt was so rash as to publish a dull, heavy book, without consulting his friends in the book trade, who knew well what would take with the public as purchasers. Well, this Drelincourt published his truly heavy book unadvised, and paid the penalty; for the public would neither read nor buy; so the poor fellow had to keep the whole impression, unsold, on his hands. In his difficulty—to him a great one—he applied to De Foe for advice; who told him that a marvellous preface might sell the book; and that he would write one for him, to be fixed to the whole impression, yet unsold. This preface was written and prefixed, as agreed upon; when, marvellous to relate, the impression was not only readily sold off, but the work went through forty editions, and had such a sale as no other book in England ever had, excepting Bunyan’s great work, the *Pilgrim’s Progress*.

This preface recites that Mrs. Veal died at Dover on a Friday afternoon, at ten minutes after three o’clock; and that at twelve o’clock at noon, next day, just as the church-clock chimes were going at Canterbury, this said Mrs. Veal called upon her old friend, Mrs. Bargrave, who lived near the Market Place, and sat with her one hour and forty minutes, discoursing on a variety of subjects, but particularly that most suited for advancing years—the necessity of providing for a future state by divine meditation, and secret and

constant prayer. These two conversed freely on this solemn subject, and compared notes on their various reading: Sherlock on *Death* being pronounced good, but neither so forcible in argument, nor comforting in spirit, as Drelincourt's delightful book, on the *Fear of Death*. On Mrs. Veal's death being known, as to day, hour, and minute, at Canterbury, Mrs. Bargrave declared that Mrs. Veal had called upon her, and sat at her house, twenty hours after she was reported to have died at Dover. Of course there was a considerable sensation, both at Dover and Canterbury, as to time, dress, conversation, &c.; and her dwelling so emphatically, under such circumstances, on the beauties of Drelincourt, soon made the thinking portion of aged matrons take to reading; and Drelincourt on *Death* became the book in demand; when the first edition was sold in a week, to the great relief of the frightened author.

De Foe, Swift, Ebenezer Elliott, and others, always gauged their usefulness in any political work by the density of the rage of the party opposed to that work. These men always laid it down as an axiom in political warfare, that when political opponents are indifferent, lukewarm, or contemptuous—smiling, only little progress was being made in the onward rush of contention; but when strife waxes warm, and malignant defiance takes the place of self-complacency, then work is done. This I have found; and I look upon a politician who only excites a smile of contempt from self-complacency as a very harmless sort of a creature, whether he be one or other of the great plundering sections of this deluded, confiding nation. Now, De Foe says, it would be useless for him “to repeat the threatening letters, and opprobrious terms, the bear-garden language, I have daily thrown upon me for persuading men to peace. If I had been assassinated as often as I have been threatened with pistols, daggers, and swords, I had long ago paid dear for this undertaking”—the undertaking of the advocacy of peace in his *Review*.

I have been a writer on political questions for thirty years, and I have seen the temper of parties excited in proportion to the magnitude of the evil to be defended on the one hand, and to be redressed on the other. Corn-law repeal, to an insolvent landlord, was an exciting topic; and so was church reform to the pluralist-expectant-

sun-worshipper for preferment, or clerical sycophant. But I never met with so earnest a spirit of despair as on my affirming that the Privy Council attempting the education of dissenters' children in church principles with the public taxes, is the conspiracy of Cardinals Richelieu or Mazarin, the ministers of Louis XIII. and XIV. of France : that the principle was worked against the French Protestants of France ; and that it came to France from Italy with Catherine de Medici, the diabolical mother of all intrigue and iniquity at the court of France ; that it is, in fact, a conspiracy stinking in the nostrils as the pestiferous blast of brimstone—Florence and the Inquisition. The Privy Council tampering with education must be put down by dissent, or dissent will be put down by the Privy Council. This contest will go on till universal suffrage close the scene, and education will stand on its own legs, and right and justice, energy and sincerity, will take the palm of victory ; and—what ? Corruptions in the church will go ; royalty will be free from spies ; free from dictation of party ; as being the sovereign, not of half-a-dozen Lord John Russells, but of the millions—the people, who wish to see royalty set free from party spies ; royalty unfettered ; royalty happy. With a reformed House of Commons, and a contented people, Buckingham Palace would know a freedom which it never knew before, when under the dictation of party ; and the spies and cormorants of faction would give way to freedom, more honest men, and more effective measures.

The above remarks have been elicited by the statement of De Foe in his *Review*, that his inculcating peace and union had given the greatest satisfaction to those upon whose judgment he most relied ; and he had undeniable testimony in the implacable rage and malice of the high party, by which they acknowledge the injury he had done to their cause, than which he desired no greater honour.

De Foe commenced the year 1706 by publishing a *Hymn to Peace*, in Pindaric verse :—

When to the world thou mak'st a short return,
Me only thou hast scorned to shun ;
Me thou revisitest not ; but storms of men,

Voracious and unsatisfied as death,
Spoil in their hands and poison in their breath,
With rage of devils hunt me down,
And to abate my peace, destroy their own.
Brought up in teaching sorrow's school,
In peace and patience I profess my soul ;
Am master of my mind,
And there the heaven of satisfaction find.
Let them ten thousand barbarous methods try,
When they 'll no longer let me live, I 'll die ;
Of all their fury I shall have
An uncontested conquest in the grave.

Poor De Foe ! he wrote for peace to the community ; but to attain peace, he had to wade through such a lane of abuse from parties who had a vested interest in wrong, that he, poor fellow, the great pioneer of national regeneration and enlightenment, never knew peace in his own person, and in his own spirit. No ! his life was one continued scuffle and elbowing of contending principles and interests ; for on Feb. 5, 1706, he has to complain again in his *Review*, of his treatment by the printers selling trashy pamphlets in the streets with his name affixed to them ; and this mortified him greatly ; for, although he had written scores of pamphlets on all subjects, yet he had never come down to writing penny nauseous ribaldry on halfpenny sheets and half-sheets, and cried, too, in the streets as his ; the trashy villany carrying his name at the bottom of the page as the writer. Poor fellow ! he writes emphatically in this *Review* :—" I never write penny papers, this excepted, nor ever shall, unless my name is publicly set to them ; and I hope this will clear me of the scandal, though it cannot fortify me against the damage." His *Review* was a mortifying dose of political physic for his opponents, published at a penny only, and circulated freely at all inns and coffee-houses, to the great mortification of his adversaries, who could not stop the reading, nor the channel of intelligence, by the clearest and most industrious, as well as courageous political writer of that day. This *Review* was a bitter pill for his political and social opponents, who took every means to depreciate

the writer by bringing his name into contempt, and by hiring scoundrels to go to the coffee-houses for the purpose of stealing or burning the copies of his newspaper daily, as the numbers were published.

Having mentioned the Quakers in his *Review*, and said, "that they are not only Christians, but many of them better Christians than those who pretend to condemn them," a paltry writer of the street-hawking class brings out the *Quakers' Catechism*, a penny trash, shoe-horned upon the public for buyers, by the addition of the *Shortest Way with Daniel De Foe*: "a true printer's cheat, that when people were expecting great things, and some new proposal concerning what was to be done with the man that so many want to be rid of, when they come to look into the book, found it to contain nothing but a long rhapsody of Billingsgate language and raillery against the Quakers, which he must have a great talent of self-denial, that can bear the reading."

De Foe at this time wrote largely in his *Review* on toleration of religious sects; but his views on this subject may be compared to those of his political economy: crude, raw, narrow, half-formed, self-taught principles, in some cases; while in others, collected from the narrow, absurd crudities of previous writers, who wrote before, instead of after, the great political-economic architect, Adam Smith, of honourable memory.

An Act to prevent Frauds committed by Bankrupts was introduced in the early part of 1706; which measure had been forwarded greatly by the writings of De Foe; for it was a subject he had thoroughly studied, both theoretically and practically, most of his life. His career had been a checkered one, from the persecution of political enemies, as well as from his own imprudences; for I believe him to have been a thoroughly imprudent man.

The *Review* of May 21, 1706, was exclusively occupied by the *Fight of Ramillies*, on which De Foe turns poetic again, in a production nearly as expeditious as the victory; the composition costing De Foe only three hours. The 27th of June being appointed as a day of thanksgiving, the Queen went in procession to St. Paul's, while De Foe devoted his *Review* for that day to another poem, in

which he ascribes to the God of all victory the praise due unto his name, as the wise Disposer of all events ; while he, at the same time, gives all due honour and praise to the Duke of Marlborough, as a great and successful general.

On June 8, 1706, De Foe wrote in his *Review* "a full account of a young woman who was declared mad and conveyed to a private mad-house for the sake of stealing her fortune, by her own mother, two brothers, a doctor, and one or more attorneys ; an assistant or two from Bedlam, and an infamous apothecary, professing to be a doctor of lunatics ; the attorney being the most active man of business in this nefarious affair, obtained a commission of lunacy against her, himself being named one of the commissioners, the proceedings of which commissioners were on a part with the other acts of the plotters ; these men found a jury to their purpose, who brought her in lunatic, without ever seeing her, which they ought to have done, and which some of them may yet like to answer for : one pretence for not bringing her before the jury being, that she was raving mad, and not capable of being brought before a jury. All this while the gentlewoman was quiet, and innocently thinking of anything rather than what was contriving for her ; but lived privately, retired, and very frugal, having saved nearly £600 in five years out of the income of her estate."

"The design being fully ripe, and completed by the rash verdict of the jury aforesaid, the rest of the scene is all violence and fury ; for these people, having provided proper instruments, come up stairs to this gentlewoman into her chamber, on some frivolous pretences, the time unusually late, and on a Saturday night ; they had, to assist them, provided two women and one man : the man, as we are since informed, a doorkeeper in Bedlam, and one of the women a nurse in a madhouse. These coming into her chamber, seize her in a most barbarous manner, handcuff her hands behind her with irons, bind her legs together with cords, and attempt to thrust a handkerchief or cloth into her mouth ; and in this cruel manner carry her away by force, put her into a coach, and hurry her to one of our private Bedlams, putting her into the hands of the aforesaid infamous apothecary ; of whom the world will hear more hereafter.

“In this house, she continued about six or seven weeks, under the most horrid treatment that ever was heard of, by his express command, and often in his presence; and we want words to express it to you; but the further particulars are preparing for the world, and to which we refer you.

“It may suffice to tell you for the present, they kept her bound hand and foot in her bed, such an one as it was, and tied to the bedpost for several days, reduced to strange extremity, beat and pinched her by cruel and barbarous wretches called nurses, and forced nauseous draughts down her throat, which they called physic; and which she, being apprehensive they designed her destruction, and might poison her, refused; but they forced her mouth open with iron instruments, and poured into her what they thought fit, wounding her very much with their violences and inhumanities.

“In this horrid condition, and under this most villanous treatment, they kept her about seven weeks; no body but whom that apothecary permitted, being suffered to come near her. Her old neighbours, hearing that all was not right at the Bedlam, petitioned the Lord Keeper for qualified persons to visit her; which was granted, and then the poor woman was found in sound mind, but horribly treated in body, and so deeply afflicted at her misfortune; but clear in her judgment, composed in her mind, and of good understanding.

“Whereupon a petition was immediately drawn in her name to my Lord Keeper, praying that she might be brought before his lordship, in order to be examined whether she ought to be treated as a lunatic or no. Upon this petition, an order was obtained for her to attend, which she accordingly did; and in a short time, my Lord Keeper was so fully satisfied in all the particulars aforesaid, and of her being no lunatic, that his lordship was pleased to express himself with the utmost detestation and abhorrence of such villanous proceedings; ordered the commission of lunacy to be immediately superseded, and all proceedings thereon to be dissolved and made void; for it is to be observed that the brothers and mother of this young woman had obtained, with their commission of lunacy, an

order to have the guardianship of the lunatic committed to them, as also the possession of her estate."

Such arguments as the above, was De Foe in the habit of using against those private dens of rapine, cruelty, and murder—private madhouses. Perhaps it was to this public benefactor of the human family that public attention was most forcibly directed from time to time; for the subject was no mere passing empty speculation of the day; but an indwelling fixed duty—fixed in the heart of this good man, for he was one; though vain, improvident, volatile, and foolish, in some matters: those hard multiplication, hard-corned facts; which frills, buckles, swords, house, servants, coach, and general swell of RESPECTABILITY, can not fritter away. De Foe was a vain man, but he was a—*good man*.

De Foe now turned his attention to writing a *Preface* to a new edition of *A Plea for the Nonconformists*, by THOMAS DELAUNE, who died in Newgate during his imprisonment for this book, printed twenty years ago, which being seized by the messenger of the press, was afterwards burnt by the common hangman; and now reprinted from the author's original copy, *with a Preface by the Author* of the REVIEW. Prefaces to works at this time were frequently very important, and in some cases more important than the work intended to be elucidated; and these prefaces, even in our day, after the lapse of one hundred and fifty years, frequently carry a value to a book, which would be low indeed, were it not for the preface attached to it.

This poor fellow, Delaune, was tried before Judge Jeffreys at the Old Bailey on Jan. 17, 1666, when his book was condemned to be burnt before the Royal Exchange, and he to linger in Newgate for the imposed fine for fifteen months, till he died; when he formed one of the Martyr Brigade of eight thousand Protestant dissenters who perished in prison in the reign of Charles II.; and this merely for dissenting from the Church of England. Shade of Privy-Council scheme of educating the people into the church! Eight thousand people destroyed by Charles II., because they chose to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

Joint-stock companies appear to have had charms for De Foe;

but this would only be for a time, and that time the limit for the complete command of ready money, for the purchase of scrip or debentures. Perhaps the hosiery agency, or the pantile trade at Tilbury Fort, might do something to enforce caution for the future. Be this as it may, the mine adventure was incorporated under the name of the "The Governor and Company of the Mine Adventurers of England." These were principally lead and copper mines, on which large sums were advanced, shares allotted, and money borrowed. Capital stock being filled up, mills were erected, and smelting furnaces; lands were bought, cottages and dwelling-houses were built, and all, no doubt, at a premium. De Foe being consulted on this scheme, and its probable chances of rubbing off the borrowed capital by the profits, referred to their own printed work, entitled "An Account of the clear Profits of extracting Silver out of Lead, by the Governor and Commissioners of the Mine Adventurers of England; taken from their original Accounts, and signed 'Thomas Horn, Accountant to the Company.'" On a full investigation of these accounts, De Foe found that the profits of the concern would not pay the perpetual annuitants; created, I suppose, on their "calling in the scrip," and "consolidating the stock;" for I have some smattering left of these speculating terms from railway-scrip times.

In the *Review* of April 30, 1706, De Foe fully discusses the merits of this bubble; for such it was, and was proved to be. He did it in all coolness and fairness; but, as he had acted for the "bears" and a fall in the market followed, he was threatened with violence by certain stockholders in the concern. Poor fellow! he complains of the treatment threatened, as though he were always wrong, and always in danger from violence for speaking the truth; for he says—"I suppose the end is to terrify me from making public what I have further to say upon that head. But in this, also, they will be mistaken; and as I have never been over apt to consult my prudentials, when truth and matter of fact are before me, though when much more powerful people are concerned than are here, so I am obliged to acquaint the world, that I think myself bound, to avoid the scandal of being afraid to speak the truth, to go on with my observations on that head; and, as I shall descend further into particulars

than I intended first to do, I shall, perhaps, show such evidence for my calculations, as may inform the world of some particulars, concerning which they are at present ignorant, but will be very glad to know. As to threatenings and prosecutions [for depreciating the scrip!], truth is above fear; and, if I say any thing else, I ask no quarter."

De Foe offers to do the company every reparation in his power if they can pay the annuitants (debenture preference holders, I suppose) out of the profits; but, "till then," he adds, "if ever I come to be keeper of the nation's madhouse, I cannot in justice but set apart one of the largest rooms for the benefit of this company."

Dr. Thomas Browne,—a man I have, many pages back, classed with Ned Ward; but before the prefix of *Dr.* had been placed as a set-off or ornament to the plain Thomas,—this man wrote *A Dialogue between Church and no Church; or, a Rehearsal of the Review*. This doctor, like some other doctors carrying more sail than ballast, opens upon De Foe, and terms himself David, and De Foe the Philistines; and he proposes to do great things with "a few smooth stones out of the brook, to smite the brazen forehead of this insulting champion of our Israel." He acknowledges that De Foe "has treated the affairs of the nation, in relation to trade and commerce, particularly in his late *Review* about bankrupts, with a great deal of compassion towards the unfortunate, and with many home arguments to such unmerciful creditors as would treat their debtors worse than Turks use their dogs; though they are not assured but that the same case they are prosecuting with such severity, may be their own in a few days." This doctor will respect De Foe so long as he keeps to trade and commerce; but when he launches into the deeps of religion, politics, philosophy, &c., he would reclaim him.

De Foe makes some remarks in his *Review* for April 8, on this antagonist, stating that he did not expect to be so honoured in being so noticed by so august an individual, who had the honour to write letters with plain contradictions to ministers of state; and, that as Dr. Browne had been so fully occupied in bullying the government, lampooning the nobility, affronting my Lord Keeper

and the Secretary of State; and in translating Horace, or correcting the false grammar in his former translations, but all wrong as to conjecture; the doctor being there as an antagonist; De Foe desires one point for the doctor's consideration; that is, the pen being dipped in falsehood is not quite keeping up the dignity of a gentleman. Poor Browne!—his paper soon fell; for it was all froth; he only brought out eight or ten numbers.

On June 18, 1706, the Theatre Royal Drury Lane gave a benefit towards defraying the expense of repairing the chapel in Russell Court, which had lately been purchased from the dissenters, under the charge of Dr. Daniel Burgess. The landlord, being opposed to dissenters, dispossessed them, at the expiration of their lease, at the instigation of Dr. Lancaster, the vicar of St. Martin's; who persuaded the parish to purchase the building, and fit it up as a chapel of ease for the Established Church.

This benefit for the church attracted the notice of De Foe, who wrote freely on the subject in his *Review* of Thursday, June 20, 1706; where he intimates that the victories of Marlborough, being Whig victories, only endangering the church; as a Tory victory would be a propping up both of chancel and tower; and this combination of comedy and pulpit, both being Tory, must have been to put down dissent.

“ ‘Towards the defraying the charge of repairing and fitting up the chapel in Russell Court, at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, this present Tuesday, being the 18th of June, will be presented the tragedy of *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*, with singing by Mr. Hughes, &c. &c., and entertainment of dancing by Monsieur Cherrier, Miss Santlow, his scholar, and Mr. Evans. Boxes, 5s.; Pit, 3s.; First Gallery, 2s.; Upper Gallery, 1s.’

“ From whence I offer this observation to the serious thoughts of those gentlemen who are apprehensive of the church's danger, viz., If the devil be come over to us and assist to support the church, the devil must be in it, if the church be in danger. And here, gentlemen, let us make a few remarks upon this worthy subject. Certainly, you gentlemen of the High-Church show very little respect to the church, and cannot be such friends to its establishment as you pre-

tend to be ; since, though you have the house built to your hands (for this chapel was before, a dissenting meeting-house), yet you must go a-begging to the playhouse, to carry on the work. Or is this a general banter upon the church, that people must be invited to go to the brink of the gulph by the religious argument of his being for the church ; as if the lady, that now gives five shillings towards the repairing the church, would not contribute the money unless she could see a play into the bargain ? Or, on the other hand, as if there were not farce enough acted upon that stage, the pulpit, but the hearers must be sent to the theatre to make it up. Some guess, rather, this may be a religious wheedle, to form an excuse for the ladies, and justify their so frequent visits to the theatre ; since, the money being thus disposed of, they gratify their vanity and fancy, they show their piety, please their vice, and smuggle their consciences ; something like that old zeal, of robbing orphans to build almshouses.

“ Hard times, gentlemen, hard times, indeed, these are with the church, to send her to the playhouse to gather pew-money. For shame, gentlemen ; go to the church and pay the money there, and never let the playhouse have such a claim to its establishment as to say the church is beholden to her. *Sic tempora mutantur !* Times are finely changed. In the late reigns the church built the playhouses, but now the playhouse builds the church ; from whence I cannot but prophesy, that the time will come, when either the church will pull down the playhouse, or the playhouse will pull down the church.

“ Now, Mr. Leslie, have at the dissenters ; for, if they do not come to this play, they are certainly enemies to the church ; put their negative upon repairing and fitting up the church, which, by Mr. Leslie’s usual logic, may easily be proved to be pulling down the church. Now, Mr. Collier, you are quite aground, and all your sarcasms upon the playhouse, all your satires upon the stage, are as so many arrows shot at the church ; for every convert of your making, every one you have been the means of keeping from the playhouse, has so far lessened the church stock, and tended to let the church fall upon our heads. Never talk of the stage any more ;

for, if the church cannot be repaired nor fitted up without the playhouse, to write against the playhouse is to write against the church; to discourage the playhouse is to weaken the church; and you rob the church of the people's bounty, which is one of the worst sorts of sacrilege. Nor is it unworthy our remark, to see how all hands aloft are zealous in their calling for the church. Can our church be in danger? How is it possible? The whole nation is solicitous and at work for her safety and prosperity. The Parliament address; the Queen consults; the ministry execute; the army fights; and all for the church! Peggy Hughes sings; Monsieur Ramadon plays; Miss Santlow dances; Monsieur Cherrier teaches; and all for the church! Here's heavenly doings! Here's harmony! Your singing psalms is hurdy-gurdy to this music; and all your preaching actors are fools to these. Besides, there's another sort of music here: the case is altered, the clergy preach and read here, &c., and get money for it of the church. But these sing and dance and act, and talk bawdy, and the church gets money by the bargain; there's the music of it!

"But, to talk more serious. Pray let us put things a little upon the square; the great law of retaliation comes in here; and, as the playhouse owes its original and advancement to our late champions of High Church, they can do no less than reverence their founders, and relieve them in the present straitness of their circumstances. And again, in their turn: suppose the playhouse should be burnt down, as it once was, the church could not deny to read a brief in every parish for the rebuilding it, with a 'Pray, remember the great loss by fire!' But pray let us inquire here, how comes the chapel in Russell Court to stand in such ill circumstances, that the playhouse must be called upon for this odd and most unusual charity? Some horrible scandal must lie somewhere. 'Tis plain the chapel was Mr. Daniel Burgess's meeting-house before; and as the auditory is large, the persons concerned numerous and able, whence comes this deficiency? It must be from want of sense of the convenience, or want of regard to the church; 'tis a most scandalous contempt of the church. What, send her a-begging to the playhouse! Of all the churches in the world, I believe none was ever served thus

before. What a reproach is this to the neighbourhood of Russell Court Chapel! What, gentlemen, nobody to repair the church for you, but those that are every day reprov'd in it! Must the playhouse boxes build your pews? the playhouse pit raise your gallery? This is the ready way to have the people call them both playhouses, and that, though they have different places to officiate in, they are but the same congregation.

“Charity would fain crowd in here, and say in behalf of this action, that the playhouse is reformed, and that it goes hand-in-hand with the church, and is a true friend to it, as now appears. I do not know, I confess, but that the playhouse may, in some things, conform to the church; but I hope the church does in nothing go hand-in-hand with the playhouse.

“Well, 'tis very unhappy that no manner of contribution could have been raised but this, for the building a church; 'tis like the Italians laying a tax upon their bawdy-houses. In short, this contribution is but a civil taking out a license for playhouses; and they may now claim fairly a liberty, and tax you with ingratitude if you refuse them.

“It would be worth inquiry now, how the play fills. The players are very familiar with their Maker, here, methinks, and religion comes in, like the poet, for a third day. Now, 'tis observable, that the respect to the poet is shown by the crowds on the poet's day; if there be a full house then, 'tis a signal of his reputation, and tells the world what a value they put upon his performance. The 18th of June is the church's third day at the play. Now, gentlemen, we shall see what reputation religion has among our playhunters, and whether they value her above common poets or no. I am afraid religion and the church will have but a poor day of it; on the other hand, there will be room for strange distinctions. First, here you will see who are the best churchmen, High or Low; for are the players High Church, as most allow, if they are of any church at all; then a thin or full house determines who are the best friends to the church. But, then, here is another misfortune; and I would have the ladies very careful how they brand themselves with the scandal of it—that they go to this play for the sake of the church,

certainly never go to the church ; if they did, they might find ways to give their money into better hands. In short, the observations on this most preposterous piece of church-work are so many, that they cannot come into the compass of this paper. But, if the money raised here be employed to re-edify this chapel, I would have it, as frequent in like cases, written over the door, in capital letters :—

“THIS CHURCH WAS RE-EDIFIED ANNO 1706, AT THE EXPENSE AND BY THE CHARITABLE CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE ENEMIES OF THE REFORMATION OF OUR MORALS, AND TO THE ETERNAL SCANDAL AND MOST JUST REPROACH OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE PROTESTANT RELIGION.

LUCIFER PRINCE OF DARKNESS,	}	<i>Churchwardens.”</i>
AND		
HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK,		

This number of the *Review* excited a good deal of feeling in certain quarters, where shame was felt for the partnership of Playhouse, Church, and Co.; and an answer was published, and an attempt made at a satisfactory explanation; but all to no purpose; for De Foe only returned to the charge in his next *Review*, in which he says it is not fair to laugh twice at one jest; but who can help it? for, says he—

“If the playhouse is addicted to acts of charity, why do they not maintain their own poor? Why not raise a pension for their poor brethren at the Haymarket; or, which would be something to their honour, make good the subscriptions that are yet unpaid, and discharge the debt to the poor workmen who built the house? This playhouse charity is set with the bottom upward; like a famous dignified gentleman in England, who ran in debt to honest men, to give alms to knaves. Perhaps it may be said, the actors are not a corporation, and have nothing to do with each other, unless it be to help one to starve the other. Well, but, gentlemen, though you are not a corporation, you are a fraternity; and as the devil’s broker said to Dr. Griffith, ‘You are all of a trade; you are all the devil’s brokers;’ and you ought, in common prudence, and to support the honour of the employment, to have relieved your brethren first, and

have cleared the prisons of some of the best of them. Besides, I am at a loss for the coherence of the thing:—the playhouse and the church! There's no manner of philosophy in it; 'tis yoking the poles; 'tis saying the Christ-cross-row backward; and nobody can tell whether it be to raise the devil or to lay him. There could not have been such a circle-full of angles put together again, and all the men of wit, either in God's church, or the devil's chapel, could not have composed such another piece of discord.

“Some people have been rummaging their heads for the design of it; which they say must be something extraordinary; yet I can see no need for so wild a guess. He that shot this gun, took aim, no doubt; and what did he aim at, think you? Why, the *money*, man! What should he aim at? And, whoever he was, whether actor or churchwarden, or a rump of both formed into a junto for this weighty affair, my life for yours, the *money* was the matter. The players, I allow, had the best prospect of the two; of which, without doubt, they had a forethought: as, first, a full house, and an united benefit; and secondly, a snack with the club. And there's private interests, a new reputation for loyalty to the church, and a screen from justice; because one good turn deserves another.

“Again, some say, this is a Low-Church plot upon the High-Church playhouse; and a pretty banter this makes, indeed! For the Haymarket building, they say, is a Low-Church playhouse, and Drury Lane a High-Church playhouse. Two things are concluded from hence:—1st: That the High gentlemen are the best friends of the church; for when did ever the Low-Church players offer to give the church a play at their house? 'Tis really very kindly done, and their care of the church is so remarkable as to merit being recorded. 2ndly: It necessarily follows, that the church is very much beholden to the playhouse, that they will give away their profits to its assistance.

“We talk of reforming our manners, and setting up rules of government; but to attempt it this way, seems to me to make a comedy of the government, and a tragedy of the church. How odd a sight it would be to see bills put up thus: ‘At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, this present Thursday, being the 27th of June, will

be acted a new play, entitled *THE CHURCH, a Tragedy.* This, I think, is certain; let the play be what it will, 'tis a tragedy to the church, and one of the shortest ways to pull her down. What horrid work is here made of religion! The sacred mask has been a disguise to many hypocrites, but never was put upon the face of the playhouse before. I cannot deny it to be a very quaint invention to persuade people, and a cunning way to fill the house: that they may go to the play for God's sake! Our children would now have a fair excuse to us, when we refuse them leave to go to the play: 'Why, sir, 'tis for the benefit of the church; for our money is to be given to build up the church.' 'Excellent excuse, child,' I should say; 'so you must lay out your money with the devil, that he may build up a house for God with it: sacrifice to vanity for the encouragement of piety. Rare work, indeed.' "

In August of this year, some players went to Oxford, and obtained a license from the vice-chancellor to act plays in that city. On which De Foe opened his battery again on the imprudence of the act, and calls upon the heads of colleges to look at their title-deeds, and professed object of the several founders who have endowed the several colleges and halls "for the honour of God, the encouragement of learning, the increase of virtue, piety, and true religion, I give and grant," &c.

"Pray, gentlemen," asks De Foe, "which of all these ends of the founders do these comedians answer? With what face can an English clergyman suffer the habits and vestments of a Christian priest to be seen in the lewd crowd of the admirers of vice?"

"How can the loose strumpet tremble at the judgment of God, denounced against her sins by the tongue of her minister, when she saw the same serious countenance that now reproves her, deformed with the smiles of pleasure at the vicious banter of a lewd representation in a bawdy play? Shall that hand, extended in laying out her crimes, carry any awe with it, which the day before was lifted up to applaud the vile performance of those sons of hell? Pardon me, if I say, you cannot but lessen the esteem the world has of your virtue, whatever it has of your learning."—*Vide Review*, vol. iii. pp. 377-9.

Review, vol. iii. p. 397 :—" Being launched into the ocean of lunatics, in search of that vast fountain of general extravagance from whence all our national frenzies flow ; such various scenes have presented themselves to my view, that really render the account something confused. I have touched at trade lunatics ; and entered a little upon the black scene of the fury of creditors, against even those debtors who are willing freely to strip themselves of all the remnants of their misfortune, that they might be at liberty to work for more. I should inquire, I say, further into these horrid things, were it not that it might seem to be drawing the picture of my own case, which is now upon the stage, than which no man's case, that ever came for relief by this new act of Parliament, has ever been more severe ; and than whom no man is treated worse, on his flying to this sanctuary of the law, for deliverance.

" I confess myself surprised at my own affair ; and I should not have troubled the world with it, if it were not something never heard of before. Several debtors have been used hardly by creditors, and their discharge vigorously opposed. But was ever the world so mad ! The unhappy author of this, claiming a discharge from old misfortunes on a clear surrender, as by the law is directed, finds himself opposed, not by those he owes money too, but by those that owe him money ; not by those who by disaster are wronged, but by those that have wronged, cheated, and plundered him of that money which should have helped to discharge others ; to whom he never owed a shilling, of whom he never borrowed, but to whom he always lent ; and who have actually defrauded him of near £500, advanced in compassion to save them from destruction.

" If this paper should acquaint the world how these people have hitherto treated its author ; how they seized upon his writings, left only in trust ; how they conveyed away their relation, a partner, that he might not be an evidence ; and compounded his private debts for his, without which he would not go ; how they have sued him for bonds given, and afterwards discharged in partnership, and sued in the names of the persons to whom they were paid ; without their knowledge ; how, after beginning a suit, they have not dared to go on ! after proposing a reference, they have not dared to

stand to it ; though accepted, and offered to be determined by their own arbitrator ; if I should run on into all these particulars, the story would be too black to read."

I can quote no more. It is the old tale of the light, dressy, *devil-may-care* spendthrift, which has been told a thousand upon a thousand times ; always persecuted by relations, friends, foes, and strangers, always wrong, always cheated, and never to blame. Another sacrifice to the black-coated, well-brushed, British god—*Respectability*. Daniel De Foe must be respectable—yes ! keep his coach upon his pantile trade of Tilbury Fort, and walk Bristol streets on Sunday, with wig, sword, ruffles, and frills, if hid from bailiffs and creditors for the remaining six days of the week, in a garret or a cellar !

The lawyer had committed forgery ; the age was mad, and he had been fourteen years in retreat, in jeopardy, in broils, and most of the time in banishment from his family ; all his profits from his books had been swallowed up, *though that has been very considerable*, in making gradual payments to creditors ; and in defending himself against those who would have it not only faster than their fellow-creditors, but even faster than it could be got. From this it would appear, that he had been in pecuniary difficulties, and separated from his family, for the most part, as an improvident husband and spendthrift father, from 1692 ; or ten years before the death of his great benefactor and friend, William III. of glorious memory.

Well, William came in 1688, and died in 1702 ; and De Foe in 1706, in his *Review* for August 23, declares that he had been in retreat fourteen years, with jeopardy, broils, and most of the time in banishment from his family ; and after the above, he goes on to say, " that they have since seen him stripped naked by the government, and the foundations torn up, on which he had built the prospect of paying debts, and raising his family ; and yet now, when by common reasoning they ought to believe, the man has not bread for his children, have redoubled their attacks, with declarations, executions, escape warrants, and God knows how many engines of destruction ; as if a gaol and death would pay their debts ; as if money was to be found in the blood of the debtor, and they were to open his veins to find it.

*That bind the ready hands of Industry,
Pinion the willing wings, and bid men fly.
Resolved to ruin me the shortest way,
They strip me naked first, then bid me pay.*

“But if this is not yet all, and though I confess, I did not expect it from anybody; yet as some whisperings have been spread of a further plot, even against the life of this unhappy debtor, and *that among his friends too*; he cannot but take notice of it here, as what he thinks the only proper reason, and is indeed one of the chief reasons of this publication, and which he hopes the world will allow to be a good reason; and *this is* a scandalous and vile suggestion, that he made concealments to defraud his creditors; or, in English, has not made a fair surrender of his effects. Now as, if this be true, he must be the greatest fool, as well as knave, knowing how many bloody enemies, as well as base and hypocritical friends, he is compassed with; so, if this be not true, the suggestion is a most vile and barbarous scandal.

“The debtor can be guilty but two ways: either by innocent mistake, or by wilful deceit. For the first, omissions are certainly possible. Gentlemen, the author of this is no more infallible than other men; he may, and 'tis much if he have not, in the life of constant hurries he has lived; he may have forgotten, mistaken, wrong stated, wrong cast up, or otherwise erred in some part or branch of his account; and if this is your charge, gentlemen—if you are Christians, if men of like frailties, and whose case one time or other want the same like charity; if you have anything left in you that is moral or human; if any compassion for a man in danger, and a family with seven children that must perish in his disaster, help him, gentlemen, help in time, inform him of it, give the needful hint; and in common charity, show him this gulph, this pit of destruction, before it be too late to retrieve it.

“Pray, gentlemen, come in with your charge at the meeting, and let it appear.”

It would appear from the above, that for fourteen years previous to 1706, De Foe had been running up and down the country an outcast, for the most part, and escaped, as is always the case with

such outcasts, from the regular domestic comforts of house and home; an alien, stranger, intruder on his own hearthstone—a political secret-service official of the government, and party writer for bread; is it so? I should be sorry to detract from one of the greatest philosophers England ever knew, as well as one of her true-born sons; but yet, I fear, I must say—an improvident man, whose necessities compelled him to write for party bread. His father, James Foe, butcher, died in lodgings in 1705, leaving no will, and probably no effects; and Daniel, the subject of this writing, does not account for several years of his own life—I think *six years*—from his leaving Mr. Morton's academy, and again appearing as hose-factor in Freeman's Court, Cornhill. Some of De Foe's biographers have always represented him as a *large* Spanish, or *large* Dutch, or *large* German, or East Indian merchant. I believe nothing of the kind. He was a great philosopher, writer, and statesman (SCOTLAND, and its UNION with ENGLAND, to wit), who never had any means of subsistence; for he was always improvident; he lived a life of usefulness to his country—but lived, as he died, *without a shilling*.

When De Foe commences the date of his embarrassments I know not. I should suppose he would leave out of the reckoning the period when he carried on the pantile trade at Tilbury Fort, and kept his coach out of the profits. It is certain that Ned Ward, in his *Dissenting Hypocrite*, places him in Newgate as early as 1689 (the year after William III. came as the deliverer of this country), and in Newgate for debt; for at the collection (as we have seen) in Dr. Daniel Burgess's chapel, it was given out, that Daniel wanted bread, and the collection for that bread was made accordingly.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the *Review* for July 18, 1706, De Foe announces a work for publication on the following Saturday; and a caution is given against the octavo edition, which was pirated and brought out at the same time; this work having been announced for publication so early as the year 1704, and subscriptions received on account of the work, and the work not appearing as announced, and partly subscribed for, great clamour was excited among the subscribers against the work, and against the author; and this was the folio poem against the divine right of kings, entitled *Jure Divino*. This work is voluminous and patriotic; but poor, perhaps, in the art of poetry, as may be accounted for by the fact of his being a prisoner in Newgate for writing the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters* when it was composed; and when his time must have been occupied with other subjects.

We might readily believe that the jovial brutality of the felons' yard at Newgate was not exactly congenial to poetic inspiration on the rights of peoples, or the usurpations of monarchs. No! but so it was. *Jure Divino* was written, for the most part, in Newgate, when De Foe was a prisoner there in 1703 and 1704: and at a time when he was greatly occupied with the publication of his *Review*, and other works; for at this time he was truly industrious, as his various works fully testify; and on his release he was taken into diplomatic service by Harley, as a make-up, I suppose, for his forced neglect of his pamphleteer while confined in Newgate. He was liberated in the autumn of 1704; and in the following summer he was sent on some secret mission, fortified by governmental passports, into dangerous if not foreign parts; where he travelled under the assumed name of *Mr. Christopher Hurt*. On this dangerous

secret service he was absent four months, somewhere—perhaps in Dorsetshire and Devonshire, taking an active part in the election.

May we stop to inquire here, what could this mean? Harley sending De Foe among the freeholders of Dorsetshire and Devonshire, to preach up liberalism and self-reliance. Harley had been three times elected Speaker of the House of Commons, and knew better than any living man, the construction and dependencies of that House. Harley dined himself into the Speaker's chair, and he dined himself likewise into the office of secretary of state. He knew the House well, and the expenses attending the keeping up a working majority from the members of the rotten boroughs; and it might be convenient for a man as secretary of state to wish a House rather differently constituted, for his own safety or comfort, to that which he might require when an aspiring, turbulent, uneasy Speaker of the House of the Commons, where all the conceivable corruption might be profitable to him as a rising power; and very depressing to the minister of the time, who had these men to pay or buy up. Be the cause what it may, De Foe was engaged by Harley, when secretary of state, to go into Dorsetshire and Devonshire, to try to stem that torrent of High-Church *jure-divino* principles, which French gold had so fully cherished in the House of Commons during the whole reign of William III.; even to the buying up of 160 or more members by Cardinal Mazarin, the French minister, for the use and benefit of Louis XIV., his lord and master. Harley, when Speaker, set De Foe upon spreading these High-Church doctrines; and when De Foe had turned out Lord Nottingham, and placed Harley in his seat, then Harley, as minister, set De Foe upon undoing the very work he had previously set him upon.

It was in the summer of 1705, that the elections took place throughout England; and this was the time when De Foe was "upon a journey about his lawful occasions," in Devonshire and the west of England, on an electioneering tour, and under the sanction or protection of government passports, to keep him from the prying annoyances of country justices. All these important missions prevented De Foe bringing out his important work, *Jure Divino*, so punctually as he had intended; which caused considerable dissatis-

faction amongst the subscribers to the work, who had paid their subscriptions for the work nearly two years before its appearance. As the work appeared at a time when De Foe was employed by Harley in electioneering, is it possible to suppose that Harley could have any hand in recommending this work to counteract principles which he found difficult to regulate as minister? Did Harley procure De Foe to write *Jure Divino*?

It appears to have been the universal fashion of the time to run down the elaborate work, *Jure Divino*, and pronounce it to be a failure, even before it made its appearance from the press. Of this De Foe himself complains in a preface to a later edition. This cry was raised in 1706; and it has been continued to our time without contradiction; and the cry has even been taken up by some of De Foe's biographers, who have probably adopted it without any close investigation into the merits of the book; which is really no failure at all, but is one of his best productions, and contains sentiments worthy of the best of the Seldens, Miltons, Boyles, Hampdens, or Sidneys. *Jure Divino* is a thoroughly patriotic work; but published at a time, in a folio volume too! when the divine right of kings stood higher in common public opinion than at any other time of our history; and, thanks to Louis XIV. of France for it!—thanks to his money influencing public opinion in Britain into French principles, and French bondage; for this *bondage* was the sole aim of the expenditure; but, thanks also to the immortal Earl of Danby, frustrated by the skill of an English minister.

I think this work so very good, that I shall give copious extracts from it; and, if I be wrong in my estimate of the work, I shall stand convicted by the same jury as the author.

The title, *Jure Divino*, condemned the book, and not its contents; but of this the public may judge:—

“PREFACE.—This satire had never been published, though some of it has been a long time in being, had not the world seemed to be going mad a second time with the error of *Passive Obedience* and *Non-resistance*.”—So much for preface; the extract of forty valuable pages; many of which ought at the time to have been printed in letters of gold.

THE INTRODUCTION.

Nature has left *this tincture in the blood*,
 That all men *would be tyrants* if they could ;
 If they forbear their neighbours to devour,
 'Tis not for want of *will*, but want of *POWER*.
 The general plague infects the very race,
Pride in his heart, and *tyrant* in his face ;
 The characters are legible and plain,
 And perfectly describe the *monster—Man*.

Nor can he otherwise be understood ;
 We'd all be emperors ; *'tis in the blood*.
Ambition knows no bounds, the meanest hand,
If once let loose, would pow'r itself command ;
 Would storm the skies ; *the Thund'rer there dethrone* ;
 Be universal lord ; *and call the world his own*.

The only safety of society,
 Is, that my neighbour's *just as proud as I* ;
 Has the same will and wish, the same design,
 And his *abortive envy* ruins mine.
 The epidemick frenzy has possest,
 By nature one, *by nature all the rest*.
 We're all alike, we'd all ascend the skies ;
 All would be kings, *all kings would tyrannize* ;
Sons would be fathers, fathers rule the states ;
 Servants be masters ; *masters, magistrates* ;
Ambition's in the species of the man :
 He always will be master, if he can ;
 And his desire of rule so blinds his pride,
He scorns to think himself unqualified.

The strong unbounded lust of sovereign rule
 Makes him conceit the prince, *forget the fool* ;
The cobbler's not so vile, despised a thing,
 But whisp'ring devils this delusion bring ;
 He fancies he could make *a better king*.
 The gen'ral taint infects the very kind,
 To lordship by eternal gust inclin'd ;

The very breed must thus be understood,
Nature has left the tincture in their blood.

Thus, while he aims at gen'ral tyranny,
Nothing's so much a wretch, *so much a slave as he*;
Damn'd to the bondage of mechanick vice,
And meets new masters wheresoe'er he flies;
His reason *bows before the feet* of crime;
And lets th' infernal govern the sublime;
Cheats his loose judgment with the vile pretence,
And worships *idol-crime* in spite of sense.

A general slave to universal vice,
So fond of chains, does so his fate despise;
He seems to own his slav'ry as his choice,
And damns his freedom with subjected voice.

Usurping hell, *the sceptre of his mind*,
Has from all powers, *but doing well, confin'd*;
A constant bondage bows his couchant neck,
His will corrupted, and his judgment weak.

Th' *eternal drudge*, the vilest crime obeys,
And where his sense abhors, his will complies;
To all the meannesses of vice submits,
And, though it shocks his reason, rules his wits;
A slave to strong involuntary crime,
He rules the world, his passions govern him:
Indwelling mischiefs crowd his abject soul,
Debauched in part; and tainted in the whole.

Ambition flows in the degen'rate seed;
Pride swells the heart, and avarice the head;
Envy sits regent in the *growing spleen*,
And *hypochondriack malice* boils within;
Lust in his *baser part* obscurely lies,
And rage and passion *sparkle in his eyes*;
His *locomotive faculties* obey,
And *organ* pays allegiance to the tyranny;

The hands obey *the tyrant in the brain*;
Reason, *when lust commands*, resists in vain;
Unnatural heats o'er all the blood prevail;
This hour they rule *the head*, and next *the tail*:
With arbitrary force the members guide,
The *feet* to mischief, and the *hands* to blood.

What strange extremes has Nature in her womb?
From what vast causes must such monsters come?
What strange, what wild, ungoverned things are men?
And who can all *the devil of them* explain?
Their pride directs them to usurping power,
And would not only govern, but devour;
But if they can't tyrannic lust obtain,
Because they can't be gods, they won't be men;
Abandon reason, let it act by halves,
And, where they can't be tyrants, will be slaves.

JURE DIVINO;

^

SATIRE.

Then tell us, Satire, let thy lines explain
What thing's a tyrant;
Paint th' infernal man.

His birth, his fortune, and his fate rehearse,
No sinner can describe him *like thy verse*;
A monster form'd of all the shapes of sin,
Something of man without, *all devil within*;
No phrase his sable mystery can unfold,
His story must be *felt*, it can't be *told*.

There *Judas*, mighty *Judas*, let him stand,
With thirty shining stars in his exalted hand;
No man will his divinity refuse,
Call him the *patron-god* of all the *Jews*;
Let him the *god of treason* too appear,
And when he reigns, let honest men beware.

Whoe'er is in his *constellation* born,
 May storms and gibbets, swords and bullets, *scorn* ;
 So let the fates decree the wretched elves
 May always be assur'd to hang themselves.

Peter the Cruel must stand fair for Spain,
 And great DE ALVA wait another train ;
Cortez and he may for the place contend,
 And both shall have the poet for their friend.
 Spain has too fruitful been in men of blood,
 Who equally deserve the title of a god ;
 These are the heroes history extols,
 Who mount in flames of crime the heavenly walls ;
 Millions have fallen by their glorious hands,
 And by their breath, at once dispeopled lands.

Prolific France might people all the skies,
 With villains qualified for deities.
 RICHLIEU the new *Apollo* might have stood,
 But that his wit was mingled so with blood ;
 Let him the god of politics appear,
 And influence all the arts of peace and war ;
 Who in his government their *birthday* had,
 Will both be witty, bloody, wise, and mad.

Ten mighty monarchs from the Gallic throne,
 For magnitude of crimes might struggle to be shown ;
 They 'd all contend for room among the stars,
 And jostle one another from the spheres ;
 In equal vileness their high names excel,
 And in superior crimes, too black for hell.
 But by consent they all at once give way,
 And let immortal LEWIS [XIV.] come in play.
 His ancestor, whom money made a saint,
 And legends full of lies his glories paint,
 Shall willingly his lustre all resign,
 To help th' exalted wretch in orbs to shine,
 See the new growing constellation rise,

And with a train of tyrants mount the skies ;
 The ancestors of his immortal crimes,
 Blazon'd for heroes by the flattering rhymes
 Of antiquated poesy ; but now
 Sunk down below our praises, and below
 The dignity of high immortal verse ;
 We mightier deeds, in mightier lines rehearse.
 Behold the mighty Thunderer, and know,
 The azure arch can no such hero show ;
 The Great, th' Invincible, are names too small,
 To write his FAME in letters capital ;
 A god's the only title can explain,
 And suit the mighty, the immortal man.
 Great *Jove* shall veil his lesser majesty,
 And to his rising godship now give way ;
 His forked lightning he must now resign,
 The title may be his, the thunder's thine ;
 Witness the ravag'd *Belgiæ*, and the plunder'd *Rhine*.
 If seas of blood, and mighty numbers slain ;
 If nations long oppress'd, if cries of men ;
 If devastation, cruelty, and death,
 And blasting nations with tyrannick breath ;
 If flaming towns, if ravish'd virtue lies,
 As steps to mount a monarch to the skies ;—
 LEWIS to reign above the gods may claim,
 And *Jove* resign his thunder and his name.

Satire, look back, and search the world awhile,
 And find a patron-god for *Albion's* isle ;
Britannia must not all alone remain,
 Without one *star* in the celestial train ;
 Has she so many tyrants borne in vain ?

Satire, thy country's glory now pursue ;
 If other lands have *one*, let thine have *two* ;¹
 Step back two ages, and exalt on high,
 GREAT JAMES [I.] the modern Bacchus of the sky.

¹ The notoriously dissolute Lord Rochester being the other.

But give him time, before his ghost appear,
 Lest his uneasy fame bewray his fear :
 Let him be patron of the timorous race,
 Fear in the head, and frenzy in the face ;
 His constellation, where it's felt beneath,
 Will make men strive to *die for fear of death*.
 See how we worship in his house of sin,
 His exaltation with his crimes begin ;
 Aloft,¹ we view the *bacchanalian* King ;
 Below,² the sacred anthems daily sing.
 His vast excess the pencil art displays,
 And triumphs in the clouds above our praise ;
 What can with equal force devotion move ?
 We pray below, and he's debauched above.
 The drunken monarch all our prayers defies,
 And boldly revels in th' exalted skies.
Satire, thy justice cannot well deny,
 T' exalt him here, that's there set up so high.
 Art had thy verse anticipated there,
 And, godlike, placed the monarch in the air.
Satire, go back no further, leave a space
 For future heroes of sublimer race ;
 Content thyself with these ; let all men try
 To find out such another *galaxy*.
 These shall thy class of modern gods complete,
 And these alone enjoy the shining seat,
 Too vile for heaven, and for the world too great.
 If any ask thee what high place remains,
 And what bright orb thy William's [III.] star contains,
 Tell 'em that he who pull'd down tyrants here,
 Proclaims eternal wars against them there ;

¹ The paintings on the ceilings in the Banqueting House represent all manner of *bacchanalian* excesses, and the King frequently crowned with the triumphs of drunkenness.

² The place now turned into a chapel royal, and the divine service sung by the choir of the household.

Tell 'em he scorns the fiction of divine,
 And lives an age's voyage beyond their line;
 There *he's a god indeed*, for th' heavenly face
 Gives high similitude to the immortal race;
 There he possesses infinite, complete,
 Whom here he could no more than imitate;
 A guard of glorious lights form'd his ascent,
 And wond'ring stars ador'd him as he went;
 The planetary gods, eclips'd and fled,
 Resign'd their light and vail'd the guilty head;
 Superior glory lighten'd all the way,
 With beams shot out from everlasting day;
 Harmonious music, form'd in choirs of love,
 From the immortal symphony above,
 In charming measures all his *actions* sung,
 And with seraphic *anthems* mov'd along.
 Thus WILLIAM went, I saw the saint ascend,
 And sympathetick joy did optick powers extend:
 I saw th' exalted hero at the gate,
 My soul went up with him; 'tis hardly come back yet.
 Wonder no more, new raptures fire my pen,
 When WILLIAM'S name I chance to write; and when
 I search the lustre of his memory;
 The best of monarchs, and of men to me.

Here I must pause, not from choice, but necessity. The work is so good, and completely to my taste, that I could quote page after page, so as even to tire out the patience of the most docile reader, not thoroughly bound mind and body to the principle, that a freeholder—a British freeholder, was a title more ancient and more sacred than that of king. This was Daniel De Foe's inspired principle of belief; and, if it would not be too much presumption to apply the same terms to myself, I would humbly hope, 'tis *mine*.

If any right directed in this choice,
 'Twas *property* obtain'd the gen'ral voice;
 He had the justest title to command,
 Whose property prevail'd *and own'd the land*.

And so elective power *commenc'd its reign*,
Where *equal right* of property began.
The land divided, right to rule divides,
And universal suffrage then provides ;
The government lay in the general voice,
They only had the power *that had the choice* ;
The undisputed right is plainly traced,
Where Nature first had due possession plac'd.
Thus the collective body of a land,
In right of property, had power contain'd,
And all original right *with them* remain'd.
They had the right, because *the land's their own*,
And property's the basis of a throne ;
He that had all the land, had all the power ;
The property, the title must secure ;
If he enjoy'd in common with the rest,
While right remains in common, title must ;
No man can claim a power of government,
Where they *that own the land* will not consent.
If any single man possess this land,
And had the right, he must have the command ;
If once he was but *landlord of the isle*,
He *must be king*, because he own'd the soil ;
No man his just succession could dispute ;
He must both make the laws and execute ;
No laws could ever be on him impos'd ;
His claim of right, the people's claim foreclos'd ;
And he that would not to his rule submit,
Must quit the place, the place was all his right.
From *this just title* men might fairly plead,
Divine succession has a sacred head ;
For right of property's a sacred law :
Nature consents, and reason's kept in awe ;
All the just bonds of government in man,
In this *foundation's principle* began ;
Here only right hereditary lies,
Succession's born of this, and *with it dies* ;
This is divine, and from the first of time,
By this one title God himself lays claim ;

He rules the world, *because the world's his own* ;
 And by this claim, first government began ;
By this the power descends ; *by this* 'tis just ;
 For where the land's our own, *the kingdom must*.
 Wherever Providence *transplants a nation*,
 "The government *goes always* with possession."

Blest are the days, and wing'd with joy they fly,
 When monarchs join in subject's liberty ;
 When settled peace in stated order reigns,
 And nor the people, nor the king complains ;
 In juster measures both alike combine,
 And mutual interest mutual methods join.
 'Tis then the happy nations bless the crown ;
 'Tis then the happy monarchs rule their own ;
 No title's equal to the people's hearts,
 When every branch of power enjoys their proper parts ;
 Encroachments and oppressive arts unknown,
 Kings first support the people ; they the crown ;
 The ends of government in both agree,
 And these grow great, but just as those grow free :
 And in that very freedom they assent
 To all the essential rules of government.
 Thus legal monarchy in triumph reigns,
 And all the arts of tyranny disdains ;
 Revolving years have crush'd the vile design,
 Just princes now with free-born subjects join ;
 The governing and governed agree :
 Those gently rule, these willingly obey ;
 The equal scale of government depends :
 These like the means, and those approve the ends.
 Unbiass'd hands the beam of justice hold,
 And power's *iron age* is turn'd to gold.

We must next take the Union of the two Kingdoms—England and Scotland, and see what part De Foe took in that important national work.

In October, 1706, De Foe arrived in Edinburgh along with the

English Commissioners for treating on the terms on which England and Scotland should be united as one kingdom : the Parliament for arranging the terms assembling in Edinburgh on Oct. 4, 1706.

That De Foe took great interest in this movement is certain, from the fact of his having published several essays, in Scotland alone, for the removal of national prejudices ; besides what he did from day to day in his *Review*, and two or three tracts published in London in the same year, as "The Advantages of the Act of Security, compared with those of the intended Union ; founded on the Revolution Principles. By D. De Foe. London : 1706. 4to." Again : "An Essay at Removing National Prejudices against a Union with Scotland. To be continued during the Treaty here. Part I. London, printed in the year 1706. 4to, pp. 30." Five other parts succeeded this, in this and the early part of the succeeding year.

We have seen, in the early summer of the year 1705, De Foe writing a long letter to Harley on some mysterious journey, for which he was buying horses, and fortifying himself by governmental documents, passports, credentials, or certificates ; and immediately afterwards we find him in the west of England, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, &c., taking an active part in enlightening the freeholders, so as to make an improvement on the worst House of Commons that ever sat in the English metropolis ; for such was the House of 1704.

As Harley and Godolphin were among the twenty-seven English Commissioners, and as Daniel De Foe, from Stoke Newington, near London, was also there, employed on some undefined, though important and secret services ; it is more than probable that the two ministers above named carried him to Edinburgh to write up the cause, draw up reports, and make financial calculations, tedious, difficult, and voluminous. The appointment, whatever it might be, was so important as to be acknowledged by the Queen, who allowed the honour of an introduction and a kissing of the royal hand, upon the appointment to the office ; of, perhaps, financial calculator, or edger-off of financial bargains, between two nations, both *north*, and keen higglers. Perhaps a better choice could not have been made ; for De Foe was ready at the pen, either for calculations in figures, or calculations in plausibilities ; for if some egregious error had

been committed (inadvertently, of course), so as to frighten the cautious Scotch; a pamphlet would have been thrown upon the reading public, well written and unanswerable, in a few hours; so that all cause for alarm or jealousy would be hushed at once, for that time; and so afford calm for future progress in negotiation, for completion of a bargain, the good effects of which would last so long as the words, England and Scotland, continued to be known in the language of civilized man.

What those services were is not defined; but he adds:—"I had the happiness to discharge myself in all these trusts so much to the satisfaction of those who employed me, though oftentimes with difficulty and danger, that my Lord Treasurer Godolphin, whose memory I have always honoured, was pleased to continue his favour to me, and to do me all good offices to her Majesty, even after an unhappy breach had separated him from my first benefactor."

The project of an Union between these two Kingdoms was no new one with De Foe; for he had once named it to the late King William III., who saw the importance of the measure, but dare not engage in it, on account of the insurmountable difficulties from time, St. Germain's, and the temper of the people; for he only replied, "I have done all I can in that affair; but I do not see a temper in either nation that looks like it;" and added, after some other discourse—"It may be done, but not yet."

As this subject is very important, in an estimate of the value of the sagacity and patriotism of De Foe, I consider it to be an imperative duty imposed upon me, regardless of all censure, to show the honourable part which the energetic, uncompromising, honest Daniel De Foe took in bringing about the union of the two kingdoms, England and Scotland. We have seen this man in Newgate, and on a pillory platform, for his principles; and we will try if we cannot place him—no! his statue, on some pedestal of honour, in some obscure corner of Britain's sanctuary.

I will quote freely from his *History of the Union*:—

"I cannot forbear hinting here, that my curiosity pressed me to take a journey thither, and being by all my friends, to whom I communicated my design, encouraged to think I might be useful

there, to prompt a work that I was fully convinced was for the general good of the whole island ; and particularly necessary for the strengthening the Protestant interest ; I was moved purely on these accounts to undertake a long winter, a chargeable, and, as it proved, hazardous journey. I contemn, as not worth mentioning, the suggestions of some people, of my being employed thither, to carry on the interest of a party. I have never loved any parties, but with my utmost zeal have sincerely espoused the great and original interest of this nation, and of all nations : I mean truth and liberty ; and whoever are of that party, I desire to be with them. However, by this journey I had the opportunity of seeing and hearing all the particulars of the following transactions, and of using my best endeavours to answer the many, many, and I must say of some of them, the most frivolous and ridiculous objections, formed and improved there with great industry, against every article of the Union ; and this is my reason for mentioning it here, that I may acquaint posterity how I came to the knowledge of what I write ; and for no ostentation at all ; and, as I had the honour to be frequently sent for into the several committees of Parliament, which were appointed to state some difficult points relating to equalities, taxes, prohibitions, &c. ; 'tis for those gentlemen to say, whether I was useful or not ; that is none of my business here ; but by this means I have the greater assurance to relate the circumstances and fact as it stood before them, and cannot be afraid of being detected in any material mistake. And as this is the reason of my making any mention of myself, so the reader cannot but be content to know, from what foundation this relation is handed down to posterity ; and what *assurance* he has, that the author he reads was capable of giving him a right state of the matter."

With respect to his work of calculating the relative proportions of excise or custom duties of every conceivable article of commerce, to be borne by each nation ; so that no possible overreach could by design or mistake be perpetrated on the other ; for all these items were weighed and discussed by national, interested, bigoted opponents, who seized every calculation with a hostile feeling, with all the desperation of men who seize any pretext, however trivial, to

create a misunderstanding among the treaters or negotiators ; so as to break up the conference altogether, and thus save the honour of their devoted country, about to be lost to all true Scots—for ever ; for in this business negotiating in Edinburgh, Scotland was to lose, and England to gain—everything. On this business De Foe adds—

“ That while it was thought well done to have a share in stating the proportions of the excise, several persons pretended to the title of being the first contrivers of it ; but when afterwards, on some clamour raised upon the inequalities of the proportions, the contrivers began to be blamed, and a little threatened *à-la-mob* ; then it was De Foe made it all, and he was to be stoned for it ; and afterward, when those differences, appearing but trifles, were, by the prudence of the Commissioner, reconciled, they would willingly have reassumed the honour of being the first formers of this affair.”

During the negotiations of the Commissioners of both nations, the Duke of Hamilton was the most conspicuous for his opposition to the whole project ; and in consequence became the especial darling of the street mobs of Edinburgh, and received his tribute in kind on his way to and from the Parliament House, especially on the return from the House, when his Grace’s carriage was followed by the enthusiastic cheers of exulting thousands ; while the whole wrath and execration of this excited multitude, inflamed and enraged to the last degree, was poured upon his Grace James Duke of Queensberry, her Majesty’s High Commissioner for negotiating this delicate adjustment of national rights, interests, and prejudices—
THE MAN upon whose judgment and prudence hung the success of the whole negotiation. This has been affirmed by De Foe in his dedication of his *History of the Union* to his Grace ; and also in a more important place, the House of Lords, by her Majesty from the throne ; when addressing both Houses of Parliament on the auspicious event—the completion of the Union of the Kingdoms of England and Scotland. The greatest popular excitement had existed for some days in the streets of Edinburgh ; but—

“ On the 22nd of October, they followed the Duke’s (Hamilton) chair quite through the city, down to the Abbey gate ; the guards prevented their going further ; but all the way as they came back,

they were heard to threaten what they would do the next day ; that then they would be a thousand times as many ; that they would pull the traitors (for so they called the treaters of Union at London) out of their houses, and that they would soon put an end to the Union.

“ On the 23rd, they made part of their words good indeed ; for, as the Parliament sat something late, the people gathered in the streets, and about the doors of the Parliament House, and, particularly, the Parliament Close was almost full, that the members could not go in or out without difficulty : when the Duke of Hamilton coming out of the House, the mob huzzaed as formerly, and followed his chair in a very great number. The Duke, instead of going down to the Abbey, as usual, went up to High Street, to the Lawn Market, as they call it, and so to the lodgings of the Duke of Athol. Some said he went to avoid the mob : others maliciously said he went to point them to their work. While he went into the Duke of Athol’s lodging, the rabble attended at the door ; and by shouting and noise, having increased their numbers to several thousands, they began with Sir Patrick Johnston, who was one of the treaters, and the year before had been lord provost ; first they assaulted his lodgings with stones and sticks, and curses not a few ; but, his windows being too high, they came up stairs to his door, and fell to work at it with sledges, or great hammers ; and, had they broken it open in their first fury, he had without doubt been torn in pieces without mercy ; and this only because he was a treater in the Commission to England ; for, before that, no man was so well beloved as he, over the whole city.

“ His lady, in the utmost despair with this fright, came to the window with two candles, one in each hand, that she might be known ; and cried out, for God’s sake, to call the guards. An honest apothecary in the town, who knew her voice, and the distress she was in, and to whom the family, under God, is obliged for their deliverance, ran immediately down to the guard ; but they would not stir without the Lord Provost’s order ; but that being soon obtained, one Captain Richardson, who commanded, taking about thirty men with him, marched bravely up to them ; and making his

way with great resolution through the crowd, they flying, but throwing stones, and hallooing at him and his men, he seized the foot of the staircase, and then boldly went up, cleared the stair, and took six of the rabble in the very act; and so delivered the gentleman and his family.

“But this did not put a stop to the general tumult, though it delivered this particular family; for the rabble by this time were prodigiously increased, and went roving up and down the town, breaking the windows of the members of Parliament, and insulting them in their coaches in the streets; they put out all the lights, that they might not be discovered; and the author of this [Daniel De Foe] had one great stone thrown at him, for but looking out of a window; for they suffered nobody to look out, especially with any lights, lest they should know faces, and inform against them afterwards.

“By this time it was about eight or nine o'clock at night; and now they were absolute masters of the city; and it was reported, they were going to shut up all the ports; the Lord Commissioner being informed of that, sent a party of the foot-guards, and took possession of the Nether Bow, which is a gate in the middle of the High Street, as Temple Bar between the city of London and the court. The city was now in a terrible fright, and everybody was under concern for their friends; the rabble went raving about the streets till midnight, frequently beating drums, and raising more people; when my Lord Commissioner being informed there were a thousand of the seamen and rabble come up from Leith; and apprehending, if it were suffered to go on, it might come to a dangerous head, and be out of his power to suppress, he sent for the Lord Provost, and demanded that the guards should march into the city. The Lord Provost, after some difficulty, yielded, though it was alleged that it was what never was known in Edinburgh before. About one o'clock in the morning a battalion of the guards entered the town, marched up to the Parliament Close, and took post in all the avenues of the city; which prevented the resolutions taken to insult the houses of the rest of the treaters. The rabble were entirely reduced by this, and gradually dispersed; and so the tumult ended.”

"They had been tampering with the soldiery, in order to debauch them from their duty; and some people talked of retiring from the Parliament, and of some great men heading the people; which, had their patience been more, and their conduct a little more secret, they had, without doubt, effectually brought it to pass; but they blew their own project up by their precipitation, and so saved their country by their very attempt to destroy it.

"The author of this [Daniel De Foe] had his share of the danger of this tumult; and, though unknown to him, was watched and set by the mob, in order to know where to find him; had his chamber windows insulted, and the windows below him broken by mistake. But by the prudence of his friends, the shortness of its continuance, and God's providence, he escaped.

"Several of the rabble were seized upon and apprehended; and there was a discourse of making examples of some of them; but the mercy of the High Commissioner (his Grace the Duke of Queensberry), however provoked and abused, prevailed to compassionate, rather than punish, their follies."

This James Duke of Queensberry was one of that noble phalanx of aristocracy left by William III. for the protection of his poor, credulous, good-natured, priest-ridden successor and sister-in-law, Anne. "This gentleman commanded a regiment of horse at the Revolution; left King James, at the same time, with the Duke of Ormond; and joined the Prince of Orange, who made him gentleman of his bedchamber and captain of the Scots troop of Guards; and towards the end of King William's reign he had the Garter; was made secretary of state for that kingdom (Scotland), and commissioner of that Parliament."—*Macky's MS.*

Such were the stirring events accompanying the birth of the greatest blessing which could have befallen this United Kingdom. I should not have waded through such a scene of riot and confusion, had I not seen the necessity of doing it, in order to show that Daniel De Foe was not the mere ambidexter mercenary tool of party, which certain mean contemporaries of the pen have pretended; who, whatever they might possess in power of penmanship, never thought proper to risk their skins in Edinburgh in a critical time,

to see how they could act the character of PATRIOT, and work in that character, without being paid.

At this time De Foe published his *Caledonia*, a poem in honour of Scotland and the Scots nation, in three parts; Edinburgh, 1706; folio, pp. 60:—

In northern heights, where Nature seldom smiles,
Embrac'd with seas, and buttrest round with isles;
Where lofty shores regard th' adjacent pole;
Where winds incessant blow, and waves incessant roll;
First youngest sister to the frozen zone,
Batter'd by parent Nature's constant frown;
Adapt to hardships, and cut out for toil;
The *best worst climate*, and the *worst best soil*;
A rough, unhewn, uncultivated spot,
Of old *so fam'd*, and *so, of late*, forgot;
Neglected Scotland shews her awful brow,
Not always quite so near to heaven as now.
Circled with dreadful cliffs and barbarous shores,
Where the *strong surf*, with high impetuous roars,
Invades the rocks; and these their rage disdain,
And with redoubling noise they're hurried home again;
The hollow caverns mutual roars return,
And baffled Neptune, raging, makes the ocean burn.
There equally they *floating worlds* defy,
Bid them stand off *and live*, advance *and die*;
The hardy wretch, that sees the hint too late,
Fails not to find his folly *in his fate*.

This opportune work of conciliation to a wounded nationality, was dedicated, in all fairness, to her Majesty's High Commissioner, the Duke of Queensberry, who gave the exclusive privilege of selling this poem for the term of seven years, to *Daniel De Foe, Esquire*.

It appears that De Foe remained in Edinburgh during the whole year 1707, and devoted all his powers of pen during that year to conciliate the Scottish nation; for, besides his Scottish pamphlets, he did nothing, except completing his third volume of the *Review*, and commencing his fourth volume.

After the completion of the Union of the two Kingdoms, all the small fry of carpers, headed by Leslie, were set upon De Foe, to write him down, and insult him, by dragging him through the refuse of their verbal Billingsgate. He had been to Scotland—sent there by a party, or, as he expresses it in his *Review* for Sept. 2, 1707—“I have, for a long time, patiently borne with the scurrilous prints and scandalous reproaches of the streets, concerning my being in Scotland. To-day I am sent thither by one party, to-morrow by another; this time by one particular person; that, by a body of people; by some one way, by others another; and I have long waited to see if, out of innumerable guesses, they would at last make a discovery of the true, and, to me, melancholy reason of settling myself in a remote corner of the world; which, if they had done, I should, no question, have been insulted enough upon that head. But since their guesses have too much party malice in them to be right, though there are five or six persons in London who can not only give a true account of my *removal*, but recall me from this banishment, if they had humanity in them a degree less than an African lion; I, therefore, cannot but take up a little room in these papers about my own case. There are two sorts of people out of reach by the world: those that are above, and those that are below it; and they may be equally happy, for aught I know. Of the last sort I reckon myself; and declare, that as I am below their envy, so I seek not their pity. I am, I bless God, secure in my retreat from their fury; and am fully revenged of the world by despising all the contempt it can throw upon me.”

It would appear from the above, and a good deal more written about this time (1707), that De Foe had gone to Scotland as a volunteer helper to the Commission constituting the English party; and that he worked day and night in the national ranks, but never received any pay for his services. This may be gathered from his *Review*, published at the time, when Harley and Godolphin, his patrons, were both in power, and able to frown him into truthfulness, if they had paid him for his services in Scotland. He certainly worked hard enough, among other workers; and yet he repeatedly declares, that he never had received any pay or remuneration for his

services when in Scotland; and he was there twelve months. His stay in the North was prolonged beyond the period required for the national business; but that was to keep out of the way of his creditors in London. This he admits when glorying in the security of his retreat. 'Tis true, De Foe's name does not appear as attached to the Commission in the capacity of secretary, accountant, clerk, or messenger; but he was there, acknowledged by the Commission, and worked by them; but *unpaid*. These declarations of unpaid services are not idle boasts, but truths extorted by malignant, unscrupulous opponents, who worried him into the declaration by their constant attacks on his mercenary conduct and paid party services: some averring that the English Presbyterians had sent him to protect their brethren north of the Tweed. I wonder whether they thought Mr. John Howe's congregation had sent him, to get rid of his opposition to their long-spoon-and-custard usages on lord mayor's day!

"If I have been sent hither, as you say, I have been most barbarously treated; for I profess solemnly, I have not yet had one penny of my wages, nor the least consideration for the time set apart in this service; nor, had I had the good fortune to have my brains knocked out by the high-flying mob here, do I see any prospect of having been canonized as a martyr for the cause; or of having my name inserted in the Presbyterian Kalendar. The utmost I expect is, what I have met with:—'What business had he with it? What had he to do there? Who sent him?' and the like."

After an absence of sixteen months, De Foe returned to London in 1708, in the month of January; and received from the ministers some appointment under the government, with a fixed salary; this was done through the influence of Harley; and the appointment was kept by De Foe after Harley seceded from the ministry; though, when Godolphin took De Foe's department in the administration, he forgot to pay Daniel his salary; and the appointment, so far as wages go, appears to have died out through neglect.

In the month of February, 1708, Harley was dismissed from the ministry by the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Godolphin, and certain leading Whigs about the court, for intriguing with the

Queen through Mrs. Masham, his relative; who was bedchamber woman to the Queen, and cousin to the Duchess of Marlborough, whom she supplanted in the Queen's affections. All this was a source of great consternation to De Foe; for Harley had been his especial patron since the overthrow of the Earl of Nottingham's secretary-of-stateship by De Foe's *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*; at whose instigation alone, I firmly believe, that much-misrepresented though powerful tract was written. As for the leading Whigs, they were not much in the habit of employing writers; for some of them were political writers of a very high order, and did not require the assistance of such talents as De Foe's; of this class was Lord Somers, William's honest friend and minister. Harley was an ambitious and intriguing man; one who could use De Foe's talents to some purpose or other, as he could use the stomachs of half the members of the House of Commons, to procure his election to the Speakership in three Parliaments, which made him valuable as a cabinet minister; he having that stomach gauge of a very ordinary quality of House of Commons, which a better class of statesmen would not care to make himself master of. The thorough command of the bowels of the House of Commons elevated Harley to a seat in the cabinet.

After the first alarm had subsided, De Foe, through the recommendation of the late Secretary of State, Harley, under whose immediate patronage he considered himself to be placed, waited upon the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, and was graciously received; he observing, with a smile, that he had not seen him of a long while. De Foe explained his position with the late minister as well as he could, and evidently to the satisfaction of the Lord Treasurer, who introduced him a second time to her Majesty, whose gracious hand he was allowed to kiss, on the continuance of the place or appointment enjoyed by him under the late minister; who had always been considered as the head of that particular department. This continuation of an office or employment was granted in consideration of former services of a special nature; which De Foe had successfully carried out, though, as he says, running as much risk of his life as a grenadier upon the counterscarp. Where could he have been?

in Devonshire, at Exeter assizes?—Scotland?—Edinburgh?—in the Highlands, or at St. Germain's?—the court of the Pretender?—who knows? He had been somewhere, and—for Harley the late minister, and at the imminent risk of his life!

On this occasion her Majesty informed De Foe that she had received such satisfaction in his former services, that she had appointed him to another office—a better office, but of that the Lord Treasurer would give him the particulars; and on this he withdrew.

The next day his lordship ordered De Foe to attend upon him, when he stated that he must go to Scotland immediately, and leave London in three days on his journey. He went as ordered, and at the time too, for Scotland; but what the business was, has never transpired; and of course, now, after the lapse of a century and a quarter, never will.

“And yet my errand was such as was far from being unfit for a sovereign to direct, or an honest man to perform; and the service I did upon that occasion, as it is not unknown to the greatest man now in the nation, under the King and the Prince; so I dare say, his Grace was never displeased with the part I had in it, and I hope will not forget it.

“These things I mention, upon this account, and no other, viz., to state the obligation I have been in all along to her Majesty personally, and to my first benefactor principally; by which I say, I think I was at least obliged not to act against them, even in those things which I might not approve. Whether I have acted with them further than I ought, shall be spoken to by itself. Having said thus much of the obligations laid on me, and the persons by whom, I have this only to add, that I think no man will say, a subject could be under greater bonds to his prince, or a private person to a minister of state; and I shall even preserve this principle, that an honest man cannot be ungrateful to his benefactor.”

On the prospect of a threatened invasion from France at this time, De Foe published a short tract, entitled the *Union Proverb*, viz.:—

If Skiddaw has a cap,
Scruffell wots full well of that.

“Setting forth—1st, The necessity of uniting; 2ndly, the good consequences of uniting; 3rdly, The happy union of England and Scotland, in case of a foreign invasion. *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* London, 1708.”

“To the true British reader, Skiddaw and Scruffell are two neighbouring hills, or high mountains: the one in Cumberland, in England; the other in Annandale, in Scotland; and, if the former happen at any time to be capped with clouds or foggy mists, it will not be long ere rain, or the like, fall on the latter. It is also spoken of such who must expect to sympathize in their sufferings by reason of the vicinity of their habitations.

“It is an excellent lecture of mutual friendship on either side of the Tweed. It ingenuously tells us, what we are to trust to in troublesome times, either of oppression at home, or of miscarriage, affliction, and misfortune, from abroad. It is, likewise, a most politic and prudent caution against foreign invasions. It does not only, and that pathetically too, set forth the necessity of the two kingdoms uniting heartily in all cases of disastrous disturbance, but also manifestly shows the happy consequences of such an entire union, both in point of government and traffic, as will be able to defeat the turbulent designs of our greatest enemies, either in time of peace or of war. This is the main stock on which our common hopes ought to be grafted, of making Great Britain flourish and fructify in spite of French blasts or caterpillars.”

CHAPTER VII.

ON the 31st of March, 1709, De Foe closed his fifth volume of the *Review*, after it had attained to 158 numbers; which appeared three times in each week. Now, it may be expected that I should go into the merits of the several articles, with all the answers from Tories of all grades, both in England, Scotland, and Ireland—Charles Leslie, the nonjuror divine, taking the lead in prose; and Ned Ward or Tom Browne bringing up the rear in poetic effusions; and among the crowd of mean worshippers of power stands Dean Swift, witty and unprincipled: a man to be execrated as its representative for servile meanness, so long as the English language shall be a means of communication between one individual of our species and another. Swift!—Swift the contemptible, must join in the crowd of detractors, and speak of De Foe. Swift, the Dean of St. Patrick's, to speak contemptuously of Daniel De Foe!

Well, suffice to say, that the fifth volume of De Foe's *Review* was, for the most part, taken up in allaying the storm ecclesiastic raised by the Presbyterians with their fears of subjection, and by the Episcopalians with their hopes of ruling over God's heritage in Scotland. The Act of Union stirred up the old religious party feelings of Scotland from the very dregs; and De Foe undertook the task, to allay the storm; and this chiefly in his *Review*, and more especially in the fifth volume.

At this time, many thousands of poor persecuted Germans sought refuge in England from the exactions of the French, and were, for convenience or necessity, encamped about Blackheath, to the number of ten thousand, and supplied with tents and subsistence from the government, and the collections made in all the churches, in aid of these poor outcasts, by means of a brief. This kind treatment of the unfortunate added to the supply, till government were compelled

to stop its benevolence. Of course, such an importation of *water-cress hawkers* in our streets would cause great alarm among the unskilled labourers of the metropolis; and there would be a great cry of ruin to our land, from the staid, quiet, safe politicians of the day, who work upon scripture principles, of the evil of the day being sufficient to it; so make no hoarding of fusty trash in the mind; but buy their politics, as they buy their bread, smoking hot, from the leading article of their daily newspaper. Against this inoffensive class De Foe had to work in his *Review*; and bring up his supplies of political-economic information from the stores of Sir Josiah Child, Thomas Main, and others, the great precursors of Adam Smith, the organizer of the dismembered limbs of the great, the glorious system of vitality—Political Economy. De Foe had to write free trade in the summer of 1709; and such free trade as Richard Cobden, John Bright, George Wilson, and others, enunciated from the platform of the Free-trade Hall, in Manchester, one hundred and thirty years afterwards.

“Were the nation so full of people, as that the corn and cattle could not feed them, it would be still better. The Dutch plough no land, and sow no seed, comparatively speaking; yet they have no want. Sowing corn is far from being the best improvement of land, as is apparent in England, where ploughed lands, even in the most fruitful parts, are the least valuable.”

In the month of October of this year, the grand jury presented his *Review*, for his independence in writing freely upon the Episcopalian usurpations upon the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

In reading the secret history of Arlus and Adolphus, chief ministers of state to the Empress of Grand Insula, I find that Harley and Sacheverell share the sympathy of the writer; and that to Marlborough, Godolphin, and their party, the Quinquinvirate, the term of reproach, *Leveller*, is very freely applied. The spirit of this pamphlet and its associations have caused me to ask myself, whether Dr. Sacheverell, in 1709 and 1710, might not be instrumental in playing the same game, for the same purpose, for Harley, that De Foe played for the same man in 1703—the breaking-up the admi-

nistration of Lord Godolphin, and the reinstating Harley in power? And I ask also, is not Harley the writer of this tract? I believe he is. Sacheverell was tried in 1710, and the trial occupied twenty days; and this is affirmed in the tract, which was printed directly after that trial, and in the same year, but without a printer's name being affixed to it. Why this? As the tract is curious, and even states, "that Harley had long foreseen and expected to consummate his meritorious scheme of redeeming his sovereign from the private ambition of a few men, by turning the stream of government into its proper channel, and by this important crisis." There was in the country such an amount of bigotry and priestly domination, and High-Church *jure-divino* religion, the wreck of the Reformation of Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth; and the Stuarts; for they too, with their Sunday books of sports, and Maypole dancing, reformed religion in their way; that a crafty, disappointed, ambitious statesman, like Robert Harley, would well know that the ashes of the Reformation fire, supposed to have been dead out three or more generations, only wanted a good wind or active bellows to fan up the embers into a hot white glow, to consume all the combustibles within its reach. The Whigs were in power, supported by the great mercantile or moneyed interest of the nation—the dissenters; and so, to remove them, the church drum must be beaten, to the threatened destruction of all national institutions, by a brutalized populace being let loose upon the land! But this must be checked—it must be crushed in the bud; yes, and at once; but by whom? The Whigs? Whigs? Levellers? Atheists? Destructives? Whigs? Why! the church is in danger; and what Whig can save a falling church? The church was falling, and Robert Harley knew well that *our side* only could prop it. Harley knew this, and promptly acted upon the knowledge, as he had done in 1704, when he threw out of office the Earl of Nottingham, and took the place vacated, himself. He did this in 1704, by Daniel De Foe writing for him the book entitled the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. He now, in 1709, repeats the trick, by the writings of Charles Leslie and Swift, with Pope, and the preaching of Dr. Sacheverell; and thus removes from place and power the Lord High Treasurer, the Earl

Godolphin, in order to place himself minister on the wreck of Earl Godolphin's popularity ; and so made himself Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain.

What mighty matters spring from little things ! This !—this !—all this proceeds from Harley having the gauge of the bowels of the House of Commons ; for he feasted the members !

Passive obedience to the ruling powers, was the text and sermon of Sacheverell : a mass of Toryism hashed up by the broken-down French-pauper adherents of the house of Stuart, the church, and the Maypole ; for “Down with King William's memory, Dutch Presbyterianism, Muggletonians, conventicle-mongers, and Smectymnuans, or the Tribe of Adoniram !” was the daily and hourly prayer of this thoughtless and bigoted and exasperated party ;—may I add, ruined worth of county families ; whose Churchism and Cavalierism, and devotion to a prodigal, worthless race of kings, had spread their patrimonies in ruin, and driven them to despair ; a class of men who could not dig, and who to beg were ashamed—a ruined race of British nobility—a race ruined by Toryism.

On the 3rd of March, the humble address of the Commons to the Queen represents this sermon (for preaching which Sacheverell was then on his trial) to be an attack upon her Majesty's title ; and her administration endeavoured to be rendered odious to the people, and represented as destructive of the church and constitution ; the present establishment and Protestant succession undermined ; the resolutions of Parliament treated with contempt ; the governors of the church, and her Majesty as supreme, aspersed and vilified ; the toleration exposed as wicked, and sedition insolently invading the pulpit.

What was the prosecution, and why undertaken ? It would appear from this trial, which lasted twenty days, and which was forced upon the government by the extremely violent proceedings of many of the clergy preaching, Sunday by Sunday, doctrines favourable to the interests of the Pretender, and adverse to the interests of claims of the house of Hanover, the Queen's right to the throne, and the right of William Prince of Orange to render assistance to a people, threatened to be enslaved by their legitimate or hereditary

sovereign ; through what they considered to be the powers or influences of a false religion—the Roman Catholic.

William III. held, as a fixed principle of the existence of a free people, that a king might be forced from his throne by his people ; when he ceased to govern them on acknowledged constitutional principles. For calling in question the right to the people of Britain to depose their sovereigns, by might and violence, and the assistance of a foreign power (for William III. brought 14,000 armed Dutchmen with him, to assist him by force of arms, if necessary), to drive his father-in-law, James II., from the throne of these realms, with the assistance of the people, threatened to be enslaved by arbitrary principles in state, and false passive-obedience principles in religion ; and for calling in question this principle of *right to depose* ; which disputed the title of the Queen herself to her throne ; for this disputing a great constitutional question of the sovereignty of the people, was Henry Sacheverell, doctor of divinity, tried by the Lords of England, and found guilty ! Bravo ! Shade of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester ! Bravo ! Shade of Hampden and of Prynne ! Preaching passive obedience to the sovereigns of these realms, is a calling in question the rights of the people of England—the rights exercised at the glorious Revolution of 1688 ; and constitutes, in the opinion of the Lords of England, a high crime and misdemeanor ; and such as will render a subject of these realms liable to impeachment. Such is the British constitution ! Such are the rights of Englishmen ! The majesty of the people is the source of all legitimate power ; and the verdict of guilty, passed by the Lords of England on Henry Sacheverell in 1710, stamps the theory with the brand of legality—it confirms the principle of the *sovereignty of the people*. Such was the principle in 1649—such in 1688 ; and such the confirmation of the theory, by a solemn act of the legislature in 1710, in the verdict of guilty passed on Henry Sacheverell. He denied the principle on which he was tried and found guilty.

It is not to be supposed that the trial of Henry Sacheverell, and the verdict of guilty pronounced by the House of Lords, was an accidental break-out of party violence, exercised in a day of darkness and lunatic excitement ; it was not ; for four years after this

period, on May 4, 1714, the Rev. Mr. Bedford was sentenced, in the Court of King's Bench, to pay a fine of 1000 marks, and to remain a prisoner for three years; and afterwards be bound in a recognizance, with four sufficient sureties, in the sum of £5000, for his good behaviour during his life; and he was ordered to be brought to all the courts in Westminster with a paper on his head signifying his offence. What was his offence? Publishing a book showing the monarchy of England to be hereditary. Such is the constitution of England; such is the sovereignty of the people, the source of all legitimate power.

To show by what influences the growth of passive-obedience principles was advanced in the reign of Queen Anne, I will quote from the speech of the Bishop of Salisbury, delivered in the House of Lords on this memorable trial; for on speaking of Leslie, he thus addresses himself to the House:—

“By the time the Queen was on the throne, or soon after (1702), the *Rehearsal* began to be spread over the nation, two of them a week; which continued for several years together, to be published without check or control. It was, all through, one argument against the Queen's right to the crown; that, though it was diversified with incidents and digressions, was always kept in view. The clergy were in many places drawn into subscriptions for this paper. This looked like a design, long connived at, to have the Queen's authority undermined. Besides this, we had a swarm of pamphlets every year to the same purpose; and, as we believed, written by the same hand. One, sold at the door of the House, with the title of *King William's Exorbitant Grants*, did plainly call him an usurper; and, starting an objection against the Queen's possessing the throne, gave it this answer, ‘That she did well to keep it, till she could deliver it up to the righteous heir.’ At that time there was quick prosecution of a paper published with the title of the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*; and upon that I brought that pamphlet (*King William's Exorbitant Grants*) to a great minister (the Earl of Nottingham), and offered to show him this passage in it, to see if there should be a prosecution of this ordered. He turned from me; so whether he heard me or not, I cannot tell; I am sure, if

he says he did not, I will believe him." No prosecution followed, and the *Rehearsal* went on. The clergy, in many places, met in coffee-houses on Saturdays, to read the *Rehearsals* of the week, which had very ill effects in most places. I know it may be said, that the Queen's learned counsel ought to have looked after these things; but we all know that he took little by his quotation; for the Lords and Commons confirmed the principle by their verdict. De Foe was right in his declaration, that if the Parliament of 1705 were as corrupt and unprincipled as the Parliament of 1704—one of the most corrupt, venal, and unprincipled of all English Parliaments—the people must open what they alone possessed—the magazine of original power.

Well, Mr. Phipps, counsel for Sacheverell, must try to assist his cause with a quotation from the *Review*:—"The same author, speaking of the family of the Stuarts, calls it 'the line of all the world, fam'd for blood, and that had ravaged the best families in the kingdom.'" Mr. Phipps, drew little from this; for the part taken by the people of England in the glorious Revolution of 1688 only brings a national practical confirmation of a principle or doctrine enunciated by a private individual; and not only the confirmation of the open rebellion of 1688, but the deliberate consideration of a twenty days' trial in the House of Lords, such a trial as England has seldom seen; and the verdict here was for the principle enunciated in De Foe's *Review*, four years before; De Foe's principle being those of the Lords and Commons of England.

Not content with the above, Mr. Phipps must dip again into the same bag, in hopes of a prize this time:—"In another paragraph he says—'In short, if *jure divino* come upon the stage, the Queen has no more title to the crown than my lord mayor's horse; all the people are bound by the laws of God to depose her as an usurper, and restore their rightful and lawful King, James III.'" "

I might almost ask, what could Sacheverell's friends be thinking of, to bring such an exposure of title-deeds as this before the nation? They must have been very fools; for all they could draw by the inquiry must of necessity be, "that the people are the source or origin of all legitimate power." The very act of the Revolution of

1688 affirms this; and a denial of this principle, in act and deed, is an exclusion of the house of Hanover from the throne of these realms. De Foe was right; and Lords and Commons confirmed him in the doctrine, by their verdict of *guilty* against Sacheverell.

On the seventh day, Mr. Phipps, not content with the exposure he had made on the fourth day of the trial, must renew the attack; but, as if to be beaten by De Foe alone were not humiliating enough, he must join Tutchin of the *Observer* with him; thinking, I suppose, with Swift and Pope, that these two liberals must of necessity be clapped together. What a singular coincidence!—because De Foe had stood in the pillory three times; and Tutchin, as I have said before, had been flogged down Dorchester streets, at least once! Well, Mr. Phipps must try his hand with Tutchin now. We shall see with what success:—

“I submit to your lordships, if the Queen can be safe, when it shall be averred in print, that there is one on the other side of the water, that is a *jure-divino* king, and hath an hereditary right. Can the Queen or church be safe, when all the whole administration is vilified and abused, as it is in the *Observer* in this manner:—
‘*Countryman* : Have you any more knaves to talk of?—*Observer* : Honest Countryman, what would you have me do? If I must run through all the lists of knaves, I must bring in all the courts, all the employments, all the classes of public affairs, in the nation.’ ”

Mr. Phipps!—Mr. Phipps must have been a very fool to bring such a quotation from Tutchin’s book. What could he make of such a quotation, but blacken the reputation of the nation, still darker; for all this was true to the very letter: the Stuarts had converted the nation into a nation of scoundrels, and left them, so converted, a legacy to William III. and Queen Anne; both of whom they brought to an untimely grave. William was worried to death by the unprincipled contentions of Whigs and Tories; and the same took place with respect to Queen Anne: she was killed by the contentions of unscrupulous and ambitious men at court, her ministers, Harley, St. John, and others. George I. might have been killed too, if he had been made of the same sensitive materials; but he

was not ; for when his faithful cook, whom he had brought from Hanover, was about to leave him, because all were thieves in the royal kitchen, the King only replied, that he must not leave on that account, but he must fall to, and become thief likewise ; for Parliament granted the supplies for the royal household on the understanding, that there were more thieves there than anything else.

In the time of Tutchin, the nation was at the very lowest ebb for integrity ; and Tutchin wrote this in his weekly paper, and everybody knew it to be true—quite true. Yet a simpleton of a barrister named Phipps must quote this truth, as an extenuation of Henry Sacheverell's telling a lie. Poor simple Counsellor Phipps !—try again with another statement, and perhaps you may make a better case out :—

“ Can the Queen be safe when the murder of King Charles I. is justified in print, by the *Review and Observer* (De Foe and Tutchin) ? When the *wet martyrdom* of King Charles I., and the *dry martyrdom* of King James II., are said to be all one, and no difference between them ? I say, how can her Majesty be safe, when such rebellious principles are so publicly avowed ? ”

What a fool you are, Mr. Phipps ! You cannot let gone-byes be gone-byes quietly ; but you must sweep the very scaffold of the beheaded monarch Charles I., for a clinching of the most solemn truth in the British constitution, “ *that the sovereignty of the people is the source, spring, or origin of all legitimate power within these realms.* ” Try again, Mr. Phipps, and with De Foe alone this time—try again ; for we are told that it is never too late to mend.

“ Can either Church or Queen be safe, when so great and necessary a part of our constitution, our Parliament, is struck at ? When it shall be said, ‘ that the members sit in the House to do nothing ; making long speeches without meaning ; and voting bills without design to have them pass ’ ? And when such rebellious principles are broached, as I mentioned to your lordships upon Friday last, out of the *Review*, to show the necessity of preaching the doctrine of passive obedience, *viz.*, ‘ If the next Parliament (that of 1705) should prove like this (or that of 1704), the nation will be so much nearer

that crisis of time, when English liberty, being brought to the last extremity, must open the magazine of Original Power’?”

“The Stuarts were pensioners of Cardinal Richelieu and of Cardinal Mazarin, the ministers of France, so long as there were Stuarts, or up to 1688; and from that period, when William III. could not be bribed, the French court spent *one million sterling* in the purchase of *one hundred and seventy* seats or votes in the British House of Commons, till the English House of Commons was a byword or term of reproach to all integrity in Europe; and De Foe, the sole champion of liberty in England, publicly advocated in his *Review*, published for years three times in each week, the total abrogation or abolition of the House of Commons, as part of the government of this country, on account of its thorough dishonesty and French subserviency; a throwing of British liberty at *the feet of the House of Lords*; and a trusting to that House alone for a salvation of this nation from French bribery, and other dishonest influences. And Counsellor Phipps thinks passive-obedience sermons were to be the remedy for this state of things: a thorough corruption, brought on by French bribing of the English House of Commons. Not content with the exhibition of Mr. Phipps, another of the counsel of Henry Sacheverell, Mr. Dee, must go into the merits of the *Review* on the subject of religion, by quoting the following from vol. ii. pp. 447, 448:—

“Whether our fathers had a necessity to make those exclusive laws (against the dissenters), and impose as necessary their different things acknowledged to be so, as terms of communion: nor is this all; but supposing they had, which, nevertheless, I do not grant; then this address is further pressed to your lordships [the House of Lords evidently addressed here, in 1705; for De Foe had long ago done with the Commons—those Commons who chose Harley Speaker in three Parliaments, because he fed them. Yes! he ascended the Speaker’s chair through their guts], to examine whether that necessity does yet continue or no: either of which will be the same thing; for if there either was a necessity at the time of their enacting, or that necessity does not yet remain; let which will happen to fall out, the Act of Uniformity, imposing such and such indifferent

things, as terms of communion, will appear scandalous to the church, injurious to the public peace, and a grievance to the whole nation :—

“ Lest it become a new, proverbial jest,
To be as wicked as an English priest.”

Again, vol. iii. p. 106 :—“ I cannot but tell him, should I publish the matters of fact which I am master of, with respect to the High-flying gentlemen of the clergy ; should I give a faithful account of the most infamous and scandalous behaviour, the notorious lives, the beastly excesses, and the furious treatment of their brethren, the dissenters, which, on a small search, I have been acquainted with : the inferior clergy of his party [probably Sacheverell’s] would appear the most wretched, provoking, abominable crew, that ever God suffered to live unpunished, since he destroyed Sodom and Gomorrha by fire from heaven.”

Now, I am no lawyer ; but yet my common sense will dictate to me, that Mr. Dee, the barrister, is not likely to gain much for the prisoner at the bar, his client, by taking Daniel De Foe by the ears on the inferior clergy, as a set off.

Again, vol. ii. p. 418 :—“ If words could be made treason, one-third at least of the inferior clergy in England would be hanged.”

Again, vol. ii. p. 142 :—“ I again appeal to you, gentlemen, whether, generally speaking, all over this unhappy nation, the clergy are not, three parts in five, in close conjunction with the enemies of the church’s peace, and the professed enemies of the government? ” This would be written in 1705, or four years before this impeachment took place.

Again, vol. vi. p. 471 :—“ Others, not so directly, but altogether as fatally, and tending to the same end, with subtle designs to divide and amuse the people, by preaching, writing, and printing, endeavour to revive the said exploded doctrines of non-resistance, and absolute, unconditional obedience, as things the people of England ought to think themselves obliged by ; which, though in themselves of no force, yet manifestly tend to unravel the constitution, to invalidate the Queen’s title to the crown, and destroy the legal authority of parliaments in the nation. An eminent proof of which is now [in this impeachment] depending before the House.”

The trial was a foolish one, and the lawyers selected to defend the prisoner at the bar, could not be wise men. These quotations from De Foe's newspaper, the *Review*, show that they were not wise men.

Poor Mr. Dee, the counsel for the prisoner, appears to get deeper into the mud of church corruption every step he takes; he quotes again from vol. vi. p. 371, as follows:—"Drunkenness, oaths, and abominable lewdness; ignorance, negligence, and scandalous insufficiency; abhorred error, Deism and Socinianism, have overrun the clergy."

What will Mr. Dee quote next—poor man? What, indeed?—Tutchin's *Observer*, vol. iv. No. 89, forsooth; and much he will get from him; for Tutchin was true to his doctrine, though very abusive. I wish he may make anything more out of him than he has gotten out of De Foe, by his quotations:—"You know the church he means is High Church; which is a fiction, a church of the brain, supported by a little insignificant trifling number of brainless people; and the people of England are no more concerned about that church than about the institutions of government laid down in More's *Utopia*, Harrington's *Oceana*, or Bacon's *New Atlantis*; and all the canons, rites, and ceremonies of that church are no more to be considered by you or me than so many ballads or Duck-Lane penny histories." Such is Tutchin on High Church, about the period of Sacheverell's impeachment. Such is the stuff quoted, to serve the prisoner at the bar; then on his trial for asserting the divine right of kings to rule in England!

De Foe again, vol. ii. page 489:—"The balance between 41 and 88 will appear to run against him; and the difference between the dry martyrdom of King James, by his passive-obedience-church subjects, and the wet martyrdom of King Charles I. by people that never made any such pretence, will appear so small, that it's not worth Dr. Drake's while to meddle with it."

These quotations have been too lengthy, perhaps; yet the occasion appears to require justice to be done to De Foe as a writer. For his writings he was confined in Newgate for twelve months, to the ruin of his family; and, if I can place him side by side with

such a House of Lords for patriotism as England has seldom seen, I shall only be doing the man some tribute of justice. De Foe's principles were affirmed true by a most illustrious Bench of Bishops, and an equally illustrious House of Lords, by their verdict of *guilty* on this ever-memorable impeachment.

This was not the mere trying a parson for being a bigot-puppy, a fool; but it was testing the principle as to "the people of England being the source of all legitimate power, within these realms;" and the verdict was given in the affirmative. Yes! Passive-obedience and *jure-divino* principles are unconstitutional; and capable of subjecting the promulgator of such principles to the impeachment in the House of Lords. This was the trial of Henry Sacheverell—this was the object of that impeachment—the justice of the Revolution of 1688, and also that of 1641.

It is somewhat remarkable that in the month of October, 1709, De Foe's *Review* was presented by the grand jury as a nuisance, because of his exposing the innovations upon the Scottish Church Establishment. He goes on to say in that *Review*, that—"Either I must oppose the hot party—the Jacobite interest, and those that abuse the Queen, in pretending her authority for imposing innovations on the Scots; or I must cease to write at all. Now, I cannot think that a court of justice can be prevailed on to prosecute, or a grand jury to present, any such designs as this, as a nuisance; and therefore, as I doubt not of justice in all our courts, where the laws are free and open to the meanest subject, so I cannot think that, in the prosecution of these just and necessary truths, I can meet with any oppression from the law; nay, I might think I have reason to hope for favour."

At this period of our history (1710), the social position of England was most unsatisfactory: on the one hand, we see a House of Lords affirming a principle not second to Magna Charta itself—the confirmation by legislation of the fundamental doctrine of the *Sovereignty of the People*. Such was the House of Lords with its Bench of Bishops; and at this time, too, the House of Commons acting with the Lords, and showing itself to be respectable and honest; but, on the other hand, the people, for whom the Lords had

solemnly affirmed this great principle of national right; and—what do we see there? The dwelling-houses of certain dissenting ministers ransacked, and all their furniture and books destroyed; and this state of things was not confined to London alone; for at Wrexham, in Wales, the mob dressed up the effigies of the dissenting ministers, and threw them into bonfires, and even clergymen—“Mr. Hoadley, a minister of the Church of England, reverend by his office, styled so by the Parliament, and recommended to her Majesty for further preferment; a sound preacher, far from a dissenter, having been a zealous disputer against them: this gentleman, guilty of no crime, charged with no immorality, a breaker of no law, only a preacher of liberty; see how he is treated by the rabble at Wrexham. They dress up a man-of-straw, bring him to the public street of the town, and carry him to the door of a meeting-house, or near it; here, in profanation of the holy ordinance of baptism, they christened it, some say they sprinkled water upon it; but they formally gave it a name, and called it Ben Hoadley; then put a rope about its neck, and, carrying it in triumph, brought it to the whipping-post, and tying it down, as is usual to criminals, scourged it most furiously; then they carried it up, and set it in the pillory; and, to finish the tragedy, took it to the water, and drowned it. Before this, they dressed up several effigies of dissenters, as Mr. Daniel Burgess, and Dr. Daniel Williams: the one they burnt, and buried the other alive, as they called it; and now they came to a churchman. And what had this good man done, to be thus treated? Nothing but what became him as a churchman and as a minister: he had defended truth and liberty.” This I take from the *Review*, vol. viii. p. 22.

Duty compels me to give another quotation from the same work, but from the previous volume:—

“Rebellion to defend non-resistance. It stands upon record (yes! in the sixth chapter of the *Review*), that, March 1, 1710, the rabble being encouraged for two or three days by the doctor and his friends to wait upon him to and from Westminster, in cavalcade, more like an ambassador of state than a criminal going to the bar of justice; after they had housed the doctor in great mob-pomp, and had shouted before his door for some time, they separated themselves

into several bodies, as if detached by command of their directors, and went directly to the dissenting meeting-houses, broke open *seven* of them, and pulling down the pulpits, pews, galleries, windows, and everything they could demolish, carried them out into the streets, and burnt them. Besides this, they broke open and rifled the dwelling-houses of two dissenting ministers, Mr. Burgess and Mr. Earle, carried away or destroyed their goods, books, &c.; and as for the meeting-house of the former, having pulled down the pulpit, pews, wainscot, and all other combustibles, they carried them into Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they were placed upon a bonfire, crying out, 'High Church and Sacheverell'; several other meeting-houses suffering the same treatment, when the houses of the Lord Chancellor (Cowper), the Earl of Wharton, the Bishop of Sarum (Dr. Burnet), Mr. Dolben, and Mr. Hoadley, were threatened by the mob, who were only prevented carrying their threats into execution by a detachment of the Horse Guards; and these guards being doubled as the excitement increased, from the progress of the trial, and by the City trained bands being placed under arms to assist the guards, if necessary. And now, gentlemen, you see what the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, so long ago (1703), warned you of. Here is another exemplification of Sacheverell's bloody flag. The dissenters and low churchmen—for their interest is the same—may in this see plainly what they are to expect, and what the true meaning of the non-resistance doctrine is."

"These (High-Church Tories) are the heads and true originals of our tumults and mob. To these we owe riot to explain non-resistance, and pulling down meeting-houses, as a testimony of their zeal for the indulgence of tender consciences. 'Till this sort of people appeared in the world, there was no such thing known. Even in King Charles the Second's days, they could never bring the mob to pull down the meeting-houses, or rob the dwelling-houses of the dissenters. And, really, in this, the different temper of this party from any that has been known in England will appear. We have had mobs formerly upon various occasions; and I have some thoughts of giving the world a short tract I have had long by me, entitled *A History of the Mob*; but these mobs always aimed

at pulling down some real grievance, and when the work was over, they had no further mischief in view. But this rabble was filled with thieves and murderers, robbers and incendiaries; their rage was bloody, their temper barbarous, and their end plunder and destruction."

Now! what can we say to this state of things, in England in 1710: after lessons given line upon line, and precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little; in the study and upon the scaffold, in the gaol and upon the battle-field, from 1640 to 1710; or a period of seventy years—what can we say?

"On the 22nd of March, 1710, Henry Sacheverell was found guilty (of calling the sovereignty of the people in question), and was enjoined not to preach for three years; that his two sermons be burnt before the Royal Exchange, London, by the common hangman, in the presence of the lord mayor, and the sheriffs of London and Middlesex. This was considered by the mob and their patrons of High Church equivalent to an acquittal, and an indication of the weakness of the Whig government; therefore at night, by way of triumph, several of the streets in London and Westminster were illuminated, and bonfires made, and all passers-by made to drink Dr. Sacheverell's health."

And during the period of these disturbances, the Queen herself was subjected to the same indignity, by having her carriage stopped and surrounded by the mob, crying "*God bless your Majesty and the Church; we hope your Majesty is for Dr. Sacheverell;*" for these poor tools of the priesthood believed what they had been taught, that the impeachment of Sacheverell was an attempt to overturn the Church of England, and establish the dissenters in its place.

Once again, writing at the end of March, immediately after the verdict had been given, De Foe adds:—"We have had a most distracting, turbulent time for the last two months, occasioned by the prosecution of a high-flying clergyman. His defence has been carried on with all possible heat, fury, and violence, by the party; and a strong conjunction of Papists, Jacobites, and High-Church madmen, has made them appear very formidable to the world. Rabbles, tumults, plundering of houses, demolishing meeting-

houses, insulting gentlemen in the streets, and honest men in their dwellings, have been the necessary consequence of this affair. And after all, I must own, though the man has been condemned, his principles censured, and his sermon burnt, yet it has not been without the most fatal consequences to the nation: as it has revived the heats and animosities which began to be laid asleep."

This is a deplorable state of things, after eight thousand individuals had died in gaol, or otherwise, for civil and religious liberty during the two reigns of Charles II., and James II., his brother, or in about thirty years, from 1660; and only twenty years before these occurrences took place, in 1710. What shall we say? What will kind-hearted critics say to speculations of the political economist, on the twenty centuries of Gothic usage of universal suffrage? What! where are the fruits of the poll-takings on the shores of the Baltic among our Gothic ancestors? I wanted to go back to Gothic usages, in this our land, and this our day; I wanted to see the old *poll* of the people taken at the *Skire Eak*; and potwalloping or potboiling suffrage established in the land; but Charles II., and his brother, James II., killed outright eight thousand good men and true; and a mad, ambitious, coxcomb puppy of a parson, with an English rabble, are attempting to add to the number of the victims! Yes! to kill the very men who have planted their bodies a living breakwater against the flood-tide of arbitrary power—yes! kill these men! Why? To throw themselves body and soul, as crawling sycophants at the feet of the tyrannical, the outlawed, the accursed house of Stuart; the head of which family was advertised by the British government, and £100,000 sterling offered for his apprehension, only four years after the period I am now writing upon! With universal suffrage I have done: I will never support it.

Against these outrageous assaults upon the dissenting meeting-houses, De Foe took his stand in the first rank; and, of course, took first-rank honours at the hands of his opponents; for he was threatened with everything, even death itself, though he laughed in his sleeve at what had happened on the preaching the panic among the dissenters, though it had failed through his writing; he having

written himself into Newgate instead, for twelve months; and Harley into office.

De Foe writes in his *Review* as follows, upon his personal dangers at this time, from this senseless High-Church-Stuart-adoring and honest-man-debasing rabble; the same class we sometimes read of, who cried, at the Jewish priestly dictation, "Not this man, but Barabbas"; and that same debased class also, who cried on another occasion, prompted by the same fraternity, the endowed dominant priesthood of Ephesus, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians":—

"I am not always to be frightened with threatening letters and shams of assassination: ever thinking those people who talk so much of killing, never do it. Though I am not to be classed with those you call fighting fellows, yet I am not in the number of those who are afraid to see themselves die; and may I hope, without being taxed with vanity, profess not to practise non-resistance. I have by me fifteen letters from gentlemen of more anger than honour, who have faithfully promised to come and kill me by such-and-such a day; nay, some have descended to tell me the very manner; yet not one of them has been so good as his word. Once I had the misfortune to come into a room where five gentlemen had been killing me a quarter of an hour before; yet, to the reproach of their villanous design, as well as of their courage, they did not dare to own it to a poor defenceless man when he was too much in their power. In short, I here give my testimony, from my own experience, and I note it for the instruction of these five assassins, that their cause is villanous, and that makes the party cowardly. A man that has any honour in him, is really put to more difficulty how to speak than how to act; in the case of murder and assassination, he is straitened between the extremes of showing too much courage or too much fear. Should I tell the world the repeated cautions given me by my friends not to appear in the streets, nor to show myself; letters sent to bid me remember Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, Mr. Tutchin, and the like; should I let you know how I have been three times beset and waylaid for the mischief designed, but still I live; you would wonder what I mean. Wherefore, my brief resolution is this: while I live, they may be assured I shall never desist doing

my duty, in exposing the doctrines that oppose God and the Revolution : such as passive submission to tyrants, and non-resistance in cases of oppression. If those who are at a loss for arguments, are resolved to better their cause by violence and blood, I leave the issue to God's providence ; and must do as well with them as I can. As to defence, I have had some thoughts to stay at home by night, and by day to wear a piece of armour on my back : the first, because I am persuaded these murderers will not do their work by daylight ; and the second, because I firmly believe they will never attempt it fairly to my face.

" I confess there may be some reason for me to apprehend this wicked party ; and therefore, as I thank God I am without a disturbing fear, so I am not without caution. Assassination and murder are, indeed, something more suitable to the high-flying cause, and has been more in use with that party than with other people. 'Tis the cause of tyranny, and tyranny always leads to blood. Oppression goes hand-in-hand with violence ; and he that would invade my liberty, would invade my life as he has opportunity. But I cannot see why they should be so exasperated at the poor *Review* : a sorry, despised author, to use the words of one of their party, whom nobody gives heed to. Well, then, let your anger be pointed at some more significant animal, that is more capable to wound you ; and do not own this author to be so considerable as to engage your resentment, lest you prove the unanswerable force of what he says, by the concern you are at to suppress him. But, if he were to be sacrificed by your impious hands, truth would never want champions to defend it ; and killing the *Review* would be like cutting off the monster's head, for a hundred to rise up in the room of it.

" Upon the whole, as I am going on in what I esteem my duty, and for the public good, I firmly believe it will not please God to deliver me up to this bloody and ungodly party ; and, therefore, shall still go on to expose a bigoted race of people, in order to reclaim and reform them, or to open the eyes of the good people of Britain, that they may not be imposed upon. Whether in this work I meet with punishment or praise, safety or hazard, life or death, *Te Deum laudamus.*"

In the 7th volume of the *Review*, De Foe thus calls upon the Whigs, broken in spirit and fleeing before their enemies, to rally and form again, for another charge, in opposition to Toryism and the Stuarts; for the French interest at St. Germain, the support of the Pretender, in opposition to the Elector of Hanover, was the prize the Tories and High Church were contending for in all this riot and destruction, and opposition to the friends of the late King William of glorious memory:—

“Think ye that the cause of liberty and of truth, that has cost so much blood, and has been twenty-two years in planting, is thus to be pulled up and rooted out? No, never fear it; God will not forsake it; and though the pride and security, the divisions and selfishness, of its friends, have really opened this door of mischief, and you have with your hands too much encouraged these enemies, and weakened the hands of those that saved you, yet it is not too late to unite and exert yourselves; which, if you do, you will with ease trample this contemptible, though numerous and noisy, enemy under your feet. Things are come to that height that we must either defend our cause, or give it up. If it is not the cause of truth, let the Queen and Parliament determine it to be so; and then, perhaps, it may be time for honest men to think of it. But, if it be the cause of truth, let all the Demas's of the age forsake it; if my heart does not deceive me, yet would I not cease to own and defend it. I am satisfied the cause of liberty is the cause of truth; and it is from this principle only that I oppose the High-Church darling, Sacheverell; and do it in the teeth of his mob, when his cause would be thought rising, and when I see men that pretend to revolution principles, cowed and afraid. I have nothing to say to the man; I owe him neither good nor ill; it is the temper of insulting the laws, and preaching up tyranny, that I oppose; and this I will oppose, if the tyrant were an emperor.”

To such a pitch had this preaching contest extended; for it was a contest of Harley against Godolphin;—the Elector of Hanover against the house of Stuart; or Whig and freedom for the people, on the principle of the people being the source of all legitimate power, against Toryism, divine-right-of-kingism, and passive-obedienceism;

the very concentration of Stuartism, and French-pensionism ; with a thorough prostration of all rights, civil and religious, within these realms, at the feet of a dominant, endowed, religious sect :—To such a pitch of contention did this preaching contest extend, “ that women lay aside their tea and chocolate, leave off visiting after dinner, and, forming themselves into cabals, turn privy councillors, and settle the affairs of state. Every lady of quality has her head more particularly full of business than usual ; nay, some of the ladies talk of keeping female secretaries ; and none will be fit for the office but such as can speak French, Dutch, and, which is worse, Latin. Gallantry and gaiety are now laid aside for business ; matters of government and affairs of state are become the province of the ladies ; and no wonder if they are too much engaged to concern themselves about the common impertinences of life. Indeed, they have hardly leisure to live, little time to eat and sleep, and none at all to say their prayers. If you turn your eye to the Park, the ladies are not there ; even the church is thinner than usual ; for you know, the mode is for privy councils to meet on Sundays. The very playhouse feels the effects of it ; and the great Betterton died a beggar on this account. Nay, the Tatler—the immortal *Tatler*, the great Bickerstaff himself, was fain to leave off talking to the ladies, during the Doctor’s trial, and turn his sagacious pen to the dark subject of death and the next world ; though he has not yet decided the ancient debate, whether Pluto’s regions were, in point of government, a kingdom or a commonwealth.

“ Mobs, rabbles, tumults, possess the streets ; whores, pimps, and cullies, the walks ; the dressing, the powdering, the *beau monde*, is adjourned to the chocolate-houses, and is all among the men. The ladies are otherwise engaged : even the little boys and girls talk politics. Little miss has Dr. Sacheverell’s picture put into her Prayer Book, that God and the Doctor may take her up in the morning before breakfast ; and all manner of discourse among the women runs now upon war and government. Tattling nonsense and slander is transferred to the males, and adjourned from the toilet to the coffee-houses and groom-porters. This being the general state of the nation, you must no more wonder that our

wiser statesmen, and able ministry, totter in their high posts, and you are every day alarmed with changes at court."

This national hubbub about divine rights of the Stuart family ended, where it was intended to end by the prime mover in the plot—in himself (Harley) being raised to the chancellorship of the Exchequer. So much for treating, feasting, promising, and preaching. Harley was the prime mover in all this national disturbance; and probably with the connivance of the Queen herself, through the influence and confidence of Mrs. Masham, her bedchamber woman, the relative of Harley. These facts are given in the gross; for space would not allow to go through all the turmoils of pamphlets, &c., of the period; suffice to say, the trick took, and Harley obtained a place in the ministry, with a fair prospect of serving the interests of the Pretender, and of obliging the Queen by so doing.

All this time the nation was in the greatest state of excitement, when Sir Gilbert Heathcote, the governor; Nathaniel Gold, Esq., the deputy governor; Francis Eyles, Esq., and Sir William Scawen, two of the directors of the Bank of England, were introduced by the Duke of Newcastle, lord privy seal, to her Majesty, and represented to her that the public credit could not be supported by the present or new ministry. Vryberge, the Dutch envoy, as well as the Austrian envoy from Vienna, represented the same on behalf of Holland and Austria; with which interference on the part of these foreign powers her Majesty was highly indignant, as she professed to have a right to change her ministers, and dissolve Parliament too, as she thought proper, without any interference from the States; and a dissolution of Parliament, a move generally conversed upon at the time, was resolved upon. The moneyed interest of the nation being the dissenters, who sympathized with the late ministers, just superseded by Harley, St. John, and his Tory friends, took alarm, and began to sell out their stock; so that Bank Stock fell again from 126 to 118, and other securities in proportion, to the great dismay of the City financiers. All this was very offensive to the Queen and the ministry, who took their revenge on the moneyed interest the following session, by passing an act (under pretence of securing the freedom of Parliament) for raising the qualification

of a member of the House of Commons to £600 *per annum* in landed estate, for a county member; and £300 *per annum*, from the same class of property, for a borough member; with exceptions made for peers' sons, and the members of the universities. This was to pack the House of Commons with Tories, who were the landholders, High-Church supporters of Dr. Sacheverell, and James III., the Queen's half-brother—the *King of St. Germans*!

During all this time, De Foe kept manfully to his post at the *Review*, writing in his paper, twice or thrice in each week, every encouragement to the Whigs and their moneyed friends to keep up their spirits under all discouragements, and support the credit of the country, regardless of party, in power or out; and in vol. vii. p. 233, of that work, he wrote as follows:—

“I believe no man will deny, that this is the most critical time for any man that writes of public affairs. I know but one man in the world so qualified; and, find him where you will, this must be his character:—He must be one that, searching into the depths of truth, dare speak her aloud in the most dangerous times; that fears no faces, courts no favours, is subject to no interest, bigoted to no party, and will be a hypocrite for no gain. I will not say I am the man: I leave that to posterity. If I have had any friends, it is amongst those that are turned out; and if I had the power to lead, perhaps I should bring them all in again. If Tories, Jacobites, High-flyers, and madmen, are to come in, I am against them. I ask them no favour, I make no court to them; nor am I going about to please them; and yet I expect not to oblige those that I think the best of.”

The new ministry hired what talent they could to write them up in public estimation; and one of their first acts was to present the unprincipled Jonathan Swift, the pamphleteer, to their royal mistress for a bishopric!

Perhaps this may be the place for me to pay a just tribute of praise and thanks to one of Daniel De Foe's most ardent admirers, faithful biographers, and assiduous collectors from his stock of two hundred known and acknowledged publications. To this man, Walter Wilson, Esq., I am greatly indebted; for I have used his work as a landmark for dates and indexes to these several publica-

tions of De Foe. From my great desire to avoid the appearance of copying from Mr. Wilson's work, I have omitted scores of minor events connected with De Foe, which, in a great measure, rested upon Mr. Wilson's knowledge of works, pamphlets, lampoons, broadsheets, &c., and which I could not myself verify in the private collection, the bookshop, or the reading-room of the British Museum. I mention this, because I could not bind myself to take *seriatim* all De Foe's pamphlets, with all their answers. I have before me a whole page in Wilson, on a pamphlet and its answer, where De Foe is charged with stealing a horse at Coventry election, and riding the same to Scotland, and never owning Coventry again. This, and a score more pamphlets and their answers, I leave to Mr. Wilson; for I have not the works, and could touch the information on Mr. Wilson's authority only.

Macaulay's *History of England* I have never touched—never opened—for fear of stealing some idea or other; but I know that Macaulay could only drink at the same fountain as myself; for I think I have been at every spring, from Charles Leslie, the most Jesuitical and dangerous man of his day, the source of half the religious contentions of the reign of Anne, and one I suspect to have been used as a tool, occasionally at least, as circumstances might require, by Harley, along with De Foe, Sacheverell, and others, for the furtherance of this man's objects of ambition;—I have gone from Leslie, down to Ned Ward, the alehouse poet, who wrote the anthems said to be sung at the Calves' Head feasts of the 30th of January, where the dissenters were stated to have sung them at this their club-dinners, over calves' heads and cods' heads, to commemorate the beheading of Charles I.

ANNIVERSARY ANTHEM FOR 1695.

I.

What the devil means all this pother,

On this day more than another?

See! the sot to church reels out!

See! the leacher leaves his whore;

The rogues, that never pray'd before,

Are grown most plaguily devout.

II.

Prithee, parson, why those faces,
 Pious frowns, and damn'd grimaces?
 Why so many creeds and masses,
 Collects, lessons, and the rest,
 Of the holy garbage drest,
 Proper food for mumbling asses?

III.

Oh! sir, it's a debt, they say
 Mother Church must yearly pay
 To her saint's canonization:
 It was the day in which he fell
 A martyr to *the cause of hell*,
 Justly crown'd with decollation.

IV.

Mirth for us and generous wine;
 Let the clergy cant and whine,
 Preach and prate about rebellion;
 No more beasts of kings, good Heaven!
 Such as late in wrath were given,
 Two curs'd tyrants, and a stallion.

V.

Now prepare, my lads, and stand,
 Each his bumper in his hand;
 Brutus! 'tis a health to thee,
 Thou whose generous arm and sword
 In a cause like ours restor'd
 Rome's expiring liberty.

VI.

Fill the glass with sparkling red;
 Look, 'twas thus the tyrant bled;
 Thus our fathers let us see
 What before had sacred stood,
 Fawn'd and worshipp'd as a god,
 Was flesh and blood as well as we.

Well, but to return to Mr. Wilson as an authority on De-Foe matters. I take the liberty of quoting from p. 183, vol iii:—

“A spirit of fanaticism, fostered by the exertions of a bigoted and vicious clergy, pervaded the land, and blighted all that was kind, gentle, and peaceable. The madness that possessed the people, and the dangerous principles that actuated their leaders, are minutely detailed and canvassed by our author, whose zeal for the cause of liberty was unabated in the most perilous times, and exposed him to the rage of the factious. The ascendancy of the Tories he viewed with deep regret, but without dismay: being persuaded that the laws were strong enough to hold them to their duty, and that, if they attempted to break through them, it would convulse the nation, and they would be ruined in the conflict. The violence of the party, and their known hatred to the author, rendered him more circumspect and measured in his language, which some mistook for a desertion of his principles; but he repels the charge with indignation, and knew the men he had to deal with too well to give them any pretence for the exercise of their vengeance.

“In these factious times, men of the best principles and of the fairest reputation, found no quarter from their political opponents. It is, therefore, not surprising, that so determined a writer as De Foe should have his full share of opprobrium, and that he was often assailed in other papers. Since Leslie had dropped his *Rehearsals*, he took but little notice of such opponents, as well from a contempt of their talents, as from a studied neglect of their scurrility. ‘It was always my opinion,’ says he, ‘that when the enemy roared loudest, he was pinched the hardest: and that when the patient grew sick, the physic worked well.’”

At this time, Harley was at his wit's end for expedients for carrying on the government; for he well knew that the violent shortsighted Tories would avail him nothing; so in his difficulty he applied to Lord Somers, the most intelligent as well as honest statesman in the kingdom; but Lord Somers, as independent as honest, declined the connection, he knowing well the dependence to be placed upon the man.

Things being in this state, a dissolution of Parliament was inevitable; the very mention of which, caused a panic amongst the moneyed interest of the city of London, when the directors of the

Bank again informed the government, that the very issuing of the writs for a new Parliament would cause a run upon the Bank of England, and force it to close its doors: the panic appearing as prevalent amongst the large foreign stockholders of Amsterdam, Hamburg, &c.; they being as anxious to sell immediately as the moneyed interest of London, headed by Sir Francis Child, the son or grandson of the great Sir Josiah Child, the political-economic writer of his day, on money matters, banking, funding, &c.

All was confusion at court in consequence of this state of things; and, to make affairs no better, the Duke of Somerset, master of the house, resigned his place in the ministry, and went over to the Whigs.

On the 21st of September, 1710, the proclamation for the dissolution of the present Parliament appeared; when the firebrand Dr. Sacheverell employed his whole time to inflame the minds of the people, and raise the very spirit of the lowest hell, to run down civil and religious liberty throughout the land. High Church and Passive Obedience was to be the god of the mob's idolatry; and Dissenters, Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, Muggletonians, with Hogan-Mogans or Dutchmen, and Hanoverians, of all others, to be shunned and avoided.

In this time of national distress, De Foe came to the public rescue, in another pamphlet of caution to the people, entitled "A Word against the New Election; that the People of England may see the happy Difference between English Liberty and French Slavery; and may consider well before they make the Exchange. Printed in the year 1710. 8vo, pp. 33."

He commences by observing:—"That the time is come when God has been pleased to give some people up to strong delusions; and to bring this to pass, that a wicked party of men have, with too much success, assisted the general defection; having first spread a cloud over the eyes of the people, and then dug the pit in their way. In religion, they have been fed with words for substance, politics for doctrine, and railing for application; taking up principles of persecution, fury, and abhorrence of their brethren. In government, they embrace tyranny for legal monarchy; hereditary

right, instead of parliamentary limitation; and arbitrary will, for law; by which they are led blindfold to practise absolute submission, like the true tribe of Issachar, crouching before the load is laid on, courting their own chains, and addressing their sovereign for slavery."

The Rev. William Bisset, eldest brother of the collegiate church of St. Katharine, and rector of Whiston, in Northamptonshire, at this time wrote a *Life of Sacheverell*, and a preface; a quotation from which I will give, as the sentiments of this preface, written and printed in 1710, so fully bear out, what must be concluded from a careful sifting of evidence now, after a lapse of one hundred and fifty years: that the mobs employed by Sacheverell at the elections for members of Parliament in 1710, were not "true natural British mobs." This is my fixed opinion. Harley was in office, a relation of Mrs. Masham, the Queen's confidential female attendant; and he, too, a favourite and confidential, as well as a minister of the Queen. Sacheverell, the great firebrand, a tool of some one's, agitating through the country for High Church and the Pretender, against, I suppose, the whole moneyed interest of England, the dissenters, and the succession of the house of Hanover. This was the contest. Sacheverell was working under Harley; Harley was working with the Queen; the whole country was convulsed—yes! agitated to its very centre; but who paid the price?—for the movement was not supposed to have been English. Could the Queen rob the Exchequer for funds; or had she saved money for the purpose? As for the old gentry, the adherents of the Stuarts, they had, in countless instances, sold, mortgaged, or leased the estates for five thousand years, about 1642, or a little later; when every little landed proprietor was raising his troop of horse for the King, and calling himself *Captain*. As for the Stuarts at St. Germain's, they had no money; for they were pensioners on the court of France. It is possible that Louis XIV. might again take the field in English politics, and try to possess an interest in the English House of Commons, as he had done before, when he possessed 170 seats in the House; to support the Spanish Will question, in opposition to the Partition Treaty. I believe Harley set Sacheverell

at work ; and somebody employed Harley, to serve the interests of the house of Stuart, in opposition to the interests of the house of Hanover ; and that this election of 1710 was to decide the point in dispute for ever—Hanover or Stuart.

I will now give an extract from Mr. Bisset's preface :—

“ We have had now a year of extreme violence and confusion, such as cannot be matched, without a civil war, in any history that I have met with ; a year through which nothing but an Almighty Providence could have brought moderate, plain-dealing Protestants alive and unmaimed ; and in which all such might truly be said, like the Jews after Haman's court intrigue, Est. viii. 11, ‘ to stand for their life.’ I cannot but think it highly unreasonable, that such should always be represented as a stubborn and stiffnecked generation, who have been so tame and passive under so many and such outrageous insults. Had my house (which is my castle in the eye of the law) been attacked, and myself in it (as was threatened, but I happened to be then in the country), I conceive it was not only my right, but my duty too, and a necessary point of distributive justice, impartially to have dispensed the contents of a musketoon or two (nay, as many as the time would admit) amongst them ; and should think my life well bestowed (as well as in Spain or Flanders) to rid the world of as many such lewd fellows of the baser sort as possible ; that the rest who survive might live more at peace, and so die with the Philistines. For, certainly, a Frenchified mob, and a French army, deserve the same acts of hostility ; and 'tis an equal piece of service to the public, to oppose the regular or irregular troops of the grand oppressor (Louis XIV., the patron of the Pretender). With this view, I cannot but commend a stout and honest friend, who laid about half-a-score of them sprawling at his door, for breaking his windows, and insulting his servant, and threatening further mischief.

“ It can never enter into my head, that the late were true natural British mobs ; there are all the signs that can be of an artificial hired mob, like Sir J. Friend's regiment, though kept *incognito* in and about the town, ready to appear in arms (such arms as the case required) at the first signal or word of command. For, besides that,

one in the chariot with Dr. Sacheverell was said to have scattered money among the crowd; and he was heard to say, with a most obliging bow and smile, when he dismissed his *corps de garde* at his lodging in the Temple, 'Good night, gentlemen,' a condescension too great from so very proud a person to porters and cobblers, if there had not been some gentlemen among them. A friend of mine happened to dine at a great table a day or two before the grand rebellion (this city of London election riot), where a young Oxonian, just come to town (as hundreds more were), said, there would be suddenly warm work, and cursed me in particular. Since the first outrages, there has been no stone left unturned, to keep up the ferment till the election; and one main artifice has been, swarms of libels, to render the fanatics (a name that takes in all but Tories) odious."

This Sacheverell-Pretender election riot was not an affair of a day, or a week, or a month; for, as Mr. Bisset observes—"Nor was it only a short hurricane (for then we might better have borne it), but a lasting tempest; and neither sun nor stars for many days appeared. All freedom of conversation has been ever since banished; instead of which, quarrels or shyness have succeeded among the most intimate acquaintance. It has fomented disputes among men, women, and children; the very boys at school are, ever and anon, fighting in this shameful cause; and I hear one was almost killed; and, 'tis to be feared, such offences and grudges have been taken, as will not be easily overcome, till reason and religion begin to recover their former power. Nothing but hectoring, mobbing, brazening, insulting, and burning their neighbours in effigy; a plain indication what they long and hope to be at; *viz.*, the old Smithfield pastime; and their fingers itch to be throwing faggots at hereticks; and, in more instances than I can name, playing the devil in perfection."

"I have since that been mobbed, that is, insulted in the open streets, with the foulest language, by mere strangers (for cavils of acquaintance I do not take into the account), times without number. The same day the news of the taking Douay came to town (for any success of the allies constantly enrages them) I was insulted

four times between my home and the Exchange. Once a company of blustering blades bade the people, again and again, despatch me, by throwing me into the Thames; and I have been informed, that three armed ruffians have been inquiring for me, and hovering about to waylay me. I bless God, I fear nothing but Him, whilst in the way of my duty; and hope for nothing but heaven; for I must not think of rising (as an honest friend told me) till the general resurrection. Suffice to say, the High Church and the Pretender were the ordinary street pass-words or salutations; and a stranger, or one ignorant of the requirements of party violence and usurpation, would be certain to be insulted, and perhaps injured in his person, for not responding to the call." De Foe is very active through the whole period of this revolutionary insubordination, and occupies many numbers, in his seventh volume of the *Review*, in recording the progress of strife; as thus, in p. 361 of that volume:—"I cannot think that any wise man of either side can approve of the riots and tumults practised at the election. Let him go through the streets, and view the houses, how they look like houses of ill fame, with their windows broken, their shutters daubed with dirt, and their balconies full of stones; as if some public enemy had taken possession of the city. Rage and madness filled the streets, and every one was exposed to the discretion of the rabble. In the general disorder, no regard was paid either to friend or foe. Let any man view the streets. Are they all Whigs that dwell between Ludgate and Temple Bar? And was there a house that was not in this manner insulted? And what was it for? All for choosing parliament-men to make laws for good government, protect our property, and preserve the peace!"

The new Parliament assembled on the 25th of November; and a great preponderance of Toryism was the manifest strength of the House; from its first opening, Marlborough and his victories, with the dissenters, being slighted.

At this period, De Foe was in Scotland, employed by some one, for some purpose. On the 1st of February, 1711, he was empowered by the corporation of Edinburgh to publish the *Edinburgh Courant*, in the room of Adam Booge, deceased; the privilege of printing

news under this title being confirmed to him exclusively, for the past services performed by him, for Scotland or Edinburgh. This undertaking he only continued through forty-five numbers, and then relinquished the undertaking to others; he, probably, finding that the *Review* in London, and the *Courant* in Edinburgh, each published twice or thrice in each week, were more than he could individually well manage; considering the claims upon his pen from events occurring in either country, which might require his assistance in a pamphlet at any moment.

De Foe, in his *Review*, vol. vii. p. 454, for Dec. 16, 1710, leaves on record the following testimonial of his treatment by the Pretender's party, now supported manfully by the mean huckster of literary talent, Jonathan Swift, in the *Examiner*; the man whom Queen Anne could not make a bishop of, even when recommended by all the force of the patronage of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Robert Harley. The Archbishop of York, Dr. Sharpe, formerly of Bradford, in Yorkshire, and the Duchess of Somerset, the Queen's favourite, and mistress of the robes, solemnly protested, and the latter with tears and supplications, against the appointment; on account of Jonathan Swift, the author of the *Tale of a Tub*, being an infidel.

Swift wrote the following in 1713, or shortly before the Queen's death, showing the period of his acquaintance with St. John and Harley, the ministers, who paid him for writing the *Examiner*, and for other business in the slandering way; for he was the hired slang writer or actor of his day—the buffoon paid to throw dust into the eyes of the people, under pretence of amusing them with *light reading*:—

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
 October next it will be four,
 Since *Harley bid me* first attend,
 And chose me for an humble friend.

This is the testimony of Jonathan Swift, of the commencement of his acquaintance with Harley and St. John, as a political writer; and, as this was written in 1713, it would appear that their acquaint-

ance commenced a *fortnight* before Sacheverell preached his celebrated Fifth-of-November Sermon, which overthrew the ministry of Lord Godolphin, and placed Robert Harley and St. John in power. Sacheverell was impeached, and found guilty of high treason, as we have before shown—the treason of calling in question the fundamental principle of the British constitution, the *sovereignty of the people*. He was found guilty by the Lords, but the ministry were too weak to hang him; but suspended him for two years; and retired from power, to make room for Robert Harley, the mainspring of this grand machine of agitation, intended, through the writings of Swift, Pope, and Prior, to overturn the British constitution—recall the exiled family of Stuart—make the Chevalier Charles Edward the Pretender, King of England—and make, likewise, Jonathan Swift, Archbishop of Canterbury.

This political connection between Harley, St. John, Swift, Pope, and Matthew Prior, continued in close confederation from the preaching of Sacheverell's celebrated Fifth-of-November Sermon, down to a few days previous to the Queen's death: a period of about three years and a half; during which time, Swift resided altogether in London, as the companion of these ministers, and as their paid writer.

Although Swift, Pope, and Prior, in their *Examiner*, took great liberties with their opponents, yet it is not to be supposed that they came off scot-free, although supported and paid by the ministers of the day, Harley, St. John, Mrs. Masham, and perhaps Queen Anne; for it was a Pretender-supporting job altogether. De Foe, in his *Review*, vol. vii. pp. 449—451, writes to these parties:—

“I wonder much to hear an author, who first calls the *Observer* and the *Review* stupid and illiterate, should quit his talking to men of sense, to talk to these idiots. Now, what the *Observer* may do, I say nothing; but as I have all along practised with many other such scurrilous, angry sons of emptiness, so I shall still—*answer and say nothing*.”

“I know nothing that can render a gentleman so contemptible as to lose his breeding; nor does any difference of persons discharge the obligation of good manners. The author of the *Examiner*

haughtily tells me, that he has kept a footman; and, though he does not pretend to say that the *Review* has been in that capacity, yet he treats him as a man of behaviour would not treat a footman."

"How often have I seen a man boast of his letters and his load of learning, and be ignorant of the common necessary acquirements that fit a man for the service of himself and of his country. I know a man at this time, a minister, who is a critic in the Greek and Hebrew, a complete master of Latin; yet it would make a man blush to read a letter from him, sleep to hear him preach, and sick to read his books. Again: I know another that is an orator in Latin; a walking index of books; has all the libraries in Europe in his head, from the Vatican at Rome to the learned collection of Dr. Salmon, at the Fleet Ditch; but, at the same time, be a cynic in behaviour, a fury in temper, unpolite in conversation, abusive in language, and ungovernable in passion. Is this to be learned? Then may I still be illiterate."

Swift found it convenient not to know De Foe's name; but from the above attack on the *Examiner*, it is very evident that De Foe both knew the name of Jonathan Swift, and also his nature. When writing the following he had his eye on Swift:—"I thought myself master of geography, and to possess sufficient skill in astronomy, to have set up for a country almanac-maker; yet could in neither of the globes find either in what part of the world such a heterogeneous creature lives; nor under the influence of what heavenly body he can be produced. From whence I conclude very frankly, that either there is no such creature in the world [as Jonathan Swift], or that, according to Mr. *Examiner*, I am a stupid idiot, and a very illiterate fellow."

At this time Swift, Pope, and Prior, with Harley and Mrs. Masham, were not the only tools to counteract the advance of the house of Hanover to the throne of these realms. No—De Foe, the great champion of liberty at the time—the great unpaid, too; for no man wrote so much for the benefit of the people of England, with such a small return of money, or gratitude. Hear what he says in his *Review*, vol. vii. p. 490:—

“It is but lately that I troubled the world with a complaint of the barbarous usage I met with from a villain’s waiting and watching for me, under a pretence to arrest, though without a warrant, and whether to murder or deliver me up to those that should, is like, for want of justice, to remain a secret. I took up lately one of these fellows with a sham writ. He had taken money of a man employed by me formerly to treat with him, believing him then to have been an officer. This villain I had long pursued, and at last apprehended. He begged, confessed, offered to refund the money, and pay the charges; but, not discovering his accomplices, he was carried before a justice of the peace, not a hundred miles from Sir H—y B—lds. The justice, when he heard the first complaint, readily granted his warrant; the case was so black, he could not but resolve to punish it. The rogue is brought before him; a lawyer appears, makes out the fact, and the justice discovered some indignation at the crime. But as soon as he heard the prosecutor was Daniel De Foe, author of the *Review*, he calls the gentleman that pleaded a rogue; though as honest a man as himself, and, by the way, no Whig; discharges the warrant, and bids the villain keep the money; which, for all that, he shall not do, nor shall the justice himself escape the shame of his partiality, for giving orders to a cheat to keep what he owned to have been unjustly gotten. Excellent justice this, to make a nation flourish!”

Well! this is all on one side, the Whig side too!—because he supported the public credit, even when the Tories were in office; as if the nation was to be thrown down by every possible means, because the Tories were in office at Downing Street. But not considering this sample of national slavery sufficient, he further relates another case implicating Whigs:—

“On board a ship I loaded some goods. The master is a Whig, of a kind more particular than ordinary. He comes to the port, my bill of lading is produced, my title to my goods undisputed; no claim, no pretence; but my goods cannot be found. The ship sailed again, and I am told my goods are carried back; and all the reason given is, that they belong to ‘De Foe, author of the *Review*, for he is turned about, and writes for keeping up the public credit.’”

From this passage, and several others, it would appear that all true Whigs were expected to damage the public credit by all the means in their power; and a man who did not do this was a Tory and a turncoat, and received all true Whig resentments accordingly. The Whigs were nothing to De Foe as a party; and, in his opinion, there was nothing in Whig patriotism in 1711, worthy of sacrificing all interests and all feelings, in order to keep them in place. He wrote a paper on national questions, and it was his duty to serve the nation, whether Whig or Tory happened to be chancellor of the exchequer or prime minister. De Foe did this; and lost the estimation of the Whigs, and was called and treated as a Tory.

I believe at this time of commotion, De Foe acted a truly honest and patriotic part, as the pages of his *Review* will testify. We have just seen two cases of Whig injustice acted against him, because he supported the national credit; and was in consequence a Tory. I have before me a letter in the *Examiner* (Swift's paper), where De Foe is alluded to as "the *Review*, the censor of Great Britain; who resembles the famous censor of Rome in nothing but in espousing the cause of the vanquished, with the crowd of hireling scribblers, who hope, by a few false colours, and a great many impudent assertions, at last to persuade the people that the General (Marlborough), the *quondam* Treasurer (Godolphin), and the *Junto*, are the only objects of the confidence of the allies, and of the fears of the enemies of the Queen, and the whole body of the British nation:—*Nos numerus sumus.*"

On the disgrace of Harley, and the immediate prospect of the Queen's early demise, Swift skulked off to Reading, in Berkshire, where he remained till the Queen's death, and the dispersion of the elements of discord—he himself being the chief. He then retired to his prostituted ill-gotten deanery of St. Patrick's—his thirty-pieces-of-silver reward of iniquity; where he remained for the rest of his life, to sow discord amongst brethren, and write *Drapier Letters* on Wood's copper Birmingham halfpennies, pronounced by Swift, with such vehemence, to be fraudulent in weight as well as quality of metal, till a Dublin Street beggar dare not receive one as a gift, through fear of exciting personal violence from his order, for

sacrificing the sacred interests of "Ould Ireland" to the sordid advantage of a Birmingham button-maker; intent upon supplying the coinage of Ireland from the broken old button stock of his native town.

As Prior was one of this bright constellation of intriguers who broke poor Queen Anne's heart by their contentions and dissimulations, perhaps I could not give a more faithful picture of the design and carrying *out of this movement*, than by quoting Mr. Prior's own words, taken from his life; published after the decease of most of the parties concerned:—

"Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, long before they were advanced to the head of the ministry (in 1710), had entertained thoughts of putting an end to the war, and thereby recommending themselves to the Queen and the nation. They had privately treated with some agents of France; particularly Mr. St. John with the *Sieur Gualtier*, a French priest; who for some time was protected by Count Gallas, and afterwards employed by Count Tallard, then a prisoner at Nottingham, to forward letters between him and his court. But in 1710, when these gentlemen were brought into full play, a paper called the *Examiner* was immediately set up under their influence, and conducted by Mr. Prior, Dr. Swift, Dr. Freind, Mrs. Manley, Mr. Oldsworth, and some others; the design of which was to aggravate the faults of the late ministry; to represent them as enemies to the church and constitution; men who delighted in war; and to recommend an immediate pacification, which indeed, at that time, began to be much wished for. All the wit, raillery, and even invective, that these great men were masters of, was employed on this occasion; and it had in general the desired effect, so far as to secure the public voice in their favour. It must be confessed, that by artfully blending together the words, Church, Queen, Loyalty, Peace, on the one side; and Whig, Junto, Republican, Faction, on the other, they had the address to carry everything before them, and to involve all the friends of the late ministry in their accusation."

It was in 1708, the year before Swift was employed by Harley and St. John to support the Sacheverell agitation, by writing the

Examiner, that he became politically acquainted with these men, by writing a pamphlet entitled "A Letter from a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland to a Member of the House of Commons in England, concerning the Sacramental Test," in which he speaks of De Foe as "one of those authors (the fellow that was pilloried, I have forgot his name) is indeed so grave, sententious, dogmatical a rogue, that there is no enduring him"—thus showing that from 1708 to 1713, De Foe was at his post, doing his duty in his *Review*, by exciting at this time the personal hostility of Pope and Swift, the companions and fellow-writers in the *Examiner* with Harley and St. John.

Poor Tutchin too, a fellow-worker with De Foe, comes in for his share of the poetic venom of Swift and Pope, in—

Earless on high, stands unabashed De Foe,

And Tutchin, flagrant from the scourge, below.

The Earl of Orrery, in his letters on Swift, states that "Swift was elated with the appearance of enjoying ministerial confidence. He enjoyed the shadow; the substance was detained from him. He was employed, not trusted; and at the same time that he imagined himself a subtle diver, who dexterously shot down into the profoundest regions of politics, he was suffered only to sound the shallows nearest the shore, and was scarce admitted to descend below the froth at the top. Perhaps the deeper bottoms were too muddy for his inspection."

As Swift professed such contempt for De Foe, that he did not know his name; and as the *Examiner* was especially the work of Swift—for forty-five numbers spread over a considerable period of time—I have examined the papers by Swift, and I find them poor; far below the papers in De Foe's own *Review*, written, according to the attorney-general's own style of definition, in such "a damned satirical way of writing"—a style Jonathan Swift never came up to, for exciting interest in his subject, in his *Examiner*. It may be presumptuous in one so inexperienced as myself, to give any opinion upon the writings of Jonathan Swift; be it so; but yet I have an opinion upon this subject, and it is this—that Swift was much inferior to De Foe as a prose-writer, where conviction from writing

was more an object than flights of rhetorical display in stringing words together, to set off his quickness of thought or memory; in an exhibition of tight-rope dancing displays, in contortions of the emanations of the brain. Let any one take the *Review* and the *Examiner*, and read; and on reading, pronounce the book. Yes! and take *Robinson Crusoe*, and read that against the *Tale of a Tub*. Take the *Complete Tradesman*, and place it against anything Swift ever wrote; and read the *True-Born Englishman* too; and the *History of the Plague*; with the *Apparition of Mrs. Veal at Canterbury*; read all or any of these, for interest and instruction; and read them, one or all, against anything or everything written by Jonathan Swift, and pronounce which was the better writer.

As a man, Swift was a brute of a churl, without honour, gratitude, or feeling; and as a writer, he was a quippy slack-wire performer, conjurer, or Mister Merryman, capering and throwing somersets upon the boards of literature. Yes! Swift could dance the slack-wire, or throw a somerset upon the tight-rope of letters, as a grimy, ruddled, pipeclayed buffoon, or Mister Merryman: he was a very conjurer in rhetorick; a man of quips and quirks in language; but, as a writer of the English language, he was far inferior to Daniel De Foe. De Foe wrote to inform and improve his race or generation; Swift did not—no! he wrote to deceive, and received his reward—a deanery in the Church of Ireland. De Foe received no deaneries; he wrote not for a bishopric, but a gaol—he wrote, and received his reward, such as it was. He stood in the pillory, and one—(immortality rest upon his name)—one Finch put him there. *Finch immortal!*—illustrious name in the fusty, mouldering archives of bigotry and intolerance—a name, whether John, Thomas, or Robert, I care not to inquire—but *Finch illustrious!* down to our time, from keeping Daniel De Foe twelve months in Newgate; and placing the wooden ruff about his neck at Temple Bar or Tyburn Gate; because he would not pronounce the two significant words of propelling power—ROBERT HARLEY.

Of his treatment from this man Finch, De Foe thus speaks:—“Having him at this advantage (a promise of pardon if he would plead guilty), they set upon him their emissaries, to discover to

them his adherents, as they called them, and promised him great things on one hand, threatening him with his utter ruin on the other; and the great scribe (the Attorney-General, Sir Simon Harcourt) of the country, with another of their great courtiers, took such a low step as to go to him to the dungeon, where they had put him, to see if they could tempt him to betray his friends. The comical dialogue between them there, the author of this has seen in manuscript, exceedingly diverting; but, having not time to translate it, 'tis omitted for the present; though he promises to publish it in its proper season, for public instruction. However, for the present, it may suffice to tell the world, that neither by promises of reward, nor fear of punishment, could they prevail upon him to discover anything; and so it remains a secret to this day." No doubt remains as to the fact of there being an accomplice, who directed him upon the occasion; for allusion is made to the fact repeatedly in De Foe's several writings. A tool he had been; and he had been neglected on the occasion of his imprisonment by some one.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT this time the new ministers proposed to levy a tax of one penny upon every half-sheet of printed newspaper and pamphlet; in order to weight them out of existence, and sink all the small fry of newspapers and pamphlets together; for at this time, all sorts of trash, in the way of broadsheet and pamphlet, inundated the land, on all questions of a political or public nature.

De Foe took up the matter of stifling the press by taxation, in his *Review*, and wrote freely upon the iniquity of the project; in the eighth volume, p. 5, he says, that "he who will speak at all, must speak quickly; and he that has but little to speak, ought to speak to the purpose. It will be a brand upon any cause, that attempts to suppress printing; and it will leave it upon record to the infamy of the party that espouses it, as not able to bear the energy and force of truth; and it is fairly acknowledging that their practices, whether in politics or morals, will not bear the light. It is not only an infringement of the liberty of the subject, which this nation has always been chary of, but it has something of that arbitrary cruelty in it which resembles a late barbarous practice of the same party in Scotland; who, when they had the power in their hands, and exercised it with fury and blood, caused the drums to beat when the poor victims they were sacrificing came to die, that the testimony of their innocence in a dying hour, might not be heard or known by the abused spectators. A design to suppress printing, on either side, can be nothing but a plot to stifle truth; since, if falsity, scandal, slander, or anything that merits reprehension, is published, the laws are already strong against them; and if in anything defective, may be easily amended. But to lay an universal load upon everything, or, in plain English, to silence mankind, is a plot against the friends of virtue, learning, and religion, as might be made

appear on many occasions. Besides, the attempt will not answer the end; for, though it may suppress useful things, and rob the world of the advantage derived from the labours of honest men, yet party rage will break through; lampoons, pasquinades, and inveterate satires, will swarm more than before, and be diligently handed about by parties all over the kingdom; whose darts will be keener, and poison stronger, than anything printed; and perhaps the more so, as they shall be received with more gust by the people on either side."

"I appeal to any man, who remembers the days of King Charles the Second, when the license tyranny reigned over the press, whether that age did not abound in lampoons and satires that wounded, and at last went far in ruining, the parties they were pointed at, more than has ever been practised since the liberty of the press. He that does not know it, must be very ignorant of those times, and has heard very little of Andrew Marvel, Sir John Denham, Rochester, Buckhurst, and several others, whose wit made the court odious to the people, beyond what had been possible if the press had been open."

"To lay a general prohibition on the press, is to suggest that they (the ministers) have something to do which they dare not let the people hear; it is to padlock the mouths of the free people of Britain, and to deprive men of their fair and just defence. This, I think, may merit a consideration by itself.

"It is to invade the property, livelihood, and employment of families innumerable, whose dependence and estates lie in several parts of the printing trade, not at all concerned with the government; but should in common justice be excepted. Among these are to be reckoned patents, and properties in smaller books, such as almanacks, catechisms, psalms, and little manuals, moral and religious; the copyrights of which are estates to many families, and to preserve which right from piracy, a very just and necessary law was made in the last Parliament."

At this time an occurrence took place in the Privy Council Chamber, which added greatly to Mr. Harley's power as a minister; and that was his being stabbed by the Marquis de Guiscard, a dis-

appointed Frenchman, then being examined before the Privy Council on a charge of high treason. This circumstance called for sympathy from all parties, and caused the minister so circumstanced to be looked upon as a martyr to the cause of the state. A desperate man had stabbed some one for revenge; and that some one, by chance, happened to be Robert Harley, chancellor of the exchequer; and this gave him great sympathy with the Queen, who created him Earl of Oxford and Lord High Treasurer, soon after his recovery from a wound which had nearly proved fatal. De Foe takes great interest in the event at the time, and sincerely laments the circumstance in these words:—"Every man I meet with, however prejudices and parties lamentably divide us, speaks of this action with abhorrence; and had it succeeded, God alone can tell the confusion that the public affairs must for a time have fallen into, under the agitation of so many contending parties."—*Review*, vol. vii. p. 602.

De Foe, who had for years held a considerable share in Mr. Harley's confidential state appointments of a secret nature, knew his character well, and respected the man for the many acts of kindness he had received from him; and so, on this occasion, published a tract entitled "Eleven Opinions about Mr. Harley; with Observations. London: printed for J. Baker, 1711."

On Mr. Harley's recovery, he introduced a measure for paying off the national debt, by trading with the South Seas; and received great applause at the time, for his penetration and sagacity as a statesman, in devising such a plan. De Foe took up the subject in his *Review*, and denied Harley's claim to the originating of the scheme; for it had been suggested by the late minister, Godolphin; and, besides that, there was nothing great or original in the undertaking: and, besides all this, it was only a scheme which he had himself proposed, some years before, to William III., or his ministers; for in the *Review*, vol. viii. p. 165, he says:—"I had the honour to lay a proposal before his late Majesty King William, in the beginning of this war, for carrying the war, not into Old Spain, but into America; which proposal his Majesty approved of, and fully proposed to put in execution, had not death, to our unspeak-

able grief, prevented him. And yet, I would have my readers distinguish with me, that there is always a manifest difference between carrying on a war in America, and settling a trade there; and I shall not fail to speak distinctly to this difference in its turn. And because I purpose to dwell a little upon the subject, and to make what I shall say on this head, as far as my capacity extends, a perfect though short compendium, both of the Spanish and English commerce as they respect each other, either in Europe or America, I shall first lay down what the circumstances of this trade are, how carried on, and by whom, and how far we are concerned in them."

This may be considered a long quotation on an uninteresting subject; it is so; but yet, as the subject is important, as being the first indication of a national movement to what afterwards became the Great South-Sea Scheme, which was worked into a *scrip* bubble which involved thousands in trouble, embarrassment, and ruin; and, as I believe Daniel De Foe to have been the original projector of a South-Sea adventure in the trade, which years afterwards was worked up into a swindling project by designing and unscrupulous speculators; I should not consider myself justified in passing so important an event in British commercial history, in connection with Daniel De Foe, without some notice. Suffice to say, that in the September following, he published his connected or digested thoughts on this scheme, in a pamphlet entitled "An Essay on the South-Sea Trade. London, 1710."

Poor De Foe, at this time, had a very difficult game to play, to please his friends out of office, and his friend Harley in office. These two opposing interests he could not serve at the same time; therefore, whatever he wrote at this time was wrong; either Swift, Dr. Drake, Prior, Toland, Sacheverell, and others, on the one hand; or Whig scribes, anonymous perhaps, on the other, would find fault with him, and with his principles. He was charged with writing Whig and Tory papers at the same time; and a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 20, thus speaks of him:—"I have heard that Daniel De Foe would write an answer to books before they were published; and that once he wrote an answer to a book that was never published; but I never thought that

Mr. Danvers would have followed the example of so mercenary a writer, for whom he takes every occasion to express so great a contempt."

At this time all was party bigotry and subserviency; and De Foe, being a political writer, keeping the constitution as his guide, always fell foul of these disputants: to-day he was Whig, and consequently abused by the Tories; to-morrow he was Tory, and therefore abused by the Whigs; to-day he is neither, therefore he must be abused by both; and, in clearing himself from these imputations, he takes up a considerable portion of the eighth volume of his *Review*.

As soon as Harley and his party had fairly disposed of all opposition at home, they set themselves to intrigue secretly with France for a peace, by setting Matthew Prior, as their private negotiator, against the French agent, Moses Mesnager; but, the war being popular with the people at home, their only chance of success was in employing such writers as Swift and Prior to cavil at the expenses of the war, and thus lower the Whigs in public estimation; and, to assist the power of contention, the drum-ecclesiastic was beaten to the same tune. In this state of party warfare, Mr. Maynwaring published some *Reflections on a Quotation out of the Review*, which, of course, brought De Foe into the field again, as a writer, in his *Review*, vol. viii. pp. 345, 354, 366, 370, 375—394, on the partition of Spain between France and Austria, its advantages, disadvantages, necessities, and the like—papers and quotations which would alone make up a very tolerable volume, about as interesting and as intelligible to us, as the asseverations and vagaries of a loyal member of a country Pitt Club of our time. But poor King William of glorious memory, De Foe's especial patron, coming in, of course, for his share of abuse, to assist the party warfare, De Foe, in his defence, published, in December of this year, "The Felonious Treaty; or, an Enquiry into the Reasons which moved his late Majesty King William of Glorious Memory, to enter into a Treaty at two several times with the King of France, for the Partition of the Spanish Monarchy. With an Essay, proving that it was always the sense, both of King William and of all the Confederates, and even of the

Grand Alliance itself, that the Spanish Monarchy should never be united in the person of the Emperor. By the Author of the *Review*. London, printed and sold by J. Baker. 1711. Price sixpence.” As the whole is the Partition Treaty over again, with all its *pros* and *cons*, Whig readings, and Tory readings, I will, out of compassion to the feelings of my reader, miss the whole; for they are only the modern Pitt-Club vagaries over again: I mean for us now in the year 1859; when light reading and illustrated trash take up the whole of public consideration in the reading way—in slang; or a man’s cutting his wife’s throat with a Sheffield whittle, 12mo, and only fourpence! The stand made by De Foe for the late King William, only raised a storm of Whig and Tory detractors in the press; so De Foe wrote in his *Review* of Nov. 20, 1711:—“The humour of the times is a mighty stream, and we find few that can resist it. The reason is, that it is a dangerous port, full of rocks and shoals to split on; and not one in twenty ventures the dangerous voyage, but will be lost in the attempt. Every side is against him. If his courage bears up a while, his reputation will sink; one side says, he is mercenary, and gone over to the enemy; the other side says, he is coming over to them, but, not knowing why, thinks him fickle; those that think him honest, say he is mad; so, in short, the man is lost on every side, and no wonder so few dare stand the brush. I am one of those unhappy few, who, guided, as I hope, by truth, and unconcerned at reproach, which men blindly throw out on every side, stand fast in the defence of that true interest of my country, which, I bless God from the bottom of my soul, I espoused in my youth, and never could be frightened by parties, nor bribed by persuasions, no, not of the greatest in the nation. I confess I defend it now under very unhappy circumstances, *viz.*, that they say the French and I argue for the same thing; the Tory interest is wrapped up in my argument; and—rash men!—some will have it I am turned high-flyer.” The ministers being anxious for peace with France, and being anxious, too, to oppress the dissenters; but fearing the House of Lords, which had, from the Restoration, perhaps, or at any rate from the glorious Revolution of 1688, carried the whole belligerent force of British constitutional

principles within its walls: for the Commons, for a great portion of this period, were utterly helpless, so far as the assertion or defence of a living principle could exist, in a national senate, or chamber of delegates; or the constituted trustees of a nation's rights and interests. For much of this period the Commons of England lay utterly prostrate before the patronizing and bribing powers of the court of France; for many of the members received bribes from the French King; and other members were kept to their fidelity by the prospect of receiving French bribes themselves. For principle, the English House of Commons was utterly corrupt—utterly rotten—utterly French—French in interest, because French in pay. Well, the Harley government of 1711 made twelve new peers in one day; and threatened to make a dozen more if the House should not be sufficiently pliant with the first creation. This swamping of the House by creating new peers appeared to have the desired effect; for a bill for oppressing the dissenters passed in three days, by a general concurrence of Whigs and Tories. De Foe, in his *Review*, vol. viii. p. 473, observes:—"The case of the dissenters is circumstanced too similarly (the hand of Brutus being raised against Cæsar); this mortal state could have been received from no hand but that of a friend (a Whig). The dissenters in England, as they stood united in interest with the Low Churchmen, could have received no fatal blow but from themselves. Three times the united power of their enemies had attacked them, and could never prevail; but given up by their friends (the Whigs) they fall of course."

This blow at the dissenters was entitled "An Act for preserving the Protestant Religion, by better securing the Church of England as by law established; and for confirming the Toleration granted to Protestant Dissenters by an Act, entitled &c., and for supplying the Defects thereof; and for the further securing the Protestant Succession, &c." The dissenters received a severe blow by this measure, got up by Harley, St. John, Harcourt, and others, the ministers; their object in passing such a measure against the dissenters at this time being ominous; and foreboding evil to civil and religious liberty; for this was the time of all others when the dissenters should have

been encouraged and supported ; if for nothing but a sense of gratitude for past services in 1688, at the glorious Revolution ; and as a check to the threatened inroad from the bigoted Pretender James III., waiting his opportunity to subject this dominion to Popish superstition and priestly domination ; with arbitrary power, springing from his supposed divine right of kingship.

This act was most oppressive, and exclusive in spirit ; and, as De Foe says in his *Review*, “ a blow by which they [the dissenters] are excluded from the common concern of fellow-subjects, in the trusts and advantages of the society they live in ; by which they are treated as aliens and strangers in the commonwealth, or as persons dangerous to be trusted by the government they have so faithfully and so largely contributed to support.”

It is utterly impossible for any impartial observer to take a glance at the Harley administration in 1711, without being fully impressed with the conviction, that that administration was bent upon mischief ; so far as the rights of civil and religious liberty, and the rights of the Hanoverian succession, were concerned. Their first act was to raise the property qualification for a county member of Parliament to £600 *per annum*, which was a blow struck at the mercantile and banking interests of the city of London ; it was a disfranchising of the City moneyed interest, which was, for the most part, a Whig and dissenting interest. This, as far as it went, was a lift to the pretensions of the Pretender, James III. Their next act was to intrigue with France for a peace, which was against the national feeling at the time, which had to be overcome by the writing of Dean Swift, Prior, and other hired scribes ; and for carrying on this peace project, the House of Lords had to be gagged by the creation of a dozen new peers in one day, and a threat of a second dozen, if the Lords were not good and dutiful subjects of Harley, St. John, and Company—the ministers ; and, on the day of this peer-creating, the Duke of Marlborough, the head of the Whig party, was dismissed from all his employments. All these circumstances, being combined in one twelve months of legislation, would imply a policy which was opposed to the rights of conscience and the rights of civil liberty.

Dissenters were cut off from all civil employments ; and no person employed by the government was to enter a conventicle under the penalty of loss of place, and a fine of £40 ; and this bill passed the Commons in three days, and received the royal assent in eight days from its first introduction to the Lords. Against this tyranny on the part of the government, and ingratitude on the part of the Whigs, De Foe wrote fearlessly in his *Review*, and, addressing the Whigs, he says, in the eighth volume, p. 466 :—

“ You are against a peace ; will you fortify your political interests by giving up for a prey, those [the dissenters] you have so long espoused, both in their civil and religious liberties ? Methinks I see some people abroad, whose characters have for some years been adorned with the word patriot, strangely easy to give up all these things, that they may but strengthen their party interest. But this is not the first time that some people [Whigs] who call themselves friends to the dissenters, have offered to sacrifice them to their enemies, upon very mean conditions.

“ If persecuting laws are set up ; and the liberty of dissenters, established at the Revolution, is attempted ; God forbid that I should cease, though humbly, to complain of the injury, let what human authority soever prohibit it. If they make it criminal, I am ready to suffer ; but I will never lose my little share in the liberties of my country, without crying out against both the mischief and the contrivers of it, let them be who they will.”

To avert the threatened bill, De Foe published “ An Essay on the History of Parties and Persecution in Britain, &c. London, printed by J. Baker, 1711.”

How true are the words of Solomon, that a fool ground in a mortar will come out fool ground ! This proverb was never better illustrated than in the case of Queen Anne, who was a very weak woman, narrow and bigoted as her father ; for he was a fool, so that she was the daughter of a fool, and she was the grand-daughter of a fool ; and she was, moreover, great-grand-daughter of James I., be he what he might. This silly woman was at war with Louis XIV. of France, and had been for years, because Louis would not acknowledge her title of Queen : he affirming, that she was not Queen of

England by right of hereditary succession ; he called her an usurper, and treated her as such ; and war was the consequence between the two countries ; and, before peace could be entered upon at the conference of Utrecht, the very first step towards negotiation on the part of England, was a declaration drawn up by the Queen's ministers, for acknowledgment by the French court, to the effect that Queen Anne's title to the throne of these realms rested upon the authority of an act of Parliament. I will give the specific demands made by the English court of the French court, as the groundwork of negotiation at the convention of Utrecht :—

“The Most Christian King [Louis] shall acknowledge, in the clearest and strongest terms, the succession to the crown of Great Britain, according as it is limited by acts of Parliament,” &c.

Again : “The Most Christian King shall promise besides, as well for himself as for his heirs and successors, never to acknowledge any person for King or Queen of Great Britain other than her Majesty now reigning, and those kings or queens who shall succeed her by virtue of the above-said acts of Parliament.”

This was the very groundwork of all negotiation ; and the recognition of this document and the royal signature of France (Louis XIV.) to the treaty of peace founded on this preliminary, was the acknowledgment of the court of France to the constitutional principle of the British government, “that the people are the source of all legitimate power within these realms.” The blood of Charles I. sealed this bond on the scaffold, in Westminster. The abdication of James II., at the Revolution of 1688, sealed this bond ; and now, at the peace of Utrecht in 1713, the signature of Louis XIV. is another witness added to the same document, which acknowledges the sovereignty of the people in England : for in England *the people are the source of all legitimate power*. This is the fundamental law of the British constitution ; yet, since the accession of Harley and Company,—for he is decidedly the first in the firm of fraud, trick, and rascality, in obtaining power in order to oppress the people, and obtain ends through that oppression, not very clearly defined,—though great preparations were made this year for something, and these preparations consisted in removing or changing the lord lieu-

tenants and magistracy, and all offices, however remote or insignificant, dependent upon the ministry, or their confidential partisans—the High-Church Tories. It was under this system of fortifying the position, that the ministry introduced their Church-of-England-securing Bill—that bill I am now writing upon, which enacted that after 25th of March, 1712, any person receiving the emoluments of patent, grant, place of trust or profit, civil or military, under the English government, meeting for worshipping God, where ten persons should assemble at a conventicle, should be liable to a penalty of £40; and, on conviction, be adjudged incapable from thenceforth of holding any office or employment whatsoever. The ministry took every step they could to organize their party for some particular move; but were disturbed from time to time, both in the Lords and in the Commons, by certain independent members introducing a resolution affirming the vitality of the act of Parliament passed by William III. in 1701, limiting the succession to the throne of Great Britain to the Protestant line of Hanover. This was done in the Lords by the Duke of Devonshire; and in the Commons, by Mr. Richard Hampden, member for Buckingham; and this thing might be done by other members. These periodical declaratory resolutions on a fundamental bulwark of British liberty, and British security, in a critical period; when a very weak, narrow-minded, bigoted woman filled the throne, and she surrounded by wicked, designing, intriguing, unprincipled men, as her ministers and advisers; were highly judicious and prudent, but extremely inconvenient to the ministers, unprepared either to divide the House upon the question by a direct negative; or, what would have been equally as injurious to themselves and their cause, such an evasion of the declaration as would only show their feelings and intentions, and betray their weakness or inability to carry their designs, if they had any.

This resolution of the right of the succession to the crown by the Elector of Hanover, having been conferred by the act of 1701, could not, in the opinion of the guardians of British liberty, be too frequently thrown upon the two Houses of Parliament; and these indorsed by them, by direct resolutions confirmatory of this act;

limiting the right of succession. Harley, like a true son of quirk and quibble, readily fell in with what he could not avoid; and so heartily responded to the Duke of Devonshire's resolution confirming the act of 1701; and ministers in the Commons as heartily supported the same resolution, when introduced by Mr. Richard Hampden. Opposition would have been useless; therefore a hearty acquiescence in a declared opinion was both safe and politic. There can be no doubt but this ministry were preparing for some great measure of oppression—something adverse to British liberty; but time was not given to them to organize their plans into safe working order.

The Bishop of Oxford, in recording his opinion on the doctrines promulgated by Henry Sacheverell in his Fifth-of-November Sermon, affirmed, in his place in the House of Lords, that—"If clergymen may with impunity publicly in their sermons arraign and condemn the Revolution; besides the restrictions they cast upon all the worthy patriots that were concerned in that great work, the commonality, gentry, and nobility, lords upon every bench in this House; besides this, it must shake, it must sap the very foundations of our present establishment, as it stands upon the foot of the Revolution, and utterly destroy our future hopes in the Protestant succession, which is founded upon that bottom only."

On the 29th of July, 1712, De Foe closed the eighth volume of his *Review*, as follows:—"I so fully resolved to lay down this paper at the end of July, when the new tax upon papers begins, as ever I did, or can resolve anything; and pleased myself with the hopes that, after eight years' struggling with the enemies of the nation's peace, to have enjoyed some peace myself; to have dropped insensibly out of public broils, and, as much as possible, to have been forgotten among you. But it is impossible: neither the nature of the thing, nor the nature of the people, will permit it. As to the people, unless I will give leave to the railing spirit, to triumph over me as slain in battle, and let that slander which ceases not to insult me while living, follow me to the grave, I must be still at hand to detect the lies, and oppose the slanders, with which those who cannot otherwise answer me, are daily filling the age. Nor will the

nature of the thing permit me to lay it down: the crisis is too imminent, the arguments on both sides too nice, the consequences too fatal, the mischiefs approaching too threatening, and the concern every honest man has too pressing, for any man that has spoken at all, now to hold his peace. He that will save his country from ruin, must do it in the season of deliverance; he that will prevent the destruction of a town, must cry 'fire' in time; and he that will do any service on either side, must now speak, or he may for ever after hold his tongue."

We now come to the preface to the eighth volume of the *Review*—a part of the performance which seldom in this age takes a secondary part in importance; indeed, we know many books written at this period (the year 1700) which are alone valuable for the intrinsic worth of the preface. This is a fact well known to all collectors of books written about the period we are now writing upon; and it must be my excuse for taking up what might be considered an unwarrantable space with the preface to the eighth volume of the *Review*.

To elucidate the character and times of Daniel De Foe, is my object; and if, by quoting four or five pages of his own writing, I can further this object, I must avail myself of the opportunity; for his own words on himself, written at the time, must of necessity stand before anything I can pick up about him, after a lapse of one hundred and fifty years, as gossip, retailed by Oldmixon, Leslie, L'Estrange, Swift, Pope, Prior, Gay, Arbuthnot, Harley, or Bolingbroke, or any other character, not standing very high for feeling, truth, or patriotism. These were the men who wrote of De Foe; for Gay, the friend, student, or disciple of Pope, thus expresses himself of De Foe, only a few months after this period, when the *Review* was discontinued altogether, and when De Foe was again immured in Newgate for writing another pamphlet for Harley. Really! one would have thought De Foe had had experience enough, in 1703, in showing the *Shortest Way to extirpate Dissenters*, without trying to extirpate the claims of the house of Hanover, for the same minister in 1713, and getting into Newgate a second time. Well, this Gay remarks:—"The poor *Review* is quite exhausted, and grown so

very contemptible, that, though he has provoked all his brothers of the quill, none will enter into a controversy with him. The fellow, who had excellent natural parts, but wanted a small foundation of learning, is a lively instance of those wits who, as an ingenious author says, will endure but one skimming." So much for Mr. Gay, the friend of Pope and Swift. This little circumstance shows that from 1703 to 1712—a period of ten years—Daniel De Foe had been writing his eight thick quarto volumes of *Review*, without being degraded by the patronage or friendships of some of the meanest men that England ever knew—men talented, but unprincipled; a lot to which Gay attached himself.

I will now take the Preface above alluded to.

"I have now finished the eighth volume of this work; and as this particular part has been the subject of as much clamour and noise as any former, though on a different account, and from different people, I cannot close it, without giving some account both of it and of myself. From the beginning of this undertaking, which I have now carried on almost ten years, I have always, according to the best of my judgment, calculated it for the support and defence of truth and liberty. I was not so weak, when I began, as not to expect enemies; and that by speaking plain, both to persons and things, I should exasperate many against both the work and the author; and in that expectation I have not been deceived.

"I confess I did not expect, that if the same truth summoned me to differ from the people I was serving, they would treat me as they do, for it. I own I thought an uninterrupted fidelity, and steady adhering to an honest principle, for near forty years, would have been some plea in my behalf; and if not, that suffering the shipwreck of my fortunes, which were at that time recovering, and, by the bounty of his late Majesty, in a fair way of being restored; suffering all the indignities, penalties, and punishments, an enraged party could inflict upon me, and above three thousand pounds loss; I say, I thought this might have lodged a little in the breast of my friends, and might have allowed them at least to examine before they condemned me, whether they did me wrong or no.

"I thought that while I had given such proof, that I could neither

be bribed from the truth, or threatened or terrified from my principles, it might at least be a ground for impartial honest men to examine before they censured me. But I have found all this in vain; and, as if forfeiting my reason as well as my estate were a debt from me to the party I espoused, I am now hunted full cry, Acteon-like, by my own friends, I won't call them hounds, in spite of protested innocence and want of evidence, against the genuine sense of what I write, against fair arguing, against all modesty and sense; condemned by common clamour as writing for money, for particular persons, by great men's directions, and the like; every tittle of which, I have the testimony of my own conscience, is abominably false, and the accusers must have the accusation of their own consciences that they do not know it to be true.

“I cannot say it has not given me a great deal of disturbance; for an ungrateful treatment by a people that I had run all manner of risk for, and thought I could have died for, cannot but touch a less sensible temper than I think mine to be; but, I thank God, that operation is over; and I endeavour to make other uses of it, than perhaps the people themselves think I do. First, I look in, and upon the narrowest search I can make of my own thoughts, desires, and designs, I find a clear untainted principle, and consequently an entire calm of conscience, founded upon the satisfying sense, that I neither am touched by bribes, guided or influenced by fear, favour, hope, dependence, or reward from any person or party under heaven; and that I have written, and do write, nothing but what is my native, free, undirected opinion and judgment, and which was, so many years ago, as I think I made unanswerably appear, by the very last *Review* in this volume. Next, I look up, and without examining into His ways, the sovereignty of whose Providence I adore, I submit with an entire resignation to whatever happens to me, as being by the immediate direction of that goodness, and for such wise and glorious ends, as, however I may not yet see through, will at last issue in good, even to me; fully depending, that I shall yet be delivered from the power of slander and reproach; and the sincerity of my conduct be yet cleared up to the world; and if not —*Te Deum laudamus.*

“In the third place, I look back on the people who treat me thus—who, notwithstanding, under the power of their prejudices, they fly upon me with a fury that I think unchristian and unjust; yet, as I doubt not the day will still come when they will be again undeceived in me, I am far from studying their injury, or doing myself justice at their expense; which I could do, with great advantage. It is impossible for the dissenters in this nation to provoke me to be an enemy to their interest; should they fire my house, sacrifice my family, and assassinate my life, I would ever requite them in defending their cause, and standing to the last against all those that should endeavour to weaken or reproach it. But this is, as I think it, a just and righteous cause, founded upon the great principle of Truth and Liberty, which I am well assured I shall never abandon. Not that I am insensible of being ill treated by them; or that I make any court to their persons. When any party of men have not a clear view of their own case, or a right knowledge of their own interest, he that will serve them, and knows the way to do it, must be certain not to please them; and must be able to see them revile and reproach him, and use him in the worst manner imaginable, without being moved, either to return them ill, or refrain from doing them good; and this is the true meaning of that command which I thank God I cheerfully obey, *viz.*, to pray for them that despitefully treat me. I have not so ill an opinion of myself as not to think I merit better usage from the dissenters; and I have not so ill an opinion of the dissenters, as not to think they will some time or other know their friends from their enemies, better than they do now. Nor have I so far forgot my friends, as not to own a great many of them do already. I remember the time when the same people treated me in the same manner, upon the book called the *Shortest Way*, &c.; and nothing but suffering for them would ever open their eyes. He that cleared up my integrity then, can do it again by the same method; and I leave it to him. *Ad te quæcunque vocas* is my rule; my study and practice is patience and resignation; and in this I triumph over all the indignity, reproach, slander, and raillery in the world; in this I enjoy, in the midst of a million of enemies, a perfect peace and tranquillity; and

when they misconstrue my words, pervert the best meaning, turn everything which I say their own way, it gives me no other contemplation than this : how vain is the opinion of men, either when they judge well or ill !

“ To return to my own case : I am a stoick in whatever may be the event of things. I’ll do and say what I think is a debt to justice and truth, without the least regard to clamour and reproach ; and, as I am utterly unconcerned at human opinion, the people who throw away their breath so freely in censuring me, may consider of some better improvement to make of their passions, than to waste them on a man that is both above and below the reach of them. I know too much of the world to expect good in it ; and have learned to value it too little, to be concerned at the evil. I have gone through a life of wonders, and am the subject of a vast variety of providences ; I have been fed more by miracle than Elijah, when the ravens were his purveyors. I have, some time ago, summed up the scenes of my life in this distich :—

No man has tasted differing fortunes more,
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor.

“ In the school of affliction I have learnt more philosophy than at the academy, and more divinity than from the pulpit ; in prison, I have learnt to know that liberty does not consist in open doors, and the free egress and regress of locomotion. I have seen the rough side of the world as well as the smooth ; and have, in less than half a year, tasted the difference between the closet of a king and the dungeon of Newgate. I have suffered deeply for cleaving to principles ; of which integrity I have lived to say, none but those I suffered for, ever reproached me with it. The immediate causes of my suffering have been the being betrayed by those I have trusted, and scorning to betray those who trusted me. To the honour of English gratitude, I have this remarkable truth to leave behind me—that I was never so basely betrayed as by those whose families I had preserved from starving ; nor so basely treated as by those I starved my own family to preserve. The same checquer-work of fortune attends me still : the people I have served, and love to serve, cut my throat every day, because I will not cut the throats of those

that have served and assisted me. Ingratitude has always been my aversion; and perhaps, for that reason, it is my exercise.

“And now I live under universal contempt, which contempt I have learned to contemn; and have an uninterrupted joy in my soul, not at my being contemned, but that no crime can be laid to my charge, to make that contempt my due. Fame, a lying jade, would talk me up, for I know not what of courage; and they call me a fighting fellow. I despise flattery; I profess to know nothing of it farther than truth makes any man bold; and I acknowledge, that give me but a bad cause, and I am the greatest coward in the world. Truth inspires nature; and, as in defence of truth no honest man can be a coward, so no man of sense can be bold when he is in the wrong. He that is honest must be brave; and it is my opinion that a coward cannot be an honest man. In defence of truth, I think (pardon me that I dare go no further, for who knows himself?)—I say, *I think* I could dare to die; but a child may beat me if I am in the wrong. Guilt gives trembling to the hands, blushing to the face, and fills the heart with amazement and terror. I question whether there is much, if any, difference between bravery and cowardice, but what is founded in the principle they are engaged for; and I no more believe any man is born a coward, than that he is born a knave. Truth makes a man of courage, and guilt makes that man a coward.

“I have a large family—a wife and six children, who never want what they should enjoy, or spend what they ought to save. Under all these circumstances, and many more, too long to write, my only happiness is this: I have always been kept cheerful, easy, and quiet, enjoying a perfect calm of mind, clearness of thought, and satisfaction not to be broken in upon by whatever may happen to me. If any man ask me how I arrived to it? I answer him, in short, by a constant serious application to the great, solemn, and weighty work of resignation to the will of Heaven; by which let no man think I presume.”

The Treaty of Utrecht was signed on the 11th of April, 1713, and caused great dissatisfaction in the nation, particularly amongst the Whig party, who considered the country as betrayed by the ministry

for the interests of France and the Pretender; and this dissatisfaction was not confined to England and the Whigs; for “the astonishment, indignation, and scorn, with which the plan of peace contained in the Queen’s speech before mentioned was received in Holland, is hardly to be expressed; but the exceptions the Imperialists made to that scheme were fully set forth in a treatise published by order of Count Zinzendorf, entitled the *Sighs of Europe*; to which an answer was soon published, and ascribed to De Foe, ‘The Groans of Great Britain; being a Second Part to the Groans of Europe, London, 1713. Price one shilling.’ The greatest dissatisfaction at the peace of Utrecht prevailed; and it is supposed, that, to drown the clamour in this quarter, a counteracting clamour must be raised, by an effort, real or pretended, to be made for the Pretender. This was believed by writers at the time (1713), that, although the ministry escaped thus in *a mist* (a resolution stolen in a full House in their favour for the treaty of Utrecht), yet some of them rightly foresaw, that this *ugly business of trade*, which had raised so universal a clamour, would at last end in their ruin; unless prevented by more desperate measures; which ’tis the general opinion, they resolved to pursue. Be that as it may, ’tis certain that from this time the hopes of the Pretender’s friends were wonderfully raised, insomuch that they began publicly to list men for his service; and, on the other hand, addresses from Scotland in favour of the *lineal succession* were kindly received at court.”

It was at this very time that De Foe wrote his three pamphlets, on or in favour of the Pretender, for which he was taken up on a charge of high treason, and would have been tried on that charge but for the intervention of these men, who pardoned him. Could De Foe have been hired by Harley and St. John for that work, considering that they had already in pay, Swift, Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Dyer, Roper; and Charles Leslie, a host in himself, for unscrupulous and anonymous writing—men who did what they could to defend the ministers, and lampoon Marlborough,¹ Godol-

¹ It was the policy of Harley’s government to write down any officer in the government, so as to prepare the public mind for the change; for before the removal of the Duke of Marlborough from all his employments, in 1711, “he had been so openly

phin, Walpole, and the Whig party. Swift was so conspicuous in this service, that the King of Spain and the King of France both thanked him, through the Spanish ambassador, for the good service he had done for them by his writings; a compliment which Swift *took very well*. Oldmixon, in an anonymous pamphlet, takes up the side of the Whigs, and abuses De Foe for supporting the ministers; and charges him also with advocating a Dutch war. To these charges De Foe replies in his *Review*, vol. viii. p. 825. No doubt the ministers had sufficient talent hired to defend their measures; for there was one grand feature in the political working of the state machine by Robert Harley. Whether aspiring to the Speakership of the House of Commons, or when enjoying the power of Lord High Treasurer of England, Harley knew what talent was, and what it could do for him, and at what price; and he bought it. This minister had brought this nation to such a pitch of degradation, by his surrounding the executive as a body-guard with such characters as Leslie, Swift, Ridpath, Pope, and the like, that her Majesty had to declare, again and again, on the meeting of Parliament, "how great a license is taken in publishing false and scandalous libels, such as are a reproach to any government. This evil seems to be grown too strong for the laws now in force (A.D. 1711); it is, therefore, recommended to you, to find out a remedy equal to the mischief." This was the prelude to the tax on pamphlets and newspapers.

The charging De Foe with advocating a war with Holland was too absurd to require any reply. De Foe was a free-trader, and supported the free-trade resolutions of the Treaty of Utrecht, which was quite sufficient for Oldmixon to draw the inference from—that a free trade with France must of necessity mean, war to the knife with Holland and the Protestantism of Europe. This was the reading of De Foe's trading principles, not only of Oldmixon, the Whig, but of all the Whig party; as the Whig opposition at this time to the book *Mercator* fully proves. *Mercator* was a valuable

attacked and aspersed in printed libels, by the *mercenary pens* employed and countenanced by the *present managers* (ministers?), that his Grace's removal was certainly resolved upon many months before it took place."

free-trade book, which was published in numbers, the first number appearing upon the 26th of May, 1713; and was continued upon Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; of which Boyer, in his *Life of Queen Anne*, thus speaks, as one only of the great Whig party, professing the same sentiments; and declaring them, too, on all occasions:—"This paper [*Mercator*], upon its first appearance abroad, was generally fathered upon the chief manager of the Treaty of Commerce, Arthur Moore, supposed to be assisted by the genius of Dr. Davenant; but the latter solemnly disowned his having any share in it; and, indeed, it was soon after discovered to be the production of an ambidextrous mercenary scribbler, Daniel De Foe; employed by the Earl of Oxford, who for this dirty work allowed him a considerable weekly salary."

Oldmixon, in his *History of England*, vol. iii. p. 519, writing on the same subject, observes:—"Foe, as well as the Lord Treasurer, had been a rank Presbyterian; and their genius was so near akin, that Harley could not but take him into his confidence as soon as he got acquainted with him. He was adored and caressed by that mighty statesman, who gave him, as that mercenary said himself, to the value of £1000 in one year. Foe's business was only to puzzle the cause by mercantile cant and bold sophistry; which several eminent merchants and others being apprised thereof, they desired that Mr. Martin, bailiff of Southwark, an ingenious, judicious man, should publish a paper called the *British Merchant*, which came out twice a week; wherein, with plain reason, and uncontested matters of fact, he exposed the fallacies, blunders, inconsistencies, and ignorance of the hireling *Mercator*, insomuch that at length the thoughts of true Englishmen about commerce—which at first were represented to be the effects of discontent and faction, as was hinted in the Queen's speech—appeared to be the universal sense of all traders."

Tindal, following in the same strain, observes that "the treaty was to be supported at any rate; the persons concerned in making it either could not, or would not, see their mistake; and the nation was to be convinced that, through their great skill in trade, they had made an excellent treaty of commerce. To these ends, Daniel

De Foe was employed; though as in a weekly paper, published some years before, called the *Review*, he had very often condemned the French trade as detrimental to this kingdom. He undertook, however, the cause now, and published a paper thrice a week, by the title of *Mercator*, &c. In this paper he undertook to prove that the trade to France, though contrary to all experience, had always been beneficial to this kingdom, and would be so again, upon the foot of the treaty. And, as he had the art of writing very plausibly, and those who employed him, and furnished him with materials, had the command of all public papers in the Custom-house, he had it in his power to do a great deal of mischief, especially among such as were unskilled in trade, and, at the same time, very fond of French wines, which it was then a crime to be against. Suffice to say, this *Mercator*, advocating a free trade with France, raised the whole power of the Whig mercantile interest in England by their publishing the *British Merchant; or, Commerce Preserved*." And all this in opposition to Daniel De Foe and his paper the *Mercator*!

These old Whig times remind me of oppositions at a more recent period, when great and small attended at their townhalls, to cut down or crush in the bud, Richard Cobden and the Anti-Corn-Law League at Manchester. It brings to mind one Dr. Holland, and his patron, Mr. Beckett Denison, M.P. for Yorkshire. Such a display of names—Lord Halifax and General Stanhope; Sir Charles Cooke, merchant; Sir Theodore Jansen, Bart.; James Milner, Theodore Torriano, Joshua Gee, Christopher Haynes, with David Martin, merchants; and Charles King, merchant too! Why, really; it is Doncaster Theatre and Beckett Denison all over!

The very fourth number of the *British Merchant*, the property of the above merchant princes, thus expresses itself:—

"Mr. Daniel De Foe may change his name from *Review* to *Mercator*—from *Mercator* to any other title; yet still his singular genius shall be distinguished by his *inimitable way* of writing."

In *Appeal to Honour and Justice*, p. 47, De Foe thus speaks on this subject:—

"There is a mighty charge against me, for being the author and publisher of a paper called the *Mercator*. I'll state the fact first,

and then speak to the subject. It is true, that being desired to give my opinion in the affair of the commerce with France, I did, as I often had done in print many years before, declare, that it was my opinion we ought to have an open trade with France, because I did believe we might have the advantage by such trade; and of this opinion I am still. What part I had in the *Mercator* is well known; and would men answer with argument, and not with personal abuses, I would, at any time, defend any part of the *Mercator* which was of my doing. But to say the *Mercator* was mine, is false: I neither was the author of it, nor had the property, printing, or profit of it. I had never any payment or reward for writing any part of it; nor had I the power of putting what I would into it; yet the whole clamour fell upon me, because they knew not who else to load with it. And when they came to answer, the method was, instead of argument, to threaten and reflect upon me, reproach me with private circumstances and misfortunes, and give language which no Christian ought to give, and which no gentleman ought to take. I thought any Englishman had the liberty to speak his opinion in such things; for this had nothing to do with the public. The press was open to me as well as to others; and how or when I lost my English liberty of speaking my mind, I know not; neither how my speaking my opinion without fee or reward, could authorize them to call me villain, rascal, traitor, and such opprobrious names.

“It was ever my opinion, that were our wool kept from France, and our manufactures spread there upon reasonable duties, all the improvement which the French have made in the woollen manufacture would decay, and in the end be little worth; and, consequently, the hurt they could do us by them would be of little moment. It was my opinion, that the ninth article of the Treaty of Commerce was calculated for the advantage of our trade; let who will make it, that is nothing to me. My reasons are, because it tied up the French to open the door to our manufactures at a certain duty of importation *there*; and left the Parliament of Britain at liberty to shut theirs out by as high duties as they pleased *here*: there being no limitations upon us as to duties on French goods, but that other nations should pay the same. While the French were

thus bound, and the British free, I always thought we must be in a condition to trade to advantage, or it must be our own fault. This is my opinion still; and I would venture to maintain it against any man, upon a public stage, before a jury of fifty merchants, and venture my life upon the cause, if I were assured of fair play in the dispute. But, that it was my opinion, that we might carry on a trade with France to our great advantage, and that we ought for that reason to trade with them, appears in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes of the *Review*, above nine years before the *Mercator* was thought of. I was not thought criminal to say so then; how it comes to be villanous to say so now, God knows; I can give no account of it. I am still of the same opinion; and shall never be brought to say otherwise, unless I see the state of trade so altered as to change my opinion; and if ever I do, I shall be able to give good reasons for it.

“The answer to these things, whether mine or no, was all pointed at me; and the arguments were generally in the terms, villain, rascal, miscreant, liar, bankrupt, fellow, hireling, turncoat, &c. What the arguments were bettered by these methods, I leave others to judge of. Also, most of those things in the *Mercator*, for which I had such usage, were such as I was not the author of. I do grant, had all the books which have been called by my name, been written by me, I must of necessity have exasperated every side, and perhaps have deserved it. But I have the greatest injustice imaginable in this treatment, as I have in the perverting the design of what I have really written.”

At this time, De Foe also published another pamphlet, advocating free-trade principles, entitled “An Essay on the Treaty of Commerce with France; with necessary Expositions, Proverbs xviii. 12. London, printed for J. Baker. 1713. 8vo.” In this pamphlet, De Foe advocates free-trade principles, as might be expected, from the position he was taking at the time—on the Treaty of Commerce with France, on the settlement of the Treaty of Utrecht.

Another pamphlet appeared at this time, entitled “A Letter from a Member of the House of Commons to his Friend in the Country, relating to the Bill of Commerce; with a true Copy of the Bill, and

an exact List of all those who voted for and against engrossing it. London, printed and sold by J. Baker. 1713. 8vo.:" also ascribed to De Foe by some opponent, supposed to be Oldmixon, who wrote "Remarks on a scandalous Libel, entitled 'A Letter from a Member of Parliament, relating to the Bill of Commerce.' In which the Trade with France is considered, and the Falsities and Absurdities of the *Mercator* are exposed. To which is added, a Caution to the Freeholders of Great Britain in their approaching Elections; and an exact List of this House of Commons, under several Distinctions. London, A. Baldwin, 1713: 8vo." The writer of the above is very severe on De Foe, whom he professes to answer on his free-trade principles.

We will now return to the charge laid against Daniel De Foe, of being an advocate of a Dutch war. Really, the thing is too absurd to be replied to—for all De Foe's sympathies through a long political life had been in favour of a league, or union, or combination of the Protestantism of Europe against Popish aggression; whether proceeding from France, Italy, or Spain. A charge of this kind could only be wilful annoyance thrown at the man, for some feeling of revenge, great or small—a principle or a hat better than that worn by the low street miscreant who could throw the dirt. De Foe was an advocate for the combination of the vitality of Protestantism against all aggressions on civil and religious liberty, which he justly considered to be expected, in one form or other, under the pretext or pretence of a *conformity in religion*; a shackling of the free limbs of the vitality of Protestantism; for the sake of restricting the free agency of action, and the power of locomotion; for an end—the raising of arbitrary power upon the wreck of civil and religious liberty. De Foe an advocate for a Dutch war! Let him speak for himself in his own *Review*—his newspaper; which had now reached 825 pages of the eighth volume—let him speak:—

"If it be, as some pretend, in the last foreign news, that we are now running headlong into a war with the Dutch—which I look upon as the worst circumstance that can befall this nation—I shall convince those who would maliciously suggest me to be writing for it, that they are in the wrong. It has been all along my argument,

and I have seen no answer to it, that Britain and Holland are the essential strength of the Protestant interest in Europe; and in that respect their interests are inseparable. It is for uniting these that I have always pleaded against the union of Spain with any Popish power in Europe. I appeal to all who read what I write, that the dividing this great prize has been my aim all along, though reproached and misunderstood. The safety and prosperity of the Protestant interest depend upon the joint power of the confederated Protestants; and this must be built upon the union of the British and Dutch."

CHAPTER IX.

OF the peace of Utrecht there were the greatest complaints ; for the ministers had sacrificed the true interests of England to those of France, in allowing the Bourbons of France to retain the whole Spanish monarchy, instead of the half, as designed by the Partition Treaty of William III. : thus giving a preponderance to the Popish party in Europe over the combined influence of Protestantism : a thing much to be deplored by the well-wishers to the vitality of Protestantism in Europe, as a barrier to the encroachments of Papistry, and the strangling, by religious usurpations, all freedom of thought ; and, with it, all civil and religious liberty.

The peace of Utrecht, De Foe deplored—as much as any Englishman could deplore, the increase thus given to the strengthening of the aggressive power of the French monarchy ; but what could he do more ? He was not minister, neither was he connected with the ministry, beyond giving his opinion on a free-trade treaty of commerce with France ; after the treaty of Utrecht had been disposed of altogether. If De Foe had been prime minister of England, he could not have received more of the malignity of the Whig party, than he did receive ; and this when neither Swift nor Pope knew the man by his name ; beyond the fellow who *had had his ears cut off* ; or who *had stood in the pillory*. Never was man so basely used as Daniel De Foe ; his talent was made the scapegoat for all talent which could not at once be fixed upon its real owner ; and this, too, for the greater portion of his life. He had to stand responsible for all the anonymous talent of his age. Steele, Davenant, and others, might write, and write what they pleased too ; and yet, with a little caution on their parts, in concealing their names, the productions of the pen, however offensive, or however debasing, could be fathered upon the ready wit of Daniel De Foe.

In his *Appeal to Honour and Justice*, p. 23, he thus writes :—

“This was the peace I always argued for, pursuant to the design of King William in the Treaty of Partition; and to that article of the grand alliance which was directed by the same glorious hand, at the beginning of this last war; *viz.*, that all we should conquer in the Spanish West Indies should be our own. This was with a true design that England and Holland should have turned their naval power, which was eminently superior to that of France, to the conquest of the Spanish West Indies; by which the channel of trade and return of bullion, which now enriches the enemies of both, had been ours; and as the wealth, so the strength, of the world had been in Protestant hands. Spain, whoever had it, must then have been dependent upon us. The house of Bourbon would have found it so poor without us, as to be scarce worth fighting for; and the people so averse to them, for want of this commerce, as not to make it ever likely that France could keep it.

“This was the foundation I ever acted upon with relation to the peace. It is true, that when it was made, and could not be otherwise, I thought our business was to make the best of it; and rather to inquire what improvements were to be made of it, than to be continually exclaiming at those who made it; and where the objection lies against this part, I cannot see. While I spoke in this manner, I bore infinite reproaches from clamouring pens, of being in the French interest, being hired and bribed to defend a bad peace, and the like; and most of this was upon a supposition of my writing, or being the author of, abundance of pamphlets, which came out every day, and which I had no hand in. And indeed, as I shall observe again, this was one of the greatest pieces of injustice that could be done me, and which I labour still under, without any redress: that, whenever any piece comes out which is not liked, I am immediately charged with being the author; and very often the first knowledge I have had of a book being published, has been from seeing myself abused for being the author, in some other pamphlet, published in answer to it.”

This being the state of things at this time (1713), De Foe gave up writing altogether, except in his *Review*; but not, I think, till

after he had written—1. “An Answer to the Question that Nobody thinks of, *viz.*, But what if the Queen should die? London, printed for J. Baker, 1713 : pp. 44.”—2. “Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover ; with an Inquiry how far the Abdication of King James, supposing it to be legal, ought to affect the Person of the Pretender. *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.* London, printed for J. Baker, 1713 : pp. 45.”—3. “And what if the Pretender should come? or, some Considerations of the Advantages and real Consequences of the Pretender’s possessing the Crown of Great Britain. London, printed for J. Baker, 1713 : 8vo.”

From a very careful perusal of two of these most important tracts, “An Answer to a Question that Nobody thinks of, *viz.*, But what if the Queen should die?” and “Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover,” I have arrived at the conclusion that De Foe’s object was not only honest, but truly patriotic, in writing those two pamphlets. I mention the two only, because the third I have not seen ; for be it remembered, that many of De Foe’s more exciting small productions of the pen have been destroyed ; so that it is very difficult to obtain a sight of them on any terms. His object was to arouse the people of England to a sense of their danger ; in the event of the death of the Queen. This was done only a very few months before the Queen did die ; and at a time when her Majesty’s health was in a very precarious condition ; and all the world were running mad with *jure-divino* and *passive-obedience* doctrines, enunciated from the pulpit and the press.

As a Mr. William Benson started an impeachment, and as one of our judges stated in open court, that De Foe had subjected himself to be hanged, drawn, and quartered as a traitor ; and as I believe De Foe to have been a truly honest man, and fearless patriot, I am compelled to give a larger amount of extract from these books than I otherwise should have given ; to prove the honesty as well as disinterested patriotism of the writer. Mind ! De Foe in Newgate on a charge of high treason is my defence for long extracts ; feeling, as I do, that short ones would not do justice to an honest man, and a great patriot.

“That we are to have a peace ; or that the peace is made

[Utrecht]; what sort of peace; or how it has been brought about; these are questions the world begins to have done with; they have been so much, so often, and to so little purpose, bandied about, and tossed like a shuttlecock from one party to another, the parties themselves begin to want breath to rail and throw scandal. Roper and Ridpath throw dirt at one another so long, and grope into so many jakes up to their elbows to find it, that they stink now in the nostrils of their own party. They are become perfectly nauseous to read; the nation is surfeited of them; and the people begin to be tired with ill using one another. Would any tolerable face appear upon things, we might expect the people would be inclined to be easy; and were the eyes of some great men open, they may see this was the opportunity they never had before; to make the nation easy, and themselves safe. The main thing which agitates the minds of men now, is the Protestant succession and the Pretender. Much pains have been taken on both sides, to amuse the world about this remaining dispute: one side to make us believe it is safe, and the other to convince us it is in danger. Neither side hath been able to expatiate upon the part they affirm. Those who say the Protestant succession is secure, have not yet shown us any step taken since these new transactions, for its particular security. Those who say it is in danger, have not so clearly determined, even among themselves, from what particular head of public management that danger chiefly proceeds. Both these uncertainties serve to perplex us, and to leave the thing more undetermined than consists with the public ease of the people's minds. To contribute something to that ease, and bring those whose place it is to consider of ways to make the people easy in this case, this work is made public.

“Is there any real danger of the Protestant succession? Is there any danger that the Pretender shall be brought in upon us? Is there any danger of Popery and tyranny by restoring the son, as they call him, of abdicated King James? It is well known that there are some people among us, who are so far from allowing that there is any such danger as the said question mentions, that they will have it to be a token of disaffection to the government to put

the question; and are for loading whoever shall offer to start such a question, with characters and party marks odious to good men; such as incendiary, promoter of discontent, raiser of faction, divider of the people, and the like: names which the writer of these sheets, at the same time, both contemns and abhors. He cannot see that he is any enemy to the Queen in inquiring, as diligently as possible, whether there are any attempts to depose her, or dangerous prospects of bringing in the hated rival of her glory and dominion. It is so far from that, that it is apparently the duty of every true subject of her Majesty to inquire seriously, whether the public peace, the Queen's safety, her throne, or her person is in any danger from the wicked design of her and her people's enemies. Wherefore, and for the joint concern every Protestant Briton has in this thing, I shall make no difficulty, plainly and seriously to state, and to answer this previous question, *viz.*, whether there is any danger of the Protestant succession from the present measures, and from the present people concerned? I am not ignorant of what has been said by some, to prove that the present ministry cannot be suspected of having any view to the Pretender in any of their measures. The best reason which I have seen given upon that subject is, that it is not their interest; and that, as we have not found them fools that are blind to their own interest, so neither have we found them to be such fools as not to understand or pursue it. This we find handled sundry ways, by sundry authors, and very much insisted upon as a foundation for us to build upon. We shall give our thoughts upon it with plainness, and without fear or favour.

“Good manners requires we should speak of the ministry with all due regard to their character and persons. This is a tract designed to inquire seriously of a weighty and essential, not a trifling thing which requires but a trifling examination; nor shall it be handled here with satire and scurrility. We approve neither of the flatteries of one side, nor the insultings of the other. We shall readily and most willingly join with those who are of opinion, that it is not the interest of the ministry to be for the Pretender; and that the ministry are not blind to or careless of their own interest; and, consequently, that the ministry cannot be for the Pretender.

This I hope may be called a direct answer. When I say *cannot*, I must not be understood potentially, that they have no moral capacity; but they cannot, without such inconsistencies, contradictions, and improbable things happening in, which render it highly irrational so much as to suppose it of them. It is far from any reflection upon the ministry to say, that however they may act upon a right, sincere principle for the Protestant succession in all they do, which above we profess to believe; yet that many of the tools they make use of, are of another make, and have no edge to cut any other way; no thoughts to move them towards any other end; no other centre which they can have any tendency to; that the Pretender's interest is the magnet which draws them by its secret influence to point to him as their pole; that they have their aim at his establishment here, and own it to be their aim; and so they are not shy to profess it among themselves; so their conduct in many things makes it sufficiently public. But let the ministry employ these men by what necessity or upon what occasion they will, though it may not follow that the ministry are therefore for the Pretender; yet it does not also follow that there is no danger of the Protestant succession from the employing those sort of people: *For what if the Queen should die?*

“I believe that there are very few who alarm themselves much with the fears of the Pretender, from the apprehension of his own strength from abroad, or from his own party and friends at home here; were they once sure that he should receive no assistance from the King of France. If, then, the King of France cannot be reasonably supposed either to be inclined or be in a condition to appear for him, or act in his behalf during the life of the Queen; neither can the Pretender, *say some*, unless he is resolved to ruin all his friends, and at last to ruin himself, make any attempt of that kind during her Majesty's life. *But what if the Queen should die?*

“By this Revolution of 1688 it is that her Majesty is made our Queen; the entail of the crown being reserved in the remainder to her Majesty in the Act of Settlement made at the filling up the vacant throne; and by all those subsequent acts which her Majesty's title was confirmed by, during the life of the late king. This Revo-

lution of 1688 is that upon which the liberties and religion of this nation were rebuilt after the conflagration that was made of them in the calamitous times of King Charles II. and King James II., and from hence to the love of liberty, which is found almost to be naturally placed in the hearts of true Britons; and upon the view whereof they have acted all along in the late war, and in all their transactions at home, has obtained the title of a REVOLUTION PRINCIPLE. Noting this, then, as above, that her Majesty is our Queen by virtue of the Revolution, that establishment alone must be the foundation of all her administration: this must effectually secure us against any apprehension that the persons acting under her Majesty can act in behalf of the Pretender during her Majesty's life; for that they must immediately overthrow the throne, turn the Queen out of it, and renounce the Revolution, upon which her Majesty's possession is established. As the Revolution, therefore, is the base upon which the throne of her Majesty's possession is established; so her Majesty and all that act under her are obliged to act upon the foot of the said Revolution, even *will* they, *nil* they; or else they sink immediately out of rightful power to act at all; her Majesty's title would fall to the ground, their own commissions would from that hour be void; they must declare their royal mistress and benefactress a subject to the Pretender, and all her pretences of rightful possession injurious and an usurpation. These things being so plain, that he that runs may read them, seem to stop all our mouths, from so much as any suggestion that anybody can attempt to bring in the Pretender upon us during the life of her present Majesty. *But what if the Queen should die?*"

In this style the book proceeds for twenty pages further; endeavouring to persuade the people to be on their guard against any sudden surprise on the part of the adherents of the Pretender, *in case the Queen should die?*

We will now take the second pamphlet alluded to above, "Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover." This pamphlet, like the former, was written to alarm, excite, or ridicule the contentions of parties at the time (1713): a time more contentious, and, thanks to Bolingbroke, Swift, Mrs. Masham, and Mister Pope,

more threatening than any times before known in British history ; for, as De Foe well observes in his opening section—

“What strife is here among you all ! and what a noise about who shall be King ; the Lord knows when. Is it not a strange thing, we cannot be quiet with the Queen we have, but we must all fall into confusion and combustions about who shall come after ? Why, pray, folks, how old is the Queen, and when is she to die, that here is this pother about it ? I have heard wise people say the Queen is not fifty years old, that she has no distemper, but the gout, that is a long-life disease, which generally holds out people twenty or thirty or forty years ; and let it be how it will, the Queen may well linger out twenty or thirty years, and not be a huge old wife neither.

“‘How ! what !’ say the people ; ‘must we think of living twenty or thirty years in this wrangling condition we are now in ?’ This would be a torment worse than some of the Egyptian plagues, and would be intolerable to bear, though for fewer years than that. The animosities of this nation, should they go on as it seems they go on now, would by time be come to such a height that all charity, society, and mutual agreement among us, will be destroyed. Christians, shall we be called ? No ; nothing of the people called Christians will be to be found among us. Nothing of Christianity, or the substance of Christianity, *viz.*, charity, will be found among us. The name Christian may be assumed ; but it will be all hypocrisy and delusion ; the being of Christianity must be lost in the fog and smoke and stink and noise and rage and cruelty of our quarrel about a King. Is this rational ? Is it agreeable to the true interest of the nation ? What must become of trade, of religion, of society, of relatives, of families, of people ? Why, harkye, you folk that call yourselves rational, and talk of having souls, is this a token of your having such things about you, or of thinking rationally ? If you have, pray what is it likely will become of you all ? Why, the strife is gotten into your kitchens, your parlours, your counting-houses, nay, into your very beds. You give the folks up ; you please to listen to your cookmaids and footmen in your kitchens ; you shall hear them scolding and swearing and scratching and

fighting among themselves ; and when you think the noise is about the beef and the pudding, the dish-water or the kitchen-stuff, alas ! you are mistaken ; the feud is about the more mighty affairs of the government ; and who is for the Protestant succession, and who for the Pretender. The poor despicable scullions learn to cry ‘ High Church ; no Dutch Kings ; no Hanover ! ’ that they may do it dexterously when they come into the next mob. Here their antagonists of the dripping-pan practise the other side, clamour ‘ No French peace, no Pretender, no Popery ! ’ The thing is the very same up one pair of stairs ; in the shops and warehouses, up the ‘prentices stand, some on one side of the shop, and some on the other (having trade little enough), and these then throw *High Church* and *Low Church* at one another’s heads, like battledore and shuttlecock ; instead of posting their books, they are fighting and railing at the Pretender and the house of Hanover ; it were better for us, certainly, that these things had never been heard of. If we go from the shop, one story higher, into our family, the ladies, instead of their innocent sports and diversions, they are all falling out one among another ; the daughters and the mother, the mother and the daughters, the children and the servants, nay, the very little sisters, one among another. If the chamber-maid is a slattern, and does not please, hang her, she is a jade ; or I warrant she is a high-flyer ; or, on the other side, I warrant she’s a Whig ; I never knew one of that sort good for anything in my life. Nay, go up to your very bedchambers, and even in bed the man and wife shall quarrel about it. People ! —people ! What will become of you at this rate ? ”

This being the state of the nation since 1709, when Jonathan Swift entered the service of the ministry as a lampooner or slanderer, down to this time (1713), when De Foe wrote this pamphlet, and asked, as well he might, what difference could it make to such a people, so corrupt, so dishonest, so contentious, as they were, whether the Pretender came or he did not ; for if he did come, he would be good enough for them ; for, when Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed Queen of England, Mary, afterwards *Bloody Mary*, was the Pretender in the Roman Catholic faith ; and yet the people, Protestant as they were, were too much attached to their hereditary prejudices to

defend their Protestant principles, and the consequences were disastrous, as we all know.

“In his own strength, Hanover does not pretend to come; and if he did, he must miscarry. If not in his own, in whose, then, but the people of Britain? And if the people be a weakened, divided, and deluded people, and see not your own safety to lie in your agreement among yourselves, how shall such weak folk shift him, especially against a strong enemy? So that it will be your destruction to attempt to bring in the house of Hanover, unless you can stand by and defend him when he is come. This will make you all like Monmouth’s men in the west; and you will find yourselves lifted up to halters and gibbets, not to places and preferments. Unless you reconcile yourselves to one another, and bring things to some better pass among the common people, it will be but to banter yourselves to talk of the Protestant succession; for you neither will be in a condition to bring over your Protestant successor, or to support him on the throne when you have brought him; and it will not be denied, that to make the attempt, and not succeed in it, is to ruin yourselves; and this, I think, is very good reason against the succession of the house of Hanover.”

I feel these quotations to be long and tiresome, and, to the ordinary reader, uninteresting; yet I feel compelled to make them; for on these quotations De Foe was committed to Newgate on a charge of high treason; and as his former commitment in 1703, for writing the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, must receive an explanation and exculpation, from the style of argument now used in this pamphlet of 1713, I am compelled to dwell on this subject. It is very singular that 1703 and 1713 should have been selected by De Foe for writing as he did, on each occasion; when those occasions were the very times when Harley was requiring some one to write on the very subjects, and at the very times, on which De Foe did write. Yes! in 1703, to turn out the Earl of Nottingham; and in 1713, to make a diversion for the public mind from the fixed railing disappointment on the disastrous treaty of peace signed at Utrecht; to the sacrifice of the Dutch, the Germans, the Protestants of Europe, to the Roman Catholics of Spain and France; the patrons

of Bolingbroke and Swift! I do not, for one moment, believe Daniel De Foe to have been a High-Church Tory in 1703; neither do I believe that he was indifferent to the claims of the Elector of Hanover in 1713; but yet I believe it to be very possible for him to have written a political pamphlet, to serve a purpose, when he could do this without an abandonment of principle; for when he called upon the High Church to crush the dissenters, by hanging them all, he abandoned no principle. He affirmed, and affirmed truly too, that if Mr. Howe's church members would so far play at bopeep with God Almighty, by receiving the sacrament once in each year, in order to qualify for the lord-mayorship of London, they would receive forty sacraments in the same establishment within the same time, to save themselves from being hanged. Well, then! in the two pamphlets I am writing upon, there is no abandonment of principle, as the following close-reasoning quotation will fully testify; and mind, this close reasoning is as applicable to the pamphlet of 1703—for which he was placed in the pillory three times, and twelve months in Newgate—as to the pamphlets for which he was now a prisoner in Newgate, on a charge of high treason.

But, then, stop!—There was the Occasional Conformity of Dissenters Bill. Was De Foe honest and consistent there? We will see; for his conduct on the Occasional Conformity Bill is as applicable to the quotations I am about to give, as the pamphlets which they are intended to defend, and the pamphlet in which they are contained. De Foe either was honest as a man, and consistent as a politician, or he was not—one or the other. What was his conduct on the Occasional Conformity Bill of 1702, the first year of the reign of that weak woman, Queen Anne, who ascended the throne by means of the solemn compact entered into between King and People at the glorious Revolution of 1688—a revolution carried for the most part by the dissenters, for the furtherance of the vitality of Protestantism within these realms; and yet, in the face of this solemn compact, Queen Anne sanctions a bill in Parliament for the depriving of these very dissenters of all their civil privileges as citizens. But what was De Foe's conduct on the occasion? Why, he published at the time a pamphlet entitled "An Enquiry into

Occasional Conformity, showing that the Dissenters are no ways concerned in it. London, 1702," which he opens with the following paragraph:—

"He that opposes his own judgment against the current of the times, ought to be backed with unanswerable truths; and he that has truth on his side, is a fool, as well as a coward, if he is afraid to own it; because of the currency or multitude of other men's opinions." He stood against all the long-spoon-and-custard dissenters—he stood alone, and added, "*Who can help it?*" He was for the bill as a refiner of the principle; for "those among us who conform to your church for a place or a salary, you are welcome to take among you; and let them be a part of yourselves. All the converts you can make by the mammon of unrighteousness are your own."

The dissenters had rights, and De Foe claimed those rights in the whole, as rights; and not in part, as a compromise, a concession, a toleration granted by a superior power to an inferior, as an act of grace or condescension. He stated the numbers of the dissenters to be two millions; and he knew that, by a rigorous persecution of equality or vitality, those two millions would speedily become four millions or more; and then where are your Leslies, your Swifts, your Popes, your Sacheverells, and your Ned Wards and Tom Brownes; the paid slang-writers, and perhaps actors too, of Harley and St. John; for the writing down—yes! the acting down a principle? De Foe knew the object of this Occasional Bill to be oppressive; but yet he scorned a compromise with the oppressors; his language and his feeling were, "We are two millions; do your worst; and if you will oppress, do it; and do it heartily; and we must suffer, so long as you have the power to make us suffer; but no longer—but no longer—no longer! Force us once upon the magazine of Original Power, and another question may be put, as it has been put before, and the last time in 1688; when William III. of glorious memory took possession of St. James's Palace at the head of fourteen thousand Dutchmen; and accompanied by the blessings of the united vitality of the Protestantism of Europe."

Hear what De Foe says on this business, and judge of his con-

sistency and honesty as a politician and as a man; for I maintain him to have been honest and consistent in his political course of action. He saw the tyranny of the Occasional Conformity Bill; he saw its injustice; and he felt; but he scorned to ask for rights as a favour. He ask a favour when he knew—WE ARE TWO MILLIONS! No! persecute—light up your fires—store up your faggots—force the vitality of Protestantism by persecution—yes! force us into the magazine of Original Power, and take the consequences of your folly and rashness; but remember 1688, and the foundation-stone of the British constitution, which is—what? The Sovereignty of the People. Queen Anne was a fool, and the daughter of a fool; for she was daughter of James II.; and, had it not been for the forethought of William III., she would have been an outcast, as well as a fool. She was on the throne of Great Britain in 1702.

But to return to De Foe's consistency and honesty, which I am now asserting.

"No, gentlemen," says he, "we don't tell you we like that part of the bill which excludes us from the native honours and preferments of our country, which are our due, our birthright, equally with our neighbours, and to which we should be called by the suffrage of the people; and we cannot but think it a hardship beyond the power of reason to justify. But, since this right must be clogged with so many inconveniences, that we must mortgage our consciences to enjoy them, no man can have any charity left for us, but must presently conclude we shall freely forego such trifles for our consciences, or else that we may have no consciences at all." And he also adds—"Is it not very hard that the dissenter should be excluded from all places of profit, trust, and honour, and, at the same time, shall not be excused from those which are attended with charge, trouble, and loss of time? That a dissenter shall be pressed as a sailor to fight at sea, listed as a soldier to fight on shore, and, let his merit be never so much above his fellows, shall never be capable of preferment, so much as to carry a halbert? That we must maintain our own clergy and your clergy; our own poor and your poor; pay equal taxes and equal duties; and not to be thought worthy to be trusted to set a drunkard in the stocks?"

Well, having brought the Occasional Bill from 1702 into the same page with De Foe's pamphlets of 1703, and those two of 1713; to place as much of the man before us as possible, for one view; we will now give the quotation so long promised—one which I believe to contain the mainspring of all De Foe's political actions of the whole course of his political life. De Foe has long been blamed for his apparent want of consistency; we have the motive of action in his own language, which I now give; when writing on the Protestant succession of the house of Hanover, or the Pretender:—

“Learned men say, some diseases in Nature are cured by antipathies, and some by sympathies; that the enemies of Nature are the best preservatives of Nature; that bodies are brought down by the skill of the physician, that they may the better be brought up; made sick to be made well; and carried to the brink of the grave in order to be kept from the grave. For these reasons, and in order to these things, poisons are administered in physic, and amputations in surgery; the flesh is cut that it may heal; an arm laid open that it may close with safety; and those methods of cure are said to be the most certain, as well as most necessary in those particular cases; from whence it is become a proverbial saying in physic, ‘Desperate diseases must have desperate remedies.’ Now, it is very proper to inquire in this case, whether the nation is not in such a state of health at this time, that the coming of the Pretender may not be of absolute necessity, by way of cure of such national distempers as now afflict us, and that an effectual cure can be wrought no other way? If upon due inquiry it should appear that we are not fit to receive such a Prince as the successor of the house of Hanover is, that we should maltreat and abuse him if he were here; and that there is no way for us to learn the true value of a Protestant successor so well as by tasting a little what a Popish Pretender is, and feeling something of the great advantages that may accrue to us by the superiority of a Jacobite party; if the disease of stupidity has so far seized us, that we are to be cured only by poisons and fermentations; if the wound is mortified, and nothing but deep incisions, amputations, and desperate remedies, must be used; if it

would be necessary thus to teach us the worth of things by the want of them ; and there is no other way to bring the nation to its senses ; why, what can be then said against the Pretender ? Even let him come, that we may see what slavery means ; and may inquire how the chains of French gallies hang about us, and how wooden shoes are to walk in ; for no experience teaches us so well as that we buy dearest and pay for with the most smart.

“ I think this may pass for a very good reason against the Protestant succession. Nothing is surer than that the management of King Charles II. and his late brother, were the best ways the nation could ever have taken to bring to pass the happy Revolution ; yet these afflictions to the nation were not joyous but grievous for the time they remained ; and the poor kingdom suffered great convulsions ; but what weighs that, if these convulsions are found to be necessary to a cure ? If the physicians prescribe a vomit for the cure of any particular distemper, will the patient complain of being made sick ? No, no. When you begin to be sick, then we say, ‘ Oh, that is right ! ’ and then the vomit begins to work. And how shall the island of Britain spew out all the dregs and filth the public digesture has contracted, if it be not made sick with some French physic ? If you give good nourishing food to a foul stomach, you cause that wholesome food to turn into filth, and, instead of nourishing the man, it nourishes diseases in the man, till those diseases prove his destruction, and bring him to the grave. In like manner, if you will bring the Protestant successor into the government before that government have taken some physic to cleanse it from the ill digesture it may have been under, how do we know but the diseases which are already begun in the constitution may not be nourished and kept up till they may hereafter break out in the days of our posterity, and prove mortal to the nation ? Wherefore should we desire the Protestant successor to come in upon a foot of high-flying *ménage*, and be beholden for their establishment to those who are the enemies of the constitution ? Would not this be to have in time to come, the successors of that house be the same thing as the ages past have already been made sick of, and made to spew out of the government ? Are not any of these considerations enough to

make any of us averse to the Protestant succession? No, no; let us take a French vomit first, and make us sick; that we may be well and may afterwards more effectually have our health established.

“The Pretender will no doubt bring us good medicines, and cure us of all our hypochondriac vapours that now make us so giddy. But, say some, he will bring Popery in upon us. Popery, say you? Alas! it is too true: Popery is a sad thing; and that, say some folks, ought to have been thought on before now; but suppose, then, this thing called Popery: how will it come in? Why, say the honest folk, the Pretender is a Papist; and if a Popish Prince come upon the throne, we shall have Popery come in upon us without fail. Well, well; and what hurt will this be to you? May not Popery be very good in its kind? What if this Popery, like the vomit made to poison, be the only physic that can cure you? If this vomit make you spew out your filth, your Tory filth, your idolatrous filth, your tyrannic filth, and restore you to your health; shall it not be good for you? Here, pray, observe the allegory of physic. You heard before, when you take a vomit, the physic given you to vomit is always something contrary to nature—something that, if taken in quantity, would destroy; but how does it operate? It attacks Nature, and puts her upon a ferment to cast out what offends her. But, remark it, I pray: when the patient vomits, he always vomits up the physic and the filth together. So, if the nation should take a vomit of Popery, as when the Pretender comes most certain it is that this will be the consequence, they will vomit up the physic and the filth together: the Popery and the Pretender will all come up again, and all the Popish, arbitrary, tyrannical filth, which has offended the stomach of the nation so long, and ruined its digesture, will all come up together. One vomit of Popery will do us all a great deal of good; for the stomach of the constitution is marvellously foul. Observe, people,—this is no new application: the nation has taken a vomit of this kind before now, as in Queen Mary I.’s time; the Reformation was not well chewed, and, being taken down whole, did not rightly digest, but left too much crudity in the stomach; from whence proceeded ill nourishment, bad blood, and a very ill habit of body in the con-

stitution. Witness the distemper which seized the Gospellers in Suffolk, who, being struck with an epilepsy or dead palsy, in the better half of their understanding—to wit, the religious and zealous part—took up arms for a Popish Pretender against the Protestant successor, upon the wild-headed whimsy of the right line being *jure divino*. Well, what followed, I pray? Why, they took a vomit of Popery. The potion, indeed, was given in a double vehicle, namely, of faggots a little inflamed; and this worked so effectually, that the nation, having vomited, brought up all the filth of the stomach, and the foolish notion of hereditary right; spewed out Popery also along with it. Thus were Popery and fire and faggot the most effectual remedy to cure the nation of all its simple diseases, and to settle and establish the Protestant Reformation; and why, then, should we be so terrified with the apprehensions of Popery? Nay, why should we not open our eyes and see how much to our advantage it may be in the next reign, to have Popery brought in, and to that end the Pretender set up, that he may help us to this most useful dose of physic? These are some other of my reasons against the Protestant succession. I think they cannot be mended. It may perhaps be thought hard that we should thus seem to make light of so terrible a thing as Popery, and should jest with the affair of the Protestants. No, people! This is no jest; taking physic is no jest at all; for it is useful many ways, and there is no keeping the body in health without it; and the corruptions of politic constitutions are as gross and as fatal as those of human bodies, and require as immediate application of medicines. And why should you, people of this country, be so alarmed, and seem so afraid of this thing called Popery, when it is spoken of in intelligible terms, since you are not afraid alternately to put your hands to those things which as naturally tend in themselves to bring it upon you, as clouds tend to rain, or smoke to fire? What do all your scandalous divisions, your unchristian quarrellings, your heaping up reproaches, and loading each other with infamy and with abominable forgeries—what do these tend to but Popery? If it should be asked, how have these any such reference? the answer is most natural from the premises. If divisions weaken the nation;

if Whig and Tory, even united, are and have been weak enough not to keep out Popery, surely, then, widening the unhappy breaches, and inflaming things between them to implacable and irreconcilable breaches, must tend to overthrow the Protestant kingdom, which, as our ever-blessed Saviour said, when *divided against itself, cannot stand*. Besides, are not your breaches come up to that height already as to let any impartial bystander see that Popery must be the consequence? Do not one party say openly, they had rather be Papists than Presbyterians; that they would rather go to mass than to a meeting-house; and are they not to that purpose, all of them who are of that height, openly joined with the Jacobites in the cause of Popery? On the other hand, are not the Presbyterians in Scotland so exasperated at having the abjuration oath imposed upon them, contrary, as they tell us, to their principles, that they care not if he or any one else would come now, and free them from that yoke? What is all this but telling us plainly, that the whole nation is running into Popery and the Pretender? Why, then, while you are obliquely and by consequences joining your hands to bring in Popery—why, oh, distracted folk! should you think it amiss to have me talk of doing it openly and avowedly? Better is open enmity than secret guile; better is it to talk openly for Popery, that you may see the shape and real picture of it, than pretend strong opposition to it, and be all at the same time putting your hands to the work, and pulling it down upon yourselves with all your might.

“But here comes an objection in our way, which, however weighty, we must endeavour to get over: and that is, what becomes of the abjuration? If the Pretender come in, we are all perjured, and we ought to be all unanimous for the house of Hanover, because we are all perjured if we are for the Pretender. Perjured! say ye; ha! why, do not all these people say we are all perjured already—nay, one, two, three, or four times? What signify oaths and abjurations in a nation where the Parliament can make an oath to-day, and punish a man for keeping it to-morrow? Besides, taking oaths without examination, and breaking them without consideration, hath been so much a practice, and the date of its original is so far

back, that none, or but very few, know where to look for it. Nay, have we not been called, in the vulgar dialect of foreign countries, the *swearing nation*? Note: we do not say the *forsworn nation*; for, whatever other countries say of us, it is not meet we should say so of ourselves. But as to swearing and forswearing, associating and abjuring, there are very few without sin to throw the first stone; and therefore we may be the less careful to answer in this matter. It is evident that the friends of the Pretender cannot blame us; for have not the most professed Jacobites all over the nation taken the abjuration?—nay, when even in their hearts they have all the while resolved to be for the Pretender? Not to instance, in the swearing in all ages to and against governments, just as they were or were not in condition to protect us, or keep them out of possession; but we have a much better way to come off this than that; and we doubt not to clear the nation of perjury, by declaring the design, true intent, and meaning of the thing itself; for the good or evil of every action is said to lie in the intention. If, then, we can prove the bringing-in the Pretender to be done with a real intention and a sincere design to keep him out, or, as before, to spew him out; if we bring in Popery with an intention and a sincere design to establish the Protestant religion; if we bring in a Popish Prince, with a single design the firmer and better to fix and introduce the Protestant Hanover succession; if, I say, these things are the true intent and meaning, and are at the bottom of all our actions in this matter, pray, how shall we be said to be perjured, or to break in upon the abjuration, whose meaning we keep, whatever becomes of the literal part of it? Thus we are abundantly defended from the guilt of perjury, because we preserve the design and intention upright and entire for the house of Hanover; though, as the best means to bring it to pass, we think fit to bring in Popery and the Pretender. But, yet further to justify the lawfulness and usefulness of such kind of methods, we may go back to former experiments of the same case, or like cases; for nothing can illustrate such a thing so aptly as the example of eminent men, who have practised the very same things in the same or like cases; and more especially when that practice has been made use of by honest

men in an honest cause, and the end been crowned with success. This eminent example was first put in practice by the late Earl of Sunderland, in the time of King James the Second, and that, too, in the case of bringing Popery into England, which is the very individual article before us. This famous politician, if fame lies not, turned Papist himself, went publicly to mass, advised and directed all the forward rash steps that King James afterwards took towards the introducing of Popery into the nation. If he is not slandered, it was he advised the setting-up Popish chapels and mass-houses in the city of London, and in the several principal towns of this nation; the invading the right of corporations, courts of justice, universities, and at last the erecting the High Commission Court of Justice, to sap the foundations of the church; and many more of the arbitrary steps which that monarch took for the ruin of the Protestant religion, as he thought, were brought about by this politic earl purely with design, and as the only effectual means, to ruin the Popish schemes, and bring about the establishment of the Protestant religion by the Revolution; and, as experience after made it good, he alone was in the right, and it was the only way left, the only step that could be taken; though at first it made us all of the opinion the man was going the ready way to ruin the country, and that he was selling us to Popery and Rome. This was exactly our case; the nation being sick of a deadly and otherwise incurable disease, this wise physician knew that nothing but a medicine made up of deadly poison, that should put the whole body into convulsions, and make it cast up the dregs of the malady, would have any effect; and so he applied himself accordingly to such a cure. He brought on Popery to the very door; he caused the nation to swallow as much of it as he thought was enough to make her as sick as a horse, and then he foresaw she would spew up the disease and the medicine together; the poison of Popery he saw would come up with it, and so it did. If this be our case now, then it may be true, that bringing in the Pretender is the only way to establish the Protestant succession; and upon such terms, and such only, I declare myself for the Pretender."

There is nothing unconstitutional in these books, for they merely

state that the title of her Majesty to the throne was by the compact entered into between William III. and the people, at the Revolution of 1688; and that the people should be on their guard against any sudden surprise on the part of any enemies of that Revolution endeavouring to cheat the people out of the benefits resulting from that solemn compact. To us, unacquainted with all the intricacies of the party malevolence of the reign of Queen Anne, it would be inexplicable to conceive how any Whig of that day, and friend of the glorious Revolution, could commence legal proceedings against Daniel De Foe for writing such salutary advice as that contained in this one pamphlet. The real point of attack was the *Mercator*; for the free-trade principles of that paper threatened the monopoly of rent, and the exclusive interests of landlordism. In this hour of difficulty, De Foe stole away to Halifax, in Yorkshire, where he took up his quarters for some time, at the Rose and Crown, in the Back Lane; where he was known to Dr. Nettleton, an eminent physician and moralist; and also to the Rev. Nathaniel Priestley, of Ovenden, who had the charge of the then Trinitarian Presbyterian congregation assembling at the Northgate Chapel, Halifax, and also another congregation at Horton, near Bradford: a man esteemed and beloved by his people, as the fact of their declining to part with him, when Ralph Thoresby, the Leeds historian, rode over to Ovenden, to request him to take charge of the congregation assembling at Mill Hill Chapel, in Leeds, on some occasion of a vacancy occurring at that place of worship. It is highly probable that De Foe would not have much of the company of the Rev. Thomas Burton, the vicar; who was of Harley's appointment, and was distinguished beyond all other English vicars, for sermons degraded by fulsome adulation of royalty and passive obedience of subjects. Dr. Nettleton would be connected with the North Gate Chapel, where De Foe would commence his acquaintance with him, as well as with the minister; for this full-blown balloon, Thomas Burton, would have nothing in common with Dr. Nettleton.

Poor De Foe's publisher and printer being arrested, and sworn to the writer; he had, after some delay, to surrender himself to a judge's warrant, and was committed to Newgate till sufficient bail

could be put in for his appearance at the King's Bench bar for trial. Suffice to say that his old friend the Lord Treasurer Harley came forward to the rescue, with a government prosecution, and finally a free pardon from the Queen. This act of Harley was noble and generous; for he knew that De Foe had really written for the Hanoverian succession and against the interest of the Pretender; though I could have been well pleased if De Foe had not trenched upon the subject of the Pretender at this time, for reasons I have given elsewhere; and so long as Harley had Leslie, Swift, Pope, Gay, Prior, Atterbury, Ridpath, Arbuthnot, Smalridge, and a score more aspirants for the Lord Treasurer's smiles and assistance, he wanted not for talents and obsequiousness in pamphleteers, that he should be driven to enlist poor De Foe, who had done some service to the Utrecht settlement, by his free-trade opinions published in the paper *Mercator*; for which he was now made to feel the whole weight of Whig vengeance. His pardon was granted by Harley:—

“Given at our Castle of Windsor, the twentieth day of November, 1713, in the eleventh year of our reign. By her Majesty's command,
“BOLINGBROKE.”

Such was the termination of this mean, cowardly affair; persecuted for his free-trade principles, and threatened with a trial for high treason by the Whigs; and rescued by Robert Harley, the Queen's prime minister, as an act of charity; though De Foe was consistently arranged against Jonathan Swift and the whole hireling scribes of the day; the paid writers of the ministry, the High Church, and the Pretender's patron the King of France.

De Foe, in his *Appeal to Honour and Justice*, thus expresses himself on this disgraceful, cowardly prosecution:—

“Let any indifferent man judge whether I was not treated with particular malice in this matter; being, notwithstanding this, reproached in the daily public prints with having written treasonable books in behalf of the Pretender; nay, in some of those books, the Queen herself was reproached with having granted her pardon to an author who wrote for the Pretender. I think I might with much more justice say, I was the first man that ever was obliged to

seek a pardon for writing for the Hanover succession ; and the first man these people ever sought to ruin for writing against the Pretender. For if ever a book was sincerely designed to further and propagate the affection and zeal of the nation against the Pretender—nay, and was made use of, and that with success too, for that purpose—these books were so ; and I ask no more favour of the world to determine the opinion of honest men for or against me, than what is drawn constructively from these books. Let one word written or spoken by me, either published or not published, be produced, that was in the least disrespectful to the Protestant succession, or to any branch of the house of Hanover, or that can be judged to be favourable to the interest or person of the Pretender ; and I will be willing to waive her Majesty's pardon, and render myself to public justice, to be punished for it, as I shall well deserve.

“ I freely and openly challenge the worst of my enemies to charge me with any discourse, conversation, or behaviour, in my whole life, unbecoming or disrespectful to any of the royal family of Hanover, or the least favourable to the person or designs of the Pretender. Nay, further : I defy them to prove that I ever kept company, or had any society, friendship, or conversation with any Jacobite. So averse have I been to the interest, and the people, that I have studiously avoided their company on all occasions.

“ Nothing can be a greater misfortune to me than to be accused and publicly reproached with what is, of all things in the world, most abhorred by me ; and that which has made it the more afflicting is, that this charge arises from those very things which I did with the sincerest design to manifest the contrary. But such is my present fate, and I am to submit to it ; which I do with meekness and calmness, as to a judgment from Heaven ; and am practising that duty which I have studied long ago, of forgetting my enemies, and praying for them that despitefully use me.”

At this time the state of the country was most unsatisfactory and unsafe, from the character of the ministry ; at the head of which stood Robert Harley, supported by St. John in office ; and Jonathan Swift, and half the scamp-writers in London, out of office. Pamphlets and lampoons were showered upon the public as thick as

hail, and a deadly, bloody revolutionary contest between the Pretender and the Elector of Hanover appeared to be inevitable. England never was at such a pass for unscrupulous writing as at the present time—never in such a foreboding for evil, and a scene of terror and anarchy; and all this brought about by a dishonest, unscrupulous ministry, supported by Swift and Pope; by which ministry it was brought about “in the third and last session of this PACIFIC and CORRUPT PARLIAMENT,” that as the time for limiting Dr. Sacheverell’s silence being expired on the 23rd of March, the Commons, to show their dislike of his prosecution, and as a token of their great sense of his merits and sufferings, who was, next “under God and her Majesty, the happy instrument of delivering these nations from the slavery of a late tyrannical faction,” it was ordered that he should be desired to preach before the House of Commons, at St. Margaret’s, Westminster, on the 29th following (being the day which the nation commemorated the Restoration of the royal family), which the Doctor readily complied with. This would be the 29th of May, 1713.

All the sons of faction were delighted with this display, and voted the thanks of the House for the discourse! And the court, not to be outdone by the obsequious House of Commons, rewarded the Doctor with the rectorship of St. Andrew’s, Holborn, a rich living in the gift of the crown. About this time, too, Jonathan Swift, “who had served the present *managers* in another capacity, *viz.*, by writing several libels against the Whigs and last ministry, was, by the Duke of Ormond, promoted to the deanery of St. Patrick, Dublin; and also Dr. Francis Atterbury, another warm stickler for the Tory party, was made Bishop of Rochester; and also Dr. Smalridge, another, Dean of Christ Church.”

At the very time that the House of Commons were thanking Dr. Henry Sacheverell for his Twenty-ninth-of-May Sermon, and the Queen was promoting him to a rich rectory; and promoting Jonathan Swift too, and Atterbury and Smalridge, for their Toryism and pamphlet-writing; for these were all of one lot, ready at the pen, and unprincipled; one Helkiah Bedford, a nonjuring clergyman, was tried and convicted at the Queen’s Bench bar at West-

minster, for writing, printing, and publishing a treasonable book, entitled the *Hereditary Right of the Crown of England asserted, &c.*, for which he was fined and imprisoned; although the said book was some months before advertised in the *London Gazette*; not without some suspicion of the connivance of one of the secretaries of state.

Here we have another instance of the criminality of calling in question the constitutional principle of the sovereignty of the people of England within these realms; or the people being the source of all legitimate power within the realm.

During the whole time of Harley's power as prime minister, or from 1709 to 1714, every speech from the throne to the Houses of Parliament, or response from the Commons, contained a paragraph to the following effect:—

“We are very sensible how much the liberty of the press is abused, by turning it into such a licentiousness as is a just reproach to the nation; since not only false and scandalous libels are printed and published against your Majesty's government, but the most horrid blasphemies against God and religion. And we beg leave humbly to assure your Majesty, that we will do our utmost to find out a remedy equal to this mischief, and that may effectually cure it.”

At the convocation of the clergy, held at this time (1712), Dr. Smalridge, one of the initiated in this *pamphleteering-slang* warfare, made answer to the above charge: “With faith or conscience, Mr. Prolocutor, can we offer to complain of the licentiousness taken by lay writers, and yet connive at the like offences given by the ministers of our church? I doubt greater offences? For if all the ill books against religion, scriptures, laws of the land, and constitution of this church, were here packed up together, I would undertake to pick out the worst of 'em by pointing out those that were written by clergymen; even of the profanest drollery, as well as of the most serious heresy.” Yes, friend Smalridge!—thy brother, Jonathan Swift, was a master-hand at this work; and thou obtainedst promotion through it, in the Church of England, and by the Queen's prime minister!

In January, 1713, Colonel Coote, of the Foot Guards, was ordered to sell his company to the adjutant of the regiment, Mr. Blackney,

for £1200, for the rejoicings he had assisted at, at the Three Tuns Tavern, Gracechurch Street, on the late King William's birthday. He retired from his regiment applauded and esteemed by all the friends of the Revolution, and the Protestant succession of the most serene house of Hanover.

The last Parliament of this uneasy reign assembled for business at St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, under the Speakership of Sir Thomas Hanmer; and commenced, as all sessions of Parliament did commence since Harley St. John, Swift, Leslie, and Sacheverell undertook the direction of the public mind in November, 1709; when Swift was enlisted by the ministry, to support the pens of Sacheverell and Leslie, and write up the power of France, and the claims of the Pretender to the throne of these realms.

In consequence of the Queen's indisposition in body, the meeting of Parliament had to be put off from the 10th day of December, 1713, to the 12th day of January, 1714; and again from the 12th day of January to the 16th of February; all which occurring at the time of the signing of the treaty of peace at Utrecht, caused a panic in the city of London, and a run on the Bank of England; when, to calm the public mind, her Majesty wrote, through her Secretary of State, Bolingbroke, the following letter to Sir Samuel Stainer, Knight, lord mayor of the city of London:—

“ ANNE R.

“ Right trusty and well-beloved, an aguish indisposition, succeeded by a fit of the gout, has detained us at this place longer than we designed; yet, since it has pleased Almighty God to restore us to such a degree of health, that we hope to be able soon to return to our usual residence, we continue determined to open our Parliament on Tuesday the 16th of this instant February, according to the notice given by proclamation.

“ Thus much we have judged proper to communicate to you, and by you to the Court of Aldermen, and to our other loving subjects of our good city of London, to the intent that you may all, in your several stations, contribute to discountenance and put a stop to those malicious rumours, spread by evil-disposed persons, to the

prejudice of credit, and to the eminent hazard of the public peace and tranquillity. And so we bid you farewell.

“By her Majesty’s command, “BOLINGBROKE.”

On the appointed day, Tuesday, Feb. 16, 1714, the Parliament assembled at Westminster for the swearing in of members, &c., and then adjourned to the 2nd of March, when the Queen opened the session in person; when, as usual in her royal speech, she states, among other matters good and bad:—

“I wish that effectual care had been taken, as I have often desired, to suppress those seditious papers, and factious rumours; by which designing men have been able to sink credit, and the innocent have suffered.

“There are some who are arrived at that height of malice as to insinuate that the PROTESTANT SUCCESSION IN THE HOUSE OF HANOVER IS IN DANGER UNDER MY GOVERNMENT.

“Those who go about thus to distract the minds of men with imaginary dangers, can only mean to disturb the present tranquillity, and to bring real mischiefs upon us.

“After all I have done to secure our religion and your liberties, I cannot mention these proceedings without some degree of warmth; and I hope you will all agree with me, that attempts to weaken my authority, or to render the possession of the crown uneasy to me, can never be proper means to strengthen the Protestant succession.”

To this address from the throne the Commons return a dutiful answer, containing the following, that “they will, as far as in them lies, disappoint the designs of malicious and unreasonable men; they will, on all occasions, show their just abhorrence of the licentious practices in publishing scandalous papers, and spreading seditious rumours. And, as your Commons will always support and maintain the Protestant succession in the house of Hanover, they can’t but be astonished at the malicious insinuations of any who would suggest that succession to be in danger under your Majesty’s most auspicious government.”

During the discussions on the address from the throne, the Earl of Wharton, out of respect to her Majesty’s views on seditious

papers, complained to the House of a scandalous libel entitled "The Public Spirit of the Whigs set forth in their Generous Encouragement of the Author of the *Crisis* (Sir Richard Steele); with some Observations on the Seasonableness, Candour, Erudition, and Style of that Treatise. Printed for John Morphew, near Stationers' Hall, 1714." The Union with Scotland; the Scotch; and in particular the Earl of Argyle, who had altogether gone over to the Whig party, appeared to come in for that part of the libel complained of, "containing very ungentlemanlike expressions concerning the poverty of the Scotch nation in general; and comparing that country (England) with which it was incorporated, to a person of quality, that had been prevailed upon to marry a woman much his inferior, and without a groat to her fortune." The author of it likewise had the assurance to affirm therein, "that the pensions and employments possessed by the natives of that country (Scotland) now among us, amount to more than the whole body of their nobility spent at home; and that all the money that was raised there upon the public, was hardly sufficient to defray their civil and military lists; and also said, he could point out some with great titles, who affected to appear very vigorous for dissolving the Union, though their whole revenues before that period would have ill maintained a Welsh justice of the peace; and had since gathered more money than ever any Scotchman, who had not travelled, could form an idea of."

This complaint made by the Earl of Wharton being warmly espoused by the majority of the House, the Lord High Treasurer (Harley) protested he knew nothing of that pamphlet; exclaimed against the malicious insinuations contained in it; and readily joined in an order for taking up Mr. John Morphew, the printer, and putting him into the custody of the Black Rod.

On the above, Richard Steele, Esq., observes:—"There were not wanting persons in that august assembly who were too well acquainted with a certain great man's veracity, not to suspect anything in him, rather than want of knowledge; and it was whispered about that he that wrote it, had said grace more than once (Swift), and fouled many a plate, at a nobleman's table in York Buildings" (the Lord High Treasurer's residence).

On the investigation proceeding, Barber, the printer, was examined by the House; and on his declaration that he had no information to give, "None at all, upon my honour," which put the House into a violent fit of laughter, from the meanness of the person that made the answer, and the air of quality which he gave himself in making it.

The Peers were very diligent in tracing out such footsteps as might best lead to the fountain-head from whence these streams of scandal and detraction first sprung; and they omitted nothing to make the discovery; yet such were the counter-practices of some whose business it was to have the author concealed, that her Majesty was prevailed upon to take cognizance of that affair into her own hands in one of her courts at Westminster; and on the 6th of March, 1714, the Earl of Marr, one of the principal secretaries of state, had it in command to acquaint the House, that orders had been already given for the prosecution of John Barber; which put a stop to all further inquiries about that matter in a parliamentary way.

Three days after, Barber and Morpew were, upon their humble request, enlarged from confinement; and on the 9th, the same day of their enlargement, pardoned; the Lords resolved upon an address, which was reported and agreed to on the 11th, and on the 15th, presented, on the subject; detailing what steps they had taken in the matter. The whole affair ended in an address to her Majesty, that she would be pleased to issue out her proclamation for that purpose; which her Majesty complied with; offering a reward of £300; but Jonathan Swift, the supposed author, remained undiscovered.

The Commons also took up the Queen's speech, which ended in long discussions on three pamphlets by Richard Steele, Esq., a member of that House; namely, the *Englishman*, the *Crisis*, and also another number of the *Englishmnn*; when the following resolution was proposed to the House, and carried by all the force of the government, by 245 votes against 152, which ended in the expulsion of Richard Steele, Esq., from the House of Commons:—

"That a printed pamphlet, entitled the *Englishman*, being the close of a paper so called; and one other pamphlet, entitled the *Crisis*, written by Richard Steele, Esq., a member of that House,

were scandalous and seditious libels, containing many expressions highly reflecting upon her Majesty, and upon the nobility, gentry, clergy, and universities of the kingdom, maliciously insinuating that the Protestant succession in the house of Hanover was in danger under her Majesty's administration; and tending to alienate the affections of her Majesty's good subjects, and to create jealousies and divisions among them."

The state of national affairs at this time was truly alarming, the present House of Commons being more corrupt than the last; and the House of Lords being led by the Earl of Wharton (on the Protestant succession being in danger), he being the successor, for this motion, of the late William Cavendish, the first Duke of Devonshire, who, when alive, appeared to think the motion his own, session by session; backed as he was in the Commons with the same motion by Richard Hampden.

In the beginning of April, the Lords took into consideration the state of the nation, particularly "whether the Protestant succession was in danger from her Majesty's administration;" which, being put to the vote, was carried in the negative by twelve votes. On the 12th, they addressed her Majesty, "humbly beseeching her, that, whenever she should judge it necessary, she would issue a proclamation, promising a suitable reward to any person who should apprehend and bring the Pretender to justice, in case he should land, or attempt to land, either in Great Britain or Ireland." To this the Queen answered, "It would be a real strengthening to the succession in the house of Hanover, as well as a support to my government, that an end were put to those groundless fears and jealousies which have been so industriously promoted. I do not at this time see any occasion for such a proclamation; whenever I judge it to be necessary, I shall give my orders for having one issued."

Poor Queen Anne!—a good, pious, confiding woman, in the hands of bad men. From 1702 till 1710, the church was always falling; either the chancel or the steeple had given way; always, in season and out of season,—“The church was in danger,”

—till all the town,

To save the church, had pulled the steeple down.

Now, in 1710, the church was saved by Harley, St. John, Leslie, Swift, Prior, Gay, and others; when the cry ceased; but then the cry of the throne was in danger was raised in the House of Lords, in the Commons, and through the country; till the poor Queen's life must have been truly miserable, and it did, in fact, hasten her end; for she died at an age not exceeding fifty years. This poor woman was fairly worried to death, as we shall presently see. The Commons forced the poor Queen to offer a reward of £100,000 for the apprehending the Pretender whenever he should land, or attempt to land, in her Majesty's dominions. The Lords backed this proclamation and reward; and the Earl of Wharton, holding the proclamation in his hand, spoke with great force upon the occasion.

The state of things, both in Parliament and out, had arrived at an awful crisis; which Richard Steele, Esq., thus describes, March 30, 1714:—"According to the situation of affairs, nothing but Divine Providence can prevent a civil war within a few years; and against such disasters there can be no remedy but preparing our minds for the incidents we are to meet with, with cheerfulness."

These ministers, to fortify their position still more, made an attempt to disfranchise the dissenters, by passing a bill through both Houses for forcing all dissenters within the pale of the Church of England; which would place a badge of servitude or serfdom upon dissenters, act upon their feelings of respectability, or feeling of prosperity; and so be the means of educating dissenters' children in church principles; which was professed to be a "Bill to prevent the Growth of Schism"—perhaps I might call it a Privy-Council education scheme for the year 1714: the old French plot of Louis XIV. revived; that plot which Cardinal Richelieu imported into France from the Medici of Florence; where it was created for Inquisition purposes by Ignatius Loyola.

This church-propping act enjoins—

"That no person in Great Britain and Wales shall keep any public or private school, or seminary, or teach or instruct youth, as tutor or schoolmaster, that has not first subscribed the declaration to conform to the Church of England, and has obtained license from the respective diocesan or ordinary of the place; or upon failure of

so doing may be committed to prison without bail or mainprize. And that no such license shall be granted before the party produces a certificate of his having received the sacrament according to the communion of the Church of England, in some parish church, within a year before obtaining such license, and hath subscribed the oaths of allegiance and supremacy.

“That if any person, having complied with these points, shall knowingly or willingly resort to any conventicle, or be present in any assembly where the Queen is not prayed for, should be liable to the penalty of this act, and from thenceforth be incapable to keep any seminary, or instruct any youth, as tutor or schoolmaster. And if any person teaches any other catechism than what is set forth in the Common Prayer, his license shall be thenceforth void; and he be liable to the penalties of the act; but no person to be punished twice for the same fact. Any person convicted by this act, conforming to the church for one year without having been present at any conventicle, shall be again capacitated.”

This bill met with great opposition in the Lords, many lords entering their protests against it; but yet it soon became law, and was to come into effect on the 1st of August, the day on which the Queen died. God's name be praised; this weak woman, this tool for mischief, was called to her rest; and the act was repealed as soon as her successor George I. came to the throne.

What is this but a Privy-Council scheme for educating dissenters' children into Church-of-England principles?—“That no person in Great Britain and Wales, shall keep any public or private school or seminary, or teach or instruct youth, as tutor or schoolmaster, that has not first subscribed the declaration to conform to the Church of England; and has obtained license from the respective diocesan or ordinary of the place; or, upon failure of so doing, may be committed to prison without bail or mainprize.”

We live in 1859, and Lord Derby is our prime minister, and he appoints the several diocesans or licensers of schoolmasters—he appoints what he likes, from the Dean of York upwards—he—he—the Earl of Derby holds the whole education of the country between his finger and thumb. Blood of Simon de Montfort! In

the face of Magna Charta ; in the face of the Bill of Rights ; in the face of the Protestant Dissenters of England—I ask : should this be so ? In the reign of Charles II. and James II., no less than eight thousand Protestants were sacrificed—yes ! they and their children were sacrificed for their principles—principles which drove James II. into exile, and caused him and his son to die paupers and pensioners upon the bounty of France ; and yet Queen Anne, who owed her throne entirely from the compact of the glorious Revolution of 1688, can wipe out the feeling of gratitude to a free people ; annihilate their rights and privileges ; and place those rights and privileges in the hands of her prime minister ! Disgraceful ! By the betrayed blood of Sir Walter Raleigh ; by the blood of John Hampden ; of Algernon Sidney ; and Lord William Russell—No ! Lord Derby indeed ! Lord Derby might edge off the odds on a horserace ; or sell a favourite two days before the event, and get his head knuckled for doing it ; but for Lord Derby, or any other prime minister of England, to hold the future destinies of England at the beck or nod of his patronage, is truly absurd ; is truly insulting.

Mr. Bromley, one of the secretaries of state, offered to compromise the matter, by withdrawing this bill, if the dissenters would forego their privileges of voting for members of Parliament ; and their privileges, too, of sitting in the House as members. This comes of allowing the executive to tamper with the education of the people ; the principle is dangerous ; and, if carried out, unconstitutional. Whenever we see a government attempting to shackle, by any means whatever, the vitality of Protestantism, we may rest assured that the whole machinery for enslaving the people is concealed somewhere near at hand. The pretence may be religion, or it may be education ; but the reality will be found to be slavery, at the hands of priestly domination. It is one sect attempting to lord it over all other sects. It may be the Church sect, or the Quaker sect, or the Methodist sect, the Roman Catholic sect, or the Unitarian sect ; Independent or Presbyterian ; Adoniram or Muggletonian : call it by what name you like—there it is, and there it will remain ; so long as the people of England allow it to remain. It is priestcraft all over : cant is its means, and oppression is its end.

While these plots against civil and religious liberty were being concocted in the Commons, under the name and pretence of education, a pamphlet appeared—"A Letter to the Dissenters. London, sold by John Morphew, near Stationers' Hall, 1715. Price 6*d*. 8vo:" a letter written against the Whigs for their neglect on the bill against occasional conformity. The object of this pamphlet was to prepare the dissenters for what they might expect, and also to warn them from trusting in the Whigs for real assistance. It is not known who wrote this book; but common report at the time ascribed it to Daniel De Foe; and Oldmixon, who was a good judge of De Foe's movements—for he watched him narrowly with the eye of a Whig partisan and well-paid official—Oldmixon, in his "Remarks on the Letter to the Dissenters; by a Churchman; London, 1714; 8vo:" observes:—"It is very easy to discover that the author of the 'Letter to the Dissenters' is some inconsiderable wretch, that has sold both his principles and pen to a faction, enemies to the liberty of their country. I am ashamed to mark out the person on whom this libel is fathered: not so much on account of his being rendered infamous by law, as for the greater infamy he has loaded himself with, of late years, in the service of France and her friends." Oldmixon was a well-fed and well-paid Whig partisan, or political runner; and of course looked up to the party as his paymasters; but De Foe stood higher, and looked upon the Whigs as I look upon the Three Tailors of Tooley Street—the self-styled people of England. De Foe knew the party of Whigs, and despised them. I have seen something of the party, after the lapse of one hundred and fifty years; and I have not an exalted opinion of the party. No? Why not? Lord John Russell's Church Reform Bill, which was a fraud—a fraud? Yes—dishonest; before God and man, I say, dishonest. A bad shilling passed for a good one, upon a confiding people! It was not necessary that Lord John Russell should give a reform in the Church of England; but, if he did give such a measure, that measure should have been honest; but it was not honest.

Well, again, when Cobden, Bright, Wilson, Rawson, and some hundreds more, stepped out from the ranks to carry the repeal of

the corn laws, how did certain Whig gentry and Whig M.P.'s act? May I say *meanly* and *cowardly*; in going before large constituencies of unbought and unbuyable Englishmen at the election time; and seizing upon the laurels of that victory which Richard Cobden and John Bright had won? Did Whigs do this? And am I right when I say that Whigs were mean, cowardly, and contemptible, when they did this? The Oldmixons of our days, the hired runners of party, may rail at the De Foes; but the act of cowardice remains. Richard Cobden and John Bright fought the battle; and you have had the meanness to assume the honours of the victory. Did many leading Whig politicians, aspiring statesmen, do this, on the corn-law agitation?

On the 27th of July, 1714, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, was removed from his office of Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain. This was done through the intriguing of Bolingbroke and Mrs. Masham, the Queen's confidential friend; these two being especially interested, along with the Queen, in the success of the pretensions of the Pretender, to the exclusion of the pretensions of the house of Hanover to the throne, on the Queen's demise. This removal of the Lord Treasurer from office was accompanied with great confusion and loud contention in the council-chamber; where warm expostulations and most bitter reproaches passed in the Queen's hearing between the falling minister, the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Bolingbroke. These contentions were carried on in the royal presence on the night of the 27th of July, till two o'clock the following morning. The following day (July 28th), another council was held; but nothing could be fixed upon as to the successor to the Earl of Oxford. A third cabinet council was appointed to be held the next day, but was adjourned on account of her Majesty's indisposition, which she herself imputed to the fatigue and disturbance this affair had created; she intimating the same to her physicians and nearest attendants, and adding that "*she should hardly outlive it.*"

CHAPTER X.

THE poor Queen was now very ill, the physicians and surgeons summoned, and a privy council called; to which the Dukes of Somerset and Argyle went uninvited, they claiming their privilege as privy councillors; others followed their example in quick succession; Bolingbroke and Mrs. Masham were outmarched by their opponents: the Queen was dead; and the council was seized by a strong majority of adherents of the house of Hanover; and from this moment—down went the prospects of the Pretender.

Immediate steps were at once taken for the security of the cities of London and Westminster, even two days before the Queen's death; and orders were given to the heralds at arms, and the Life Guards (for the Queen might die at any moment), to be in readiness to mount at the first warning, in order to proclaim the Elector of Hanover, King of Great Britain; and as Portsmouth had been left in a defenceless state (perhaps on purpose), six hundred men, out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital, were marched there under Colonel Pocock, and such half-pay officers as were at hand; Brigadier Whetham was ordered off to Scotland; and the same day the fleet was placed under the command of the Earl of Berkeley.

Her Majesty expired on the 1st of August, in the fiftieth year of her age; a good woman as wife, mother, and queen; but—yet not a woman of a strong mind—No! she was a weak-minded woman, the prey of bad, designing men. While all this was going on at court, Dr. Jonathan Swift was skulking off to Reading, in Berkshire, till the Queen should die, and be buried; when he further skulked to Ireland, to his deanery of St. Patrick's, the proceeds of his iniquity; where he remained for the remainder of his life.

De Foe, in his *Appeal to Honour and Justice*, affirms, “that no sooner was the Queen dead, and the King, as right required, pro-

claimed, but the rage of men increased upon me to that degree, that the threats and insults I received were such as I am not able to express. If I offered to say a word in favour of the present settlement, it was called fawning and twining round again. On the other hand, though I have meddled neither one way or other, nor written one book since the Queen's death, yet a great many things are called by my name; and I bear every day the reproaches which all the answerers of those books cast, as well upon the subject as the authors. I have not seen nor spoken to my Lord of Oxford but once since the King's landing, nor received the least message, order, or writing, from his lordship, or any other way corresponded with him; yet he bears the reproach of my writing in his defence; and I the rage of men for doing it. I cannot say it is no affliction to me to be thus used, though my being entirely clear of the fact, is a true support to me."

From the above quotation it would appear that the public believed De Foe to be connected with the ministry when he wrote the three pamphlets on the Pretender's coming; and also that they believed him to be in favour of the Pretender when he wrote those pamphlets.

On the appearing shortly afterwards of the *Secret History of the White Staff*, the public were only confirmed in their previous opinion of that connection subsisting between the late ministry and De Foe; on which Oldmixon, in his *History of England*, vol. iii. p. 537, observes:—"One cannot doubt but the *Secret History of the White Staff*, a pamphlet Foe wrote soon after King George's accession to the throne, was by the Earl of Oxford's directions; and that the most natural hints for it came from him, because the whole treatise is calculated for his vindication; and Foe depended upon him too much to dare to publish any such thing without his participation and consent."

As the tide of popular feeling had fully set in against De Foe after the writing (as was supposed) in favour of the Pretender; and also his writing a vindication of Harley in his administration of public affairs; he, poor fellow, was fairly hooted from the ground of politics; that ground on which he had done more than any living man on behalf of civil and religious liberty; and he had done it for

the detraction of all parties, and without the thanks of any mortal man. He lived isolated for thirty years as a politician; neglected by Whigs and abhorred by Tories. Howe would not pray with him when in Newgate, in 1703; and Jonathan Swift did not know the *fellow's name*!

De Foe now wrote "An Appeal to Honour and Justice, though it be of his worst Enemies. By Daniel De Foe. Being a true Account of his Conduct in Public Affairs. Jer. xvii. 18. London, printed for J. Baker, 1715. 8vo, pp. 58:" in which he commences by hoping "the time is come at last, when the voice of moderate principles may be heard. Hitherto the noise has been so great, and the prejudices and passions of men so strong, that it had been but in vain to offer any argument, or for any man to talk of giving a reason for his actions; and this alone has been the cause why, when other men, who, I think, have less to say in their own defence, are appealing to the public, and struggling to defend themselves, I alone have been silent under the infinite clamours and reproaches, causeless curses, unusual threatenings, and the most unjust and injurious treatment in the world.

"I hear much of people calling out to punish the guilty; but very few are concerned to clear the innocent. I hope some will be inclined to judge impartially, and have yet reserved so much of the Christian as to believe, and at least to hope, that a rational creature cannot abandon himself so as to act without some reason, and are willing not only to have me defend myself, but to be able to answer for me; when they hear me causelessly insulted by others, and, therefore, are willing to have such arguments put into their mouths as the cause will bear.

"1. I think I have been long enough made *fabula vulgi*, and borne the weight of general slander; and I should be wanting to truth, to my family, and to myself, if I did not give a fair and true state of my conduct, for impartial men to judge of, when I am no more in being to answer for myself.—2. By the hint of mortality, and by the infirmities of a life of sorrow and fatigue, I have reason to think I am not a great way from, if not very near to, the great ocean of eternity, and the time may not be long ere I embark on

the last voyage. Wherefore, I think I should have even accounts with this world before I go, that no actions (slanders) may lie against my heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, to disturb them in the peaceable possession of their father's (character) inheritance.—3. I fear—God grant I have not a second sight in it—that this lucid interval of temper and moderation, which shines, though dimly too, upon us at this time, will be but of short continuance, and that some men, who know not how to use the advantage God has put into their hands with moderation, will push, in spite of the best prince in the world, at such extravagant things, and act with such an intemperate forwardness, as will revive the heats and animosities which wise and good men were in hopes should be allayed by the happy accession of the King to the throne.”

“I come next to the general clamour of the ministry being for the Pretender. I must speak my sentiments solemnly and plainly, as I always did in that matter, *viz.*, that if it was so, I did not see it, nor did I ever see reason to believe it; this I am sure of, that if it was so, I never took one step in that kind of service; nor did I ever hear one word spoken by any one of the ministry, that I had the honour to know or converse with, that favoured the Pretender; but have had the honour to hear them all protest, that there was no design to oppose the succession of Hanover in the least. It may be objected to me, that they might be in the interest of the Pretender for all that; it is true they might; but that is nothing to me. I am not vindicating their conduct, but my own; as I never was employed in anything that way, so I do still protest, I do not believe it was ever in their design; and I have many reasons to confirm my thoughts, which are not material to the present case. But, be that as it will, it is enough to me that I acted nothing in any such interest, neither did I ever sin against the Protestant succession of Hanover in thought, word, or deed; and if the ministry did, I did not see it, or so much as suspect them of it. It was a disaster to the ministry, to be driven to the necessity of taking that set of men by the hand, who, nobody can deny, were in that interest; but as the former ministry answered, when they were charged with a design to overthrow the church, because they were favoured, joined

with, and were united to the dissenters; I say they answered, that they made use of the dissenters, but granted them nothing (which, by the way, was too true); so those gentlemen answer, that it is true they made use of the Jacobites, but did nothing for them. But this by the bye. Necessity is pleaded by both parties for doing things which neither side can justify. I wish both sides would for ever avoid the necessity of doing evil; for certainly it is the worst plea in the world, and generally made use of for the worst things.

“I have often lamented the disaster which employing Jacobites was to the ministry; and certainly it gave the greatest handle to their enemies. But there was no medium. The Whigs refused to show them a safe retreat, or to give them the least opportunity to take any other measures, but at the risk of their own destruction; and they ventured upon that course in hopes of being able to stand alone at last, without help of either the one or the other; in which, no doubt, they were mistaken. However, in this part, as I was always assured, and have good reason to believe, that her Majesty was steady in the interest of the house of Hanover; so, as nothing was ever offered to me, or required of me, to the prejudice of that interest, on what ground can I be reproached with the secret reserved designs of any, if they had such designs, as I verily believe they had not?”

Poor De Foe!—his unfortunate connection with the late ministry, and the odium that connection threw upon him, preyed so upon his spirits, as to bring on an attack of apoplexy; which endangered his life for a long period, and laid him up altogether from literary pursuits for many months; the attack leaving him in a very precarious and shattered condition of health for a long time.

In the early part of the year 1715, “The Family Instructor; in three Parts; with a Recommendatory Letter by the Rev. S. Wright. London, sold by Emanuel Matthews, at the Bible in Paternoster Row,” appeared; the work being divided into three portions:—1: To Father and Children. 2: To Masters and Servants. 3: To Husbands and Wives. This work had a great run for many years, and passed through twenty editions or more; and especially in years

soon after the accession of George I. to the throne; because the name of the author (Daniel De Foe) was studiously kept out of sight; the author fearing that his name and reputation would damage the usefulness of the book, in the domestic family circle. The royal children of the court of George I. were instructed in it; and the copy used in the royal nursery is still kept as a relic in the British Museum. I would gladly have given a long quotation from so truly valuable a book; but the dialogue style and lengthy subject prevent the extracts being made profitably; especially when there are books which will imperatively call for copious extracts.

In 1718, De Foe published a second volume to the above, entitled "The Family Instructor; in two Parts. 1: Relating to Family Breaches, and their obstructing Religious Duties. 2: To the great mistake in mixing the Passions in the Management and Correcting of Children. With a great variety of Cases relating to setting ill Examples to Children and Servants. Vol. ii. London, printed for Emanuel Matthews, at the Bible in Paternoster Row, 1718."

In 1719 appeared the work which has been the most read; and which alone would have handed the name of the author as one of England's greatest geniuses to the furthest posterity—and that book is entitled "The Life and strange surprising Adventures of ROBINSON CRUSOE, of York, Mariner; who lived eight-and-twenty years all alone in an uninhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Mouth of the Great River Oroonoque; having been cast on shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself. With an Account how he was at last strangely delivered by Pirates. Written by Himself. London, printed for William Taylor, at the Ship, in Paternoster Row, 1719." The first edition was issued with the following modest preface:—

"If ever the story of any private man's adventures in the world were worth making public, and were acceptable when published, the Editor of this account thinks this will be so. The wonders of this man's life exceed all that he thinks are to be found extant; the life of one man being scarce capable of a greater variety. The story is told with modesty, with seriousness, and with a religious application

of events to the uses to which wise men always apply them, *viz.*, to the instructions of others by example; and to justify and honour the wisdom of Providence in all the variety of their circumstances, let them happen how they will. The Editor believes the thing to be a just history of fact; neither is there any appearance of fiction in it. However this may be, for all such things are disputed, he is of opinion that the improvement of it, as well as the diversion, as to the instruction of the reader, will be the same; and as such, he thinks, without further compliment to the world, he does them a great service in the publication."

Shortly afterwards appeared "The Further Adventures of ROBINSON CRUSOE; being the Second and last Part of his Life, and the strange surprising Accounts of his Travels round three Parts of the Globe. Written by Himself. To which is added, a Map of the World, in which is delineated the Voyages of Robinson Crusoe. London, printed for William Taylor, 1719." The following is the Preface to this Second Part:—

"The success the former part of this work has met with in the world, has yet been no other than is acknowledged to be due to the surprising variety of the subject, and the agreeable manner of the performance. All the endeavours of envious people to reproach it with being a romance, to search it for errors in geography, inconsistency in the relation, and contradictions in the fact, have proved abortive, and as impotent as malicious. The just application of every incident, the religious and useful inferences drawn from every part, are so many testimonies to the good design of making it public, and must legitimate all the parts that may be called invention, or parable, in the story. The second part, if the Editor's opinion may pass, is (contrary to the usage of second parts, every way as entertaining as the first, contains as strange and surprising incidents, and as great a variety of them. Nor is the application less serious or suitable; and doubtless will, to the sober as well as ingenious reader, be every way as profitable and diverting. And this makes the abridging this work as scandalous as it is knavish and ridiculous; seeing, while to shorten the book that they may

seem to reduce the value, they strip it of all those reflections, as well religious as moral, which are not only the greatest beauties of the work, but are calculated for the infinite advantage of the reader. By this, they leave the work naked of its brightest ornaments; and if they would, at the same time, pretend that the author has supplied the story out of his own invention, they take from it the improvement which alone recommends that invention to wise and good men. The injury these men do the proprietor of this work, is a practice all honest men abhor; and he believes he may challenge them to show the difference between that and robbing on the highway, or breaking open a house. If they can't show any difference in the crime, they will find it hard to show why there should be any difference in the punishment; and he will answer for it, that nothing shall be wanting on his part to do them justice."

These two books on Robinson Crusoe were followed by yet another named "Serious Reflections during the LIFE and surprising Adventures of ROBINSON CRUSOE, with his VISION of the ANGELICK WORLD. London, printed for William Taylor, at the Ship and Black Swan, in Paternoster Row, 1720." This work is believed to contain many events gathered from his own life; perhaps his remarks on solitude, slander, &c.; and also the twenty-eight years passed by an individual, with whom he was acquainted, would be very applicable to himself; besides the description of the Thanksgiving Day at St. Paul's, when Queen Anne went in state to offer praises to the God of all victories, on the victory of ———— being obtained, when he paid three guineas for a seat to see the mummeries performed there. Perhaps the domestic fireside of the poet or book-writer is not the place we should go to in search of domestic happiness; for the poet is always absorbed in thought; annoyed at slight noises from the wife or children; irritable from want of exercise, and perhaps sleep; neglectful of the ordinary cares and attentions to the means of subsistence for the family; annoyed by the dunning visits of printers and paper-merchants, connected with the getting up of the last two books; besides the claims of the landlord, the baker, butcher, schoolmaster, and a host of others, however

small, all looking for a periodical settling of their small accounts, independent of the sale of a poem or a satire, a history or a romance. What does the kitchen know or care about Robinson Crusoe of York, Moll Flanders, Captain Singleton, or Duncan Campbell? And the poor poet's wife, too, soon begins to compare notes with Mrs. Clark of the bakehouse, or Mrs. Jebb, the butcher's wife; when poetry and embarrassments and rags are to be laid in the opposite scale to money, good trade, increasing circumstances, and a happy disposition, with a cheerful countenance; when family discord follows; the poet is a butt in his own house for wife and children, who look upon their poor father as a crazing and a fool; he returns the compliment in thought and word, "he having married a fool, and all the children braiding after the mother—for at their house they had naught but fools."

This supposed description of a poet's family is as follows:—

"I have heard of a man, that upon some extraordinary disgust which he took at the unsuitable conversation of some of his nearest relations, whose society he could not avoid, suddenly resolved never to speak any more. He kept his resolution most rigorously many years; not all the tears or entreaties of his friends, no, not of his wife and children, could prevail with him to break his silence. It seems it was their ill behaviour to him at first was the occasion of it; for they treated him with provoking language, which frequently put him into indecent passions, and urged him to rash replies; and he took this severe way to punish himself for being provoked, and to punish them for provoking him. But the severity was unjustifiable: it ruined his family, and broke up his house. His wife could not bear it, and, after endeavouring by all the ways possible to alter his rigid silence, went first away from him; and afterwards away from herself, turning melancholy and distracted. His children separated, some one way and some another way, and only one daughter, who loved her father above all the rest, kept with him; tended him, talked to him by signs, and lived almost dumb, like her father, nearly twenty-nine years with him; till being very sick and in a high fever, delirious as we call it, or light-headed, he broke his

silence, not knowing when he did it, and spoke, though wildly at first. He recovered of the illness afterwards, and frequently talked with his daughter, but not much, and very seldom to anybody else.

“ Yet this man did not live a silent life with respect to himself. He read continually, and wrote down many excellent things, which deserved to have appeared in the world ; and was often heard to pray to God in his solitudes very audibly, and with great fervency ; but the injustice which his rash vow, if it was a vow of silence, was to his family, and the length he carried it, was so unjustifiable another way, that I cannot say his instructions could have much force in them.”

Now, this is very likely to have been taken from his own life, for *he read continually, and wrote down many excellent things ;* which is true of De Foe : *he read continually.* He was as a man always conversing with the dead ; he made his bed among the tombs ; his family would be comparatively strangers to him ; and the feelings of the one would be alien to the other. He was a poet—a writer and a philosopher ; and his family felt this, and they made him feel it too ; for he, their father, was not like other fathers : he wrote and read and ran away ; while they worked and stayed at home ; as Mrs. Pikelet, the baker’s wife, would sometimes tell Mrs. Foe, what her husband often said, that it would not do for him to be sitting all day through, cross-legged, reading a book by the fireside. This poetic life must have involved misery to all—father, mother, and children ; for the butcher could not be paid, and the offer of a deposit of the last impression of *Mother Ross* as a security, would only be a poor consolation to a butcher wanting ready cash, with which to enter Smithfield Market as a purchaser ; for what could he do with five hundred copies of *Mother Ross* in sheets, there ?

This poetic genius, who had to take off from his creditors for weeks, months, and years together (for twenty-eight years, as has been stated), except on Sundays, when a man cannot be arrested for debt, wrote largely on Honesty ; and went so far as to classify the varieties of this moral quality, till he had arrived at thirty-eight sorts, which he was preparing to lay before the public in an elaborate book on the subject.

In the work now before us, we have several chapters on Honesty; but not that elaborate classification of genus, species, and variety, as might have been expected from the elaborate book on this subject, promised by the author.

Speaking of the genus Honesty, or class honesty, or honesty in general, he says:—

“This true honesty, too, has some little difference in it, according to the soil or climate in which it grows; and your simplers have had some disputes about the sorts of it; nay, there have been great heats about the several kinds of this plant, which grows in different countries, and some call that *honesty* which others say is not; as particularly they say, there is a sort of honesty in this country—Yorkshire honesty; which differs very much from that which is found in these southern parts about London. Then there is a sort of Scots honesty, which they say is a meaner sort than that of Yorkshire. In New England, I have heard they have a kind of honesty which is worse than the Scottish, and little better than the wild honesty, called *cunning*, which I mentioned before. On the other hand, they tell us, that in some parts of Asia, at Smyrna and at Constantinople, the Turks have a better sort of honesty than any of us. I am sorry our Turkey Company have not imported some of it, that we might try whether it would thrive here or no.”

After going through several sorts of honesty, he at last comes to Relative Honesty, on which he says that—

“A wife and children are creditors to the father of the family; and he cannot be an honest man that does not discharge his debt to them, any more than he could if he did not repay money borrowed to a stranger; and not to lead my reader on to intricate and disputed particulars; I instance principally in those that nobody can dispute; as, *first*, EDUCATION. By this I mean, not only putting children to school, which some parents think is all they have to do with or for their children; and indeed, with some, is all that they know how to do or are fit to do; I say, I do not mean this only, but several other additional cares, as—1: Directing what school, what parts of learning, is proper for them; what improve-

ments they are to be taught. 2: Studying the genius and capacities of their children in what they teach them: some children will voluntarily learn one thing, and can never be forced to learn another; and, for want of which observing the genius of children, we have so many learned blockheads in the world, who are mere scholars, pedants, and no more. 3: But the main part of this debt, which relative honesty calls upon us to pay our children, is the debt of Instruction, the debt of government, the debt of example. He that neglects to pay any of these to his family, is a *relative knave*; let him value himself upon his honesty in paying his other debts as much as he will.

“*Secondly*: After the debt of Education, there is the debt of INDUCTION due from us to our children. The debt from a parent is far from ending when the children come from school, as the brutes who turn their young off from them when they are just able to pick for themselves. It is our business, doubtless, to introduce them into the world, and to do it in such a manner as suits the circumstances we are in, as to their supply, and the inclinations and capacities of our children. This is a debt, the want of paying which makes many children too justly reproach their parents with neglecting them in their youth, and not giving them the necessary introduction into the world, as might have qualified them to struggle and shift for themselves. Not to do this, is to ruin our children negatively, on one hand, as doing it without judgment, and without regard to our family in circumstances and our children’s capacities, is a positive ruining them on the other.

“I could very usefully run out this part into a long discourse on the necessity there is of consulting the inclinations and capacities of our children, in our placing them out in the world. How many a martial spirit do we find damn’d to trade; while we spoil many a good porter, and convert the able limbs and bones of a blockhead into the figure of a long robe, or a gown and cassock? How many awkward, clumsy fellows do we breed to surgery, or to music, whose figures and joints, Nature originally designed, and plainly showed it us by their size, were better fitted for the blacksmith’s sledge

or the carpenter's axe, the waterman's oar or the carman's whip? Whence comes it to pass, that we have so many young men brought up to the bar, and to the pulpit, with stammering tongues, hesitations and impediments in their speech, unmusical voices, and no common utterance; while, on the other hand, Nature's cripples, bow-legged, battle-ham'd, and half-made creatures, are bred tumblers and dancing-masters?

"I name these, because they occur most to our common observation, and are all miserable examples where the children curse the knavery of their fathers in not paying the debt they owed to them as parents; in putting them to employments that had been suitable to their capacities, and suitable to what Nature had cut them out for.

"I came into a public-house once in London, where there was a black Mulatto-look'd man sitting talking very warmly among some gentlemen, who, I observed, were listening very attentively to what he said; and I sat myself down and did the like. 'Twas with great pleasure I heard him discourse very handsomely on several weighty subjects; I found he was a very good scholar, had been very handsomely bred, and that learning and study were his delight; and, more than that, some of the best science was at that time his employment; at length I took the freedom to ask him if he were born in England? He replied with a great deal of good humour in his manner, but with an excess of resentment at his father, and with tears in his eyes, 'Yes, yes, sir, I am a true-born Englishman, to my father's shame be it spoken; who, being an Englishman himself, could find in his heart to join himself to a Negro woman; though he must needs know the children he should beget would curse the memory of such an action, and abhor his very name for the sake of it. If it had not been for this black face of mine,' said he, then smiling, 'I had been bred to the law, or brought up in the study of divinity; but my father gave me learning to no purpose, for he knew I should never be able to rise by it to anything but a learned *valet-de-chambre*. What he put me to school for, I cannot imagine; he spoiled a good tarpawling when he strove to make me

a gentleman. When he had resolved to marry a slave, and lie with a slave, he should have begotten slaves, and let us have been bred as we were born. But he has twice ruined me: first, with getting me with a frightful face; and then going to paint a gentleman upon me.'

"It was a most affecting discourse indeed, and as such I record it; and I found it ended with tears from the person who was in himself the most deserving, modest, and judicious person that I ever met with under a Negro countenance in my life.

"After this story, I persuaded myself I need say no more to this case. The education of our children, their instruction, and the introducing them into the world, is a part of honesty—a debt we owe them; and he cannot be an honest man that does not, to the utmost of his ability and judgment, endeavour to pay it."

That chapter on Dishonesty in Religion contains a very amusing account of the Queen's visit to St. Paul's, to return thanks for certain victories obtained by sea and land, at the commencement of her reign. This public demonstration was blazoned forth on all hands as the grand event of the reign; so De Foe makes his *Robinson Crusoe* attend, to see what difference he could perceive between civilized life in London, and savage life on a desolate island.

Robinson Crusoe observes on his warm inquiries after religion, "that a thanksgiving on the battle of ———, for the victory¹ gained by the English forces and their confederates, over the French, was to be celebrated or performed in all state, at St. Paul's; and it so happened, that while he was thus warm in his inquiries after this religious exhibition, a proclamation came out in London for appointing this General Thanksgiving for this great victory.

"I started at the noise, when they cried it in the streets. 'Hah,' said I, 'then I have found it at last;' and I rejoiced in particular, that having looked so much abroad for religion, I should find it out at home. I then began to call myself a thousand fools, that I had not saved myself all this labour, and looked at home first; though, by-the-bye, I had done no more in this than other travellers often,

¹ This modest retiring routing of the French; this victory of ———! Could it be one of Sir George Rooke's, the Lord High Admiral of England?

or indeed, generally do, *viz.*, go abroad to see the world, and search into the curiosities of foreign countries, and know nothing of their own.

“I was resolved to see the ceremonies of this pious piece of work (the thanksgiving for the *victory* of ———); and, as the preparations for it were prodigiously great, I inquired how it would be; but nobody could remember that the like had ever been in their time before. Every one said it would be very fine; that the Queen would be there herself, and all the nobility; and that the like had never been seen since Queen Elizabeth’s time. What, thought I, can be the reason of that? and, musing a little, ‘O!’ says I to myself, ‘now I have found it: I suppose nobody gives God thanks in our country but queens.’ But this looked a little harsh, and I rummaged our histories a little for my further satisfaction; but could make nothing of it. At last, talking of it to a good old Cavalier, that had been a soldier for King Charles; ‘O,’ says he, ‘I can tell you the reason of it: they have never given thanks,’ says he, ‘because they have had nothing to give thanks for. Pray,’ says he, ‘when have they had any victories in England since Queen Elizabeth’s time, except two or three in Ireland in King William’s time; and then they were so busy; had so many other losses with them abroad, that they were ashamed to give thanks for them.’ This I found had too much truth in it; however bitter, the jest of it but still heightened my expectations, and made me look for some strange seriousness and religious thankfulness in the appearance that was to be on the occasion in hand; and accordingly I secured myself a place, both without and within the church, where I might be a witness to every part of the devotion and joy of the people.

“But my expectations were wound up to a greater pitch, when I saw the infinite crowds of people throng with so much zeal; as I, *like a charitable coxcomb*, thought it to be, to the place of the worship of God; and, when I considered that it was to give God thanks for a great victory, I could think of nothing else than the joy of the Israelites, when they landed on the banks of the sea, and saw Pharaoh’s army, horses, and chariots, swallowed up behind them; and I doubted not I should hear something like the song of

Moses and the children of Israel on the occasion ; and should hear it sung with the same elevation of soul.

“ But when I came to the point, the first thing I observed was, that nine parts of ten of all the company came there only to see the Queen and the show ; and the other tenth part, I think, might be said to make the show.

“ When the Queen came to the rails, and descended from her coach, the people, instead of crying out ‘ Hosannah ! blessed be the Queen that cometh in the name of the Lord ’—I say, the people cried ‘ Murder,’ and ‘ Help, for God’s sake ! ’ treading upon one another, and stifling one another, at such a rate, that in the rear of the two lines of crowds of people, through which the Queen passed, it looked something like a battle, where the wounded were retired to die ; and to get surgeons to come to them ; for there they lay, heaps of women and children dragged from among the feet of the crowd, and gasping for breath. I went among some of them, and asked them, what made them go into such a crowd ? And their answer was all the same : ‘ O, sir, I had a mind to see the Queen, as the rest did.’

“ Well, I had my answer here indeed : for, in short, the whole business of the thanksgiving without doors, was to see the Queen, that was plain ; so I went away to my stand, which, for no less than three guineas, I had secured in the church. When I came there, it was my fate to be placed between the seats where the men of God performed the service of his praise ; and sung out the anthems and the *Te Deum*, which celebrated the religious triumphs of the day. As to the men themselves, I liked their office, their vestments, and their appearance ; all looked awful and grave enough, suitable in some respects to the solemnity of a religious triumph ; and I expected they would be as solemn in their performances as the Levites that blowed the trumpets at Solomon’s feast, when all the people shouted and praised God.

“ But I observed these grave people, in the intervals of their worshipping God, when it was not their turn to sing or read or pray, bestowed some of the rest of their time in taking snuff, adjusting their perukes, looking about at the fair ladies, whispering,

and that not very softly neither, to one another, about this fine lady, that pretty woman, this fine dutchess, and that great fortune; and not without some indecencies, as well of words as of gestures. 'Well,' says I, 'you are none of the people I look for; where are they that give God thanks?' Immediately the organ struck up for the *Te Deum*, up starts all my gentlemen as if inspired from above; and from their talking together, not over modestly, fall to praising God with the utmost precipitation; singing the heavenly anthems with all the grace and music imaginable.

"In the middle of all this music, and these exalted things, when I thought my soul elevated with divine melody, and began to be reconciled to all the rest, I saw a little rustling motion among the people, as if they had been disturbed or frightened. Some said it thundered, some said the church shook. The true business was, the *Te Deum* within was answered without by the thunder of one hundred pieces of cannon, and the noise of drums, with the huzzas and shouts of great crowds of people in the streets. This I did not understand, so it did neither disturb nor concern me; I found, indeed, no great harmony in it; it bore no consort in the music; at least as I understood it; but it was over pretty soon, and so we went on.

"When the anthem was sung, and the other services succeeded them, I, that had been a little disturbed with the lucid intervals of the choristers, and the gentlemen that sat crowded in with them, turned my eyes to other places, in hopes I should find some saints among the crowd, whose souls were taken up with the exalted raptures of the day.

"But, alas! it was all one; the ladies were busy singling out the men, and the men the ladies. The star and garter of a fine young nobleman, beautiful in person, rich in habit, and sparkling in jewels—his blue ribbond intimating his character, drew the eyes of so many women off their Prayer Books, that I think his grace ought to have been spoken to by the vergers, to have withdrawn out of the church; that he might not injure the service, and rob God Almighty of the homage of the day.

"As for the Queen, her Majesty was the star of the day; and

infinitely more eyes were directed to her than were lifted up to heaven; though the last was the business of the whole procession. 'Well!' said I, 'this is mighty fine! that's true; but where is the religion of all this? Heavens bless me!' said I, 'out of this crowd; and I'll never mock God any more here, when the Queen comes again.'

"Cannot these people go and see the Queen, where the Queen is to be seen, but must they come hither to prophane the church with her, and to make the Queen an idol? And in a great passion I was, both at the people and at the manner of the day, as you may easily see by what follows.

"I confess the close of the day was still more extravagant; for there the thanksgiving was adjourned from the church to the tavern, and to the street; and, instead of the decency of a religious triumph, there was indeed a triumph of religious indecency; and the anthems, *Te Deum*, and thanksgiving of the day, ended in the drunkenness, the bonfires, and the squibs and crackers of the street.

"How far religion is concerned in all this, or whether God Almighty will accept of these noisy doings for thanksgivings, that I have nothing to do with; let those people consider of it that are concerned in it."

Before quitting the *Robinson-Crusoe* books altogether for other subjects, I may offer a remark on the name *Crusoe*, which would be very familiar to De Foe; for Timothy Cruso, afterwards an eminent divine, was a pupil with Mr. Morton, at Newington Green Academy; probably at the same time that De Foe was there.

In 1719 appeared "The Dumb Philosopher; a faithful Account of Dickory Cronke, a man dumb for fifty-eight years, but able to speak a few days before he died." Next came "The Life, Adventures, and Pyracies of Captain Singleton;" a second ship-wrecked mariner story; a work as voluminous and perhaps as interesting as his *Robinson Crusoe*. Then came out the life of another dumb gentleman, Duncan Campbell, "who could write down a stranger's name at first sight." Then appeared another volume of "The Dumb Projector; or, Duncan Campbell's Voyage to Holland."

Then came "The Mysteries of Magic; a Work on Dæmons, Genii, or Familiar Spirits." Then appeared "The Secret Memoirs of the late Mr. Duncan Campbell." Then a poem on "The Complete Art of Painting." Then came "Christian Conversation; in six Dialogues." Then came out, from his Newgate notes, "Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders." Then came "Colonel Jacque, vulgarly called Colonel Jack." Then appeared his "Memoirs of a Cavalier." Then appeared the History of the Plague, entitled "Journal of the Plague Year." Then appeared "Religious Courtship."

The above works appeared in quick succession, with others not named, and not known with certainty to be his, during a period of six years; or from 1719 to 1724. I could not go into them for extracts; I have no room; suffice it to say, that the late Sir Walter Scott edited an edition of these novels, in 20 vols. 12mo; and also Mr. Hazlitt's large octavo work, in three closely printed volumes, contains most of these volumes; and Mr. Walter Wilson's valuable work, in three volumes, has acquired the title of "dull and heavy," from his very laudable desire of doing justice to his hero, by giving extract or description of every work published—may I not fall into the same mistake?

In 1724 appeared "Roxana;" and in the same year appeared his "Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain," in 3 vols. 8vo. Next appeared "The Great Law of Subordination considered; or, the Insolence and Unsufferable Behaviour of Servants in England duly inquired into: in Ten Letters." After this came a pamphlet, from the same pen, entitled "Every Body's Business is Nobody's Business." Soon after appeared "A New Voyage round the World." Then "The Voyage of Captain Roberts" appeared. Then "An Essay upon Literature; or, an Enquiry into the Antiquity and Original of Letters:" 1726, 8vo. Also, in 1726, appeared another book, from the same pen, entitled "Mere Nature Delineated; or, a Body without a Soul; being Observations upon the Young Forester lately brought to Town from Germany." Then appeared "The Political History of the Devil, as well Ancient as Modern: in Two Parts:" 1726, 8vo, pp. 408. Then succeeded "A System of Magic;

or, a History of the Black Art:" 1727, 8vo, pp. 403. Then "An Essay on the History and Reality of Apparitions:" 1727, 8vo, pp. 395. Then appeared two pamphlets, entitled "The Protestant Monastery." Then a work on Select Vestries, entitled "Parochial Tyranny." Then a third volume of his "Family Instructor:" 1727, 8vo, pp. 384. Then a work for married folks, entitled "Conjugal Lewdness; or, Matrimonial Whoredom:" 8vo, pp. 406. Then appeared, almost last, though not least—for I consider it to be the best book that De Foe ever wrote; and perhaps it is the best book that ever was written in the English language: this is the book which tended greatly to form the character of the great Benjamin Franklin; for it is Franklin all over. I know I have seen some other book named; but "The Complete English Tradesman" is the book that Benjamin Franklin would read; and it is the book which Benjamin Franklin might write. It is, I say again, what I consider to be the best work ever written by Daniel De Foe. This book I have been lying back for, intending to give some extracts; which is the reason why I have passed over twenty valuable works without a comment. The following extracts from this truly valuable book may not be uninteresting.

The Preface contains the following, amongst other valuable remarks:—

"Tradesmen cannot live as tradesmen in the same class used to live: customs, and the manner of all the tradesmen round them, command a difference; and he that will not do as others do, is esteemed as nobody among them, and the tradesman is doomed to ruin by fear of the times.

"In short, there is a fate upon a tradesman: either he must yield to the snare of the times, or be the jest of the times; the young tradesman cannot resist it; he must live as others do, or lose the credit of living, and be run down as if he was broke. In a word, he must spend more than he can afford to spend, and so be undone; or not spend it, and so be undone. If he lives as others do, he breaks, because he spends more than he gets; if he does not, and that is to lose his trade, what must he do?

"The following directions are calculated for this exigency, and to

prepare the young tradesman to stem the attacks of those fatal customs, which otherwise, if he yields to them, will inevitably send him the way of all the thoughtless tradesmen that have gone before him."

So much of the preface I quote; I dare not give more, for fear of spinning out this article too long, and so tire the reader; and spoil by curtailing other notices needful to be mentioned hereafter.

"A projector is to a tradesman a kind of incendiary; he is in a constant plot to blow him up, or set fire to him; for projects are generally as fatal to a tradesman as fire in a magazine of gun-powder.

"The honest tradesman is always in danger, and cannot be too wary; and therefore, to fortify his judgment, that he may be able to guard against such people as these, is one of the most necessary things I can do for him. Trade must not be entered into as a thing of light concern; it is called *business* very properly; for it is a business *for* life, and ought to be followed as one of the great businesses *of* life. I do not say the chief, but one of the great businesses of life it certainly is; trade must, I say, be worked at, not played with; he that trades in jest, will certainly break in earnest; and this is one reason, indeed, why so many tradesmen come to so hasty a conclusion of their affairs.

"Never did you hear of so many commissions of bankrupt every week in the *Gazette* as is now the case (1720): in a word, whether you take the lower sort of tradesmen, or the higher, where there was twenty that failed in those days, I believe I speak within compass, if I say that five hundred turn insolvent now. It is, as I said above, an age of pleasure; and as the wise man said long ago, 'he that loves pleasure shall be a poor man.' So it is now: 'tis an age of drunkenness and extravagance, and thousands ruin themselves by that; 'tis an age of luxurious and expensive living, and thousands more undo themselves by that; but, among all other vices, nothing ruins a tradesman so effectually as the neglect of his business: it is true, all those things prompt men to neglect their business, but the more seasonable is the advice; either enter upon no trade, undertake no business, or, having undertaken it, pursue it diligently.

DRIVE your trade, that the world may not drive you out of trade; and ruin and undo you.

“Over-trading is among tradesmen as over-lifting is among strong men; such people, vain of their strength, and their pride prompting them to put it to the utmost trial, at last lift at something too heavy for them, overstrain their sinews, break some of nature’s bands, and are cripples ever after. I take over-trading to be to a shopkeeper, as ambition is to a prince. The late King of France, the great King Lewis XIV., ambition led him to invade the dominions of his neighbours; and while upon the Empire here, or the States General there, or the Spanish Netherlands on another quarter, he was an overmatch for every one, and in their single capacity he gained from them all; but at last pride made him think himself a match for them altogether, and he entered into a declared war against the Emperor and the Empire, the Kings of Spain and Great Britain, and the States of Holland, all at once. And what was the consequence? They reduced him to the utmost distress; he lost all his conquests; was obliged, by a dishonourable peace, to quit what he had got by encroachment; to demolish his invincible towns, such as Pignerol, Dunkirk, &c., the two strongest fortresses in Europe; and, in a word, like a bankrupt monarch, he may in many cases be said to have died a beggar.”

“For a young tradesman to over-trade himself, is like a young swimmer going out of his depth; when, if help does not come immediately, ’tis a thousand to one but he sinks, and is drowned.

“The tradesman that buys warily, always pays surely; and every young beginner ought to buy cautiously: if he has money to pay, he need never fear goods to be had: the merchants’ warehouses are always open; and they may supply themselves upon all occasions, as they want and as their customers call.

“He, then, that keeps his credit unshaken, has a double stock; I mean, ’tis an addition to his real stock, and often superior to it; nay, I have known several considerable tradesmen in this City, who have traded with great success, and to a very considerable degree, and yet have not had at bottom one shilling real stock; but by the strength of their reputation, being sober and diligent, and having

with care preserved the character of honest men, and the credit of their business by cautious dealing and punctual payments, they have gone on till the gain of their trade has effectually established them, and they have raised estates out of nothing."

Again:—"A tradesman drest up fine, with his long wig and sword, may go to the ball when he pleases, for he is already drest up in the habit: like a piece of counterfeit money, he is brass washed over with silver, and no tradesman will take him current; he may go to the merchant's warehouse, and buy anything with money, but nobody will deal with him without it; he may write upon his edged hat, as a certain tradesman, after having been once broken and set up again—"I neither give nor take credit;" and, as others set up in their shops, 'No trust by retail,' so he may say, 'No trust by wholesale.' In short, thus equipped, he is truly a tradesman *in masquerade*, and must pass for such wherever he is known. How long it may be before his dress and he may suit, is not hard to guess. Some will have it that this expensive way of living began among the tradesmen first; that is to say, among the citizens of London; and that their eager resolved pursuit of that empty and meanest kind of pride, called imitation—*viz.*, to look like gentry, and appear above themselves—drew them into it. It has, indeed, been a fatal custom, but it has been too long a City vanity. If men of quality lived like themselves, men of no quality would strive to live, not like themselves; if those had plenty, these would have profusion; if those had enough, these would have excess; if those had what was good, these would have what was rare and exotic—I mean as to season, and, consequently, dear. And this is one of the ways that has worn out so many tradesmen before their time.

"This extravagance, wherever it began, had its first rise among those sorts of tradesmen, who, scorning the society of their shops and customers, applied themselves to rambling to courts and plays; kept company above themselves, and spent their hours in such company as lives always above them. This could not but bring great expense along with it; and that expense would not be confined to the bare keeping such company abroad; but soon showed itself in a living like them at home, whether the tradesman could support it or no.

“Keeping high company abroad certainly brings on visitings and high treatings at home; and these are attended with costly furniture, rich clothes, and dainty tables. How these things agree with a trademan’s income, ’tis easy to suggest; and that, in short, these measures have sent so many tradesmen to the Mint and to the Fleet, where I am witness to it, that they have still carried on their expensive living, till they have come at last to starving and misery; but have been so used to it, that they could not abate it, or, at least, not quite leave it off, though they wanted the money to pay for it.”

Again:—“I cannot but mention one thing here (though I purpose to give you one discourse on that subject by itself), namely, the great and indispensable obligation there is upon a tradesman always to acquaint his wife with the truth of his circumstances; and not to let her run on in ignorance, till she falls with him down the precipice of an unavoidable ruin; a thing no prudent woman should do, and therefore will never take amiss a husband’s plainness in that particular case. But I reserve this to another place, because I am rather directing my discourse at this time to the tradesman at his beginning, and, as it may be supposed, unmarried.”

I must stop somewhere with my quotations; and I might as well stop here, without I am prepared to transcribe the whole of two volumes of the best work I ever read, for sound principle and good advice given to young men in the middle ranks of life, starting in the world. It has been said that the study of this work laid the foundation of the character of the great Benjamin Franklin; it is Franklin all over, and one particular passage Franklin has adopted as his own, changing the circumstances, trades, professions, or callings of the actors in the scene; it is this:—

“I have heard of a young apothecary, who, setting up in a part of the town where he had not much acquaintance, and fearing much whether he should get into business, hired a man acquainted with such business, and made him be every morning between five and six, and often late in the evenings, working at the great mortar, pounding and beating, though he had nothing to do with it but beating some very needless thing, that all his neighbours might hear it, and find that he was in full employ, being at work early and late,

and that, consequently, he must be a man of vast business, and have a great practice ; and the thing was well laid, and took accordingly ; for the neighbours, believing he had business, brought business to him ; and the reputation of having a trade, made a trade for him."

Next appeared a pamphlet, entitled "*Augusta Triumphans ; or, the Way to make London the most flourishing City in the Universe*—1. By establishing an University where Gentlemen may have Academical Education under the eye of their Friends," &c. &c.

Poor fellow !—the candle of life is now beginning to flicker in the socket—the appointed time of his departure (1731) was fast approaching ; yet, for the prospects of mental cultivation for some far distant generation of his race, he, with his declining strength, could exert himself for a University at home—the London University ; on which he says :—

"We have been a brave and learned people ; but are insensibly dwindling into an effeminate, superficial race. Our young gentlemen are sent to the universities, but not under restraint and correction as formerly ; not to study, but to drink ; not for furniture for the head, but a feather for the cap ; merely to say they have been at Oxford or Cambridge, as if the air of those places inspired knowledge without application."

With the literary labours of one of England's greatest sons, for honesty and talent and consistency, we have done ; the darkness of age was fast beclouding his energetic mind ; and poor Daniel De Foe had ceased to be a writer. For the following account of the latter years of De Foe—useful as showing his position in life at the time—we are indebted to Mr. Henry Baker, the celebrated natural philosopher, who married one of De Foe's daughters :—

"In the year 1724, Mr. Henry Baker engaged in an undertaking which required his spending some days every week at Newington. Amongst the first who desired his acquaintance there was Mr. De Foe, a gentleman well known by his writings, who had newly built there a very handsome house, as a retirement from London, and amused his time either in the cultivation of a large and pleasant garden, or in the pursuit of his studies, which he found means of making very profitable. He was now at least sixty years of age,

afflicted with the gout and stone, but retained all his mental faculties entire. Mr. Baker readily accepted his invitation, and was so pleased with his conversation, that he seldom came to Newington without paying a visit to Mr. De Foe. He met usually at the tea-table his three lovely daughters, who were admired for their beauty, their education, and their prudent conduct; and if sometimes Mr. De Foe's disorders made company inconvenient, Mr. Baker was entertained by them, either singly or together, and that commonly in the garden, when the weather was favourable. Mr. Baker very soon discovered the superior excellencies of Miss Sophia, the youngest daughter, of whose person and manners he speaks in strains of the highest eulogium. He knew nothing of Mr. De Foe's circumstances; only imagined, from his very genteel way of living, that he must be able to give his daughter a decent portion; he did not suppose a large one. On speaking to Mr. De Foe, he sanctioned his proposals, and said, he hoped he should be able to give her a certain sum specified; but when urged to the point some time afterwards, his answer was, that formal articles he thought unnecessary; that he could confide in the honour of Mr. Baker; that, when they talked before, he did not know the true state of his affairs; that he found he could not part with any money at present, but at his death his daughter's portion would be more than he had promised; and he offered his own bond as a guarantee for the payment."

These money matters with daughters produced a breach and coolness; but eventually, in two or more years, the young couple were married, Mr. De Foe giving a bond on his house at Newington for £500, to be paid to Mr. Baker after his death. The bond is dated April 5, 1729; and the young couple were married at the latter end of the same month.

At the time that he was living in his large new-built house at Stoke Newington, De Foe was in embarrassed circumstances, as he had been through the whole course of his life; and was undergoing a constant process of threats, writs, and confinements; and he could say with the prophet:—"I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me;" for his eldest son deceived him by keeping property entrusted to him for the benefit of the whole

family ; probably this would be the Daniel De Foe I have met with in the books of Doctors' Commons, as a sailor in the royal navy. On this subject De Foe wrote to Mr. Baker, his son-in-law, the following letter :—

“ Dear Mr. Baker,—I have your very kind and affec'onate letter of the 1st ; but not come to my hand 'till y^e 10th ; where it had been delayed I kno' not. As your kind manner, and kinder thought, from w^{ch} it flows (for I take all you say to be, as I always believed you to be, sincere and Nathaniel-like, without guile), was a particular satisfacc'on to me ; so the stop of a letter, however it happened, deprived me of that cordial too many days, considering how much I stood in need of it, to support a mind sinking under the weight of an afflicc'on too heavy for my strength ; and looking on myself as abandoned of every comfort, every friend, and every relative, except such only as are able to give me no assistance.

“ I was sorry you should say at y^e beginning of your letter, you were debarred seeing me. Depend upon my sincerity for this : I am far from debarring you. On y^e contrary, it would be a greater comfort to me than any I now enjoy, that I could have yo^r agreeable visits wth safety, and could see both you and my dearest Sophia, could it be without giving her y^e grief of seeing her father *in tenebris* [in prison], and under y^e load of insupportable sorrow. I am sorry I must open my griefs so far as to tell her, it is not y^e blow I rec^d from a wicked, perjur'd, and contemptible enemy, that has broken in upon my spirit ; w^{ch}, as she well knows, has carryed me on thro' greater disasters than these. But it has been the injustice, unkindness, and I must say, inhuman dealing of my own son w^{ch} has both ruined my family, and, in a word, has broken my heart ; and as I am at this time under a weight of very heavy illness, w^{ch} I think will be a fever, I take this occasion to vent my grief in y^e breasts who I know will make a prudent use of it, and tell you, that nothing but this has conquered or could conquer me. *Et tu ! Brute.* I depended upon him, I trusted him, I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands ; but he has no compassion, and suffers them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door,

and to crave, as if it were an alms, what he is bound under hand and seal, besides the most sacred promises, to supply them with: himself, at y^e same time, living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me. Excuse my infirmity. I can say no more: my heart is too full. I only ask one thing of you as a dying request. Stand by them when I am gone, and let them not be wronged, while he is able to do them right. Stand by them as a brother; and if you have anything within you owing to my memory, who have bestowed on you the best gift I had to give, let y^m not be injured and trampled on by false pretences and unnatural reflections. I hope they will want no help but that of comfort and council; but that they will indeed want, being too easie to be manag'd by words and promises.

"It adds to my grief that it is so difficult to me to see you. I am at a distance from Londⁿ in Kent: nor have I a lodging in London, nor have I been at that place in the Old Bailey; since I wrote you I was removed from it. At present I am weak, having had more fits of fever that have left me low. But those things much more.

"I have not seen son or daughter, wife or child, many weeks, and kno' not which way to see them. They dare not come by water, and by land here is no coach, and I kno' not what to do.

"It is not possible for me to come to Enfield, unless you would find a retired lodging for me, where I might not be known, and might have the comfort of seeing you both now and then; upon such a circumstance, I could gladly give the days to solitude, to have the comfort of half an hour now and then with you both, for two or three weeks. But just to come and look at you, and retire immediately, 'tis a burthen too heavy. The parting will be a price beyond the enjoyment.

"I would say (I hope) with comfort, that 'tis yet well, I am so near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where y^e weary are at rest, and where the wicked cease to trouble; be it that the passage is rough, and the day stormy, by what way soever He pleases to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases: *Te Deum laudamus*.

"I congratulate you on y^e occasion of yo^r happy advance in y^r

employment. May all you do be prosperous, and all you meet with, pleasant; and may you both escape the tortures and troubles of uneasie life. May you sail y^r dangerous voyage of life with a forcing wind, and make the port of heaven without a storm.

“It adds to my grief that I must never see the pledge of your mutual love—my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth, and your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrow. But, alas! that is not to be expected. Kiss my dear Sophy¹ once more for me; and if I must see her no more, tell her this from a father that loved her above all his comforts to his last breath.

“Yo^r unhappy,

“D. F.

“*About two miles from Greenwich, Kent.*

“P.S.—I wrote you a letter some months ago, in answer to one from you about selling y^e house; but you never signified to me whether you received it or not. I have not the policy of assurance; I suppose my wife or Hannah may have it.

“*Idem,*

“D. F.”

On the 24th of April, 1731, this poor neglected genius—this champion of free trade and civil and religious liberty, *and consistent champion too*—was called to his rest, at his lodgings in Cripplegate St. Giles, and was buried two or three days afterwards in Bunhill Fields Cemetery; where he lies in humble state, among the illustrious dead of Nonconformity.

On my visiting that sacred spot of departed patriotism—the last solemn resting-place of the mortal remains of Daniel De Foe, Bunhill Fields Cemetery—I was struck with the condition of the tombstone, which was broken, and the inscriptions, two or three, obliterated by neglect and the corrosive influence of time and atmosphere. I pointed this gravestone to the sexton:—“That tombstone is broken, and the inscriptions are worn off through the corrosive influence of the atmosphere.” “Yes sir, the lightning

¹ Was this the individual alluded to as being a consolation to a poor troubled father, who read a great deal and wrote down many excellent things during a period of affliction of twenty-eight years?—I believe it was.

did it," was the reply. Lightning did it—impossible! The tomb of De Foe requiring lightning from heaven to destroy it! This truly is one way of obliterating the memorial of departed greatness; for De Foe was both great and good—yes, he was a good man. What!—the white reeky haze of the sulphurous exhalations of the vale of Sodom and Gomorrah here? Forbid it, Heaven! Daniel De Foe's last resting-place to be torn up by fire from heaven!—he; one of the first writers on free trade and political economy, and every branch of civil and religious liberty, in all seasons of prosperity or national danger—he; not only statesman but philanthropist—be torn up or disturbed, in his last resting-place, by fire from heaven! Impossible! The tomb is broken of that man, who dared to show to arbitrary powers in church and in state; how to pull their house about their ears—THE SHORTEST WAY.

THE END.

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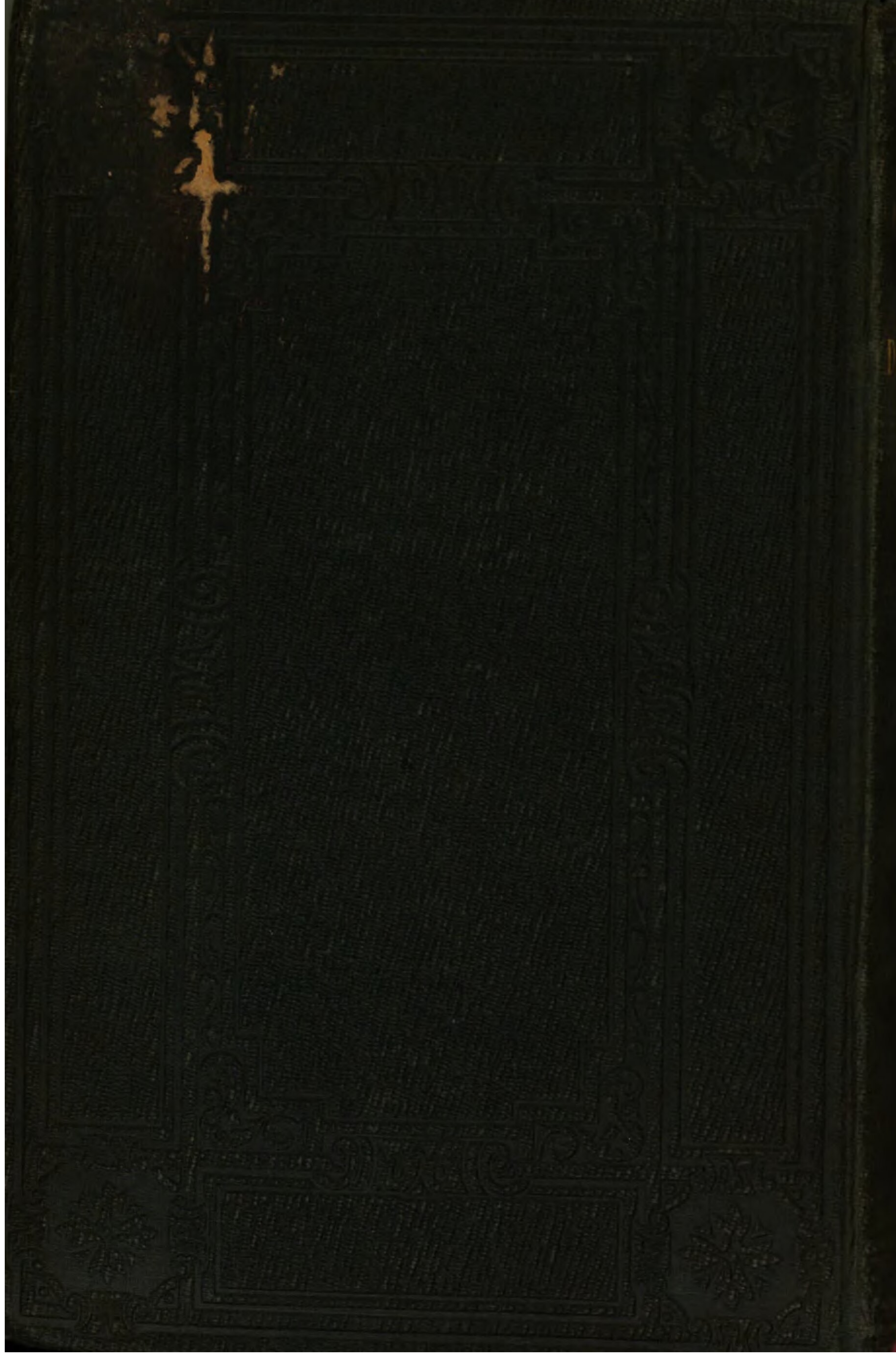
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